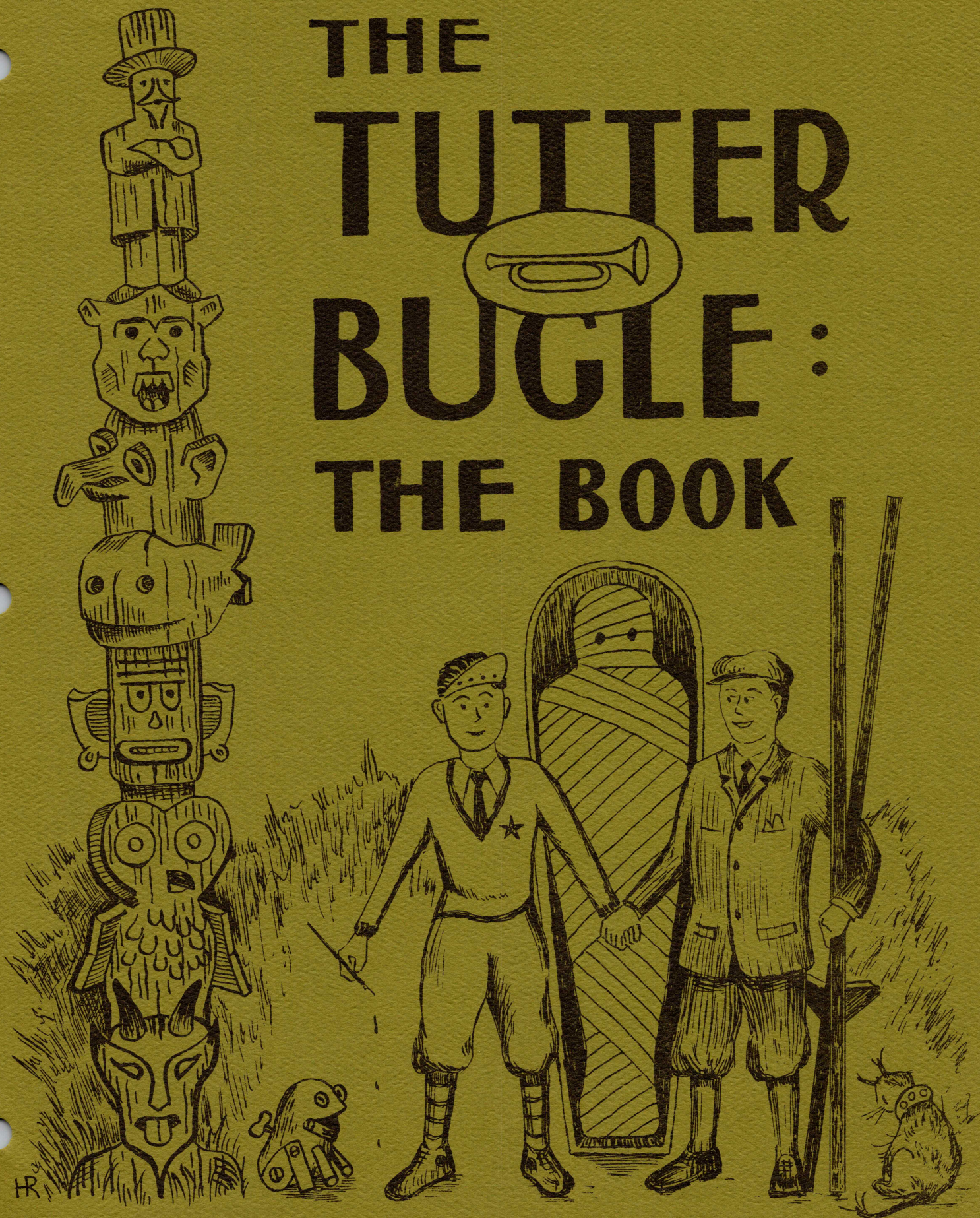
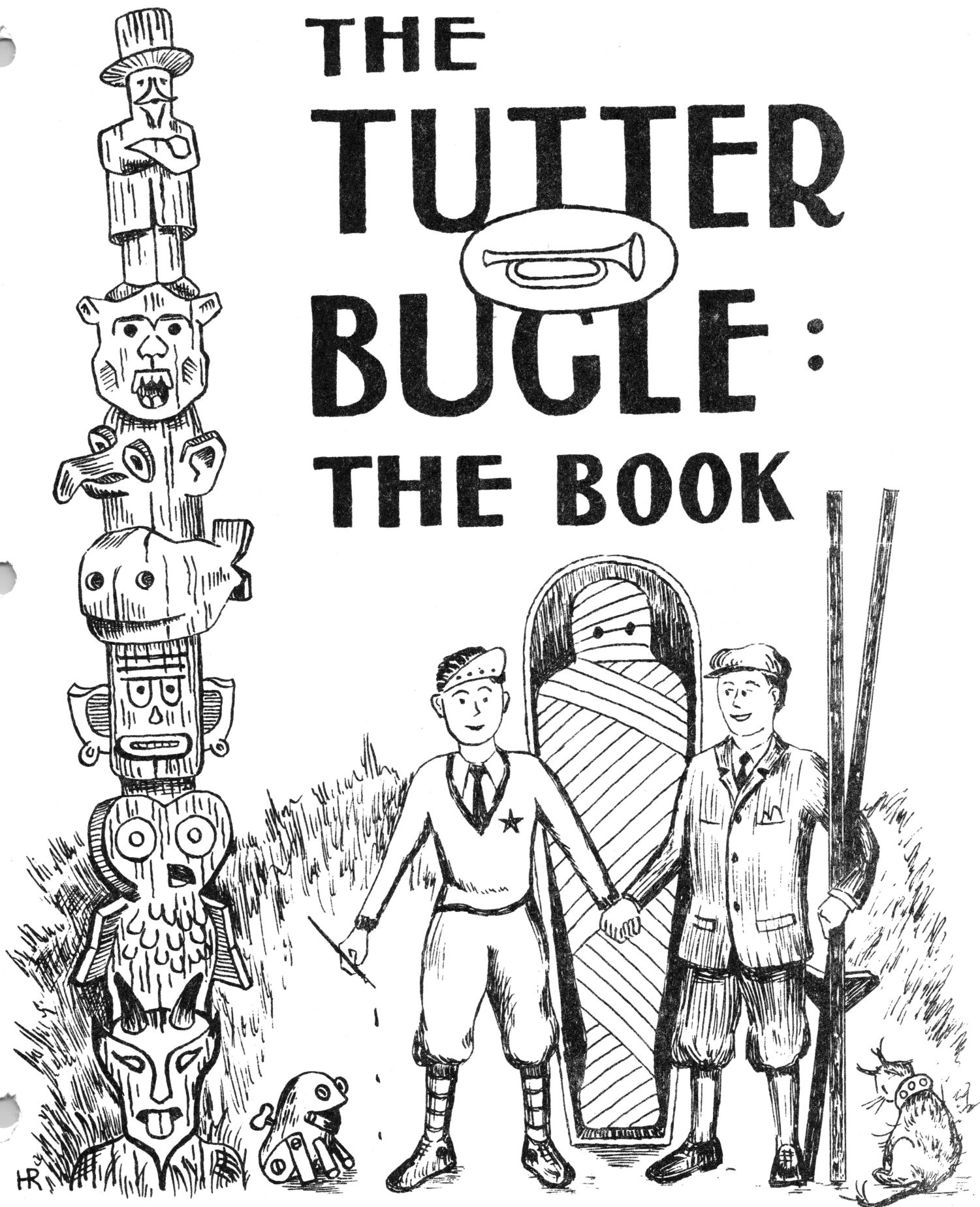


THE TUTTER BUGLE: THE BOOK



THE TUTTER BUGLE: THE BOOK



THE TUTTER BUGLE, THE BOOK

Copyright 1988 by Robert L. Johnson

Published by Robert L. Johnson

317 Pittsburg Avenue
Bisbee, Arizona 85603-1238

DEDICATED to all of Leo Edwards fans; To Gene Lee;
Ed Mulford, and to Julius Robert Chenu. Also to
Ron Torres, Jerry Clark, Michael Gregory of Bis-
bee, who helped in the making of this book. We
couldn't have done it without you. rlj.

First Printing - April, 1988

Limited to 325 copies

Copy Number 072

Robert L. Johnson

THE TUTTER BUGLE

THE PAPER WITH THE BIG "TOOT"

Tutter, Illinois

THE BOOK

BEGINNING TOOTS! or HOW THE BUGLE BLEW INTO EXISTENCE
By

Bob Chenu-001-Chief Mummy Inspector &
Robert L. Johnson-000-Editor-In-Grief

When Jerry Todd, Red (Donald) Meyers, Scoop (Howard) Ellery and D.N. (Peg) Shaw, as well as other members of the Tutter Troop of the Boy Scouts of America, took over the offices of THE TUTTER TIMES, was actually the beginning blasts of THE TUTTER BUGLE!

This all happened in Leo Edwards' JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF, a boys' book written in 1930, and published as one title in the JERRY TODD series by Grosset & Dunlap. G&D was and is a publishing firm located in New York City.

From this humble beginning, it was allowed to remain dormant, having served its purpose, helping the Tutter Boy Scouts place a totem pole in the town square.

The photo of the totem pole at the left is the one used in the nameplate of THE BUGLE. The drawing at extreme left is by Howard Rempes. It is a re-drawing of Bert Salg's drawing from POPPY OTT & THE TITTERING TOTEM. Or as close as we could get it.

On the cover of THE TOTEM book is our red headed Juvenile Jupiter Detective, Red Meyers and Rory Ringer (from hupper England) hacking out a totem. Red put his own mug at the top.

The story of THE TITTERING TOTEM is told in the POPPY OTT boys' series. EDITOR-IN-GRIEF was a sequel. The JERRY TODD books were by far the most popular among young readers, and the POPPY OTT books were for slightly older readers.

During the early 1960's Forrest Campbell, who was then editor and one of the founders of the HORATIO ALGER NEWSBOY, a fanzine for Alger buffs, introduced Bob Chenu to Bob Johnson, both interested in Leo Edwards books. We began corresponding and somewhere we conceived the idea of a newspaper about Leo Edwards.

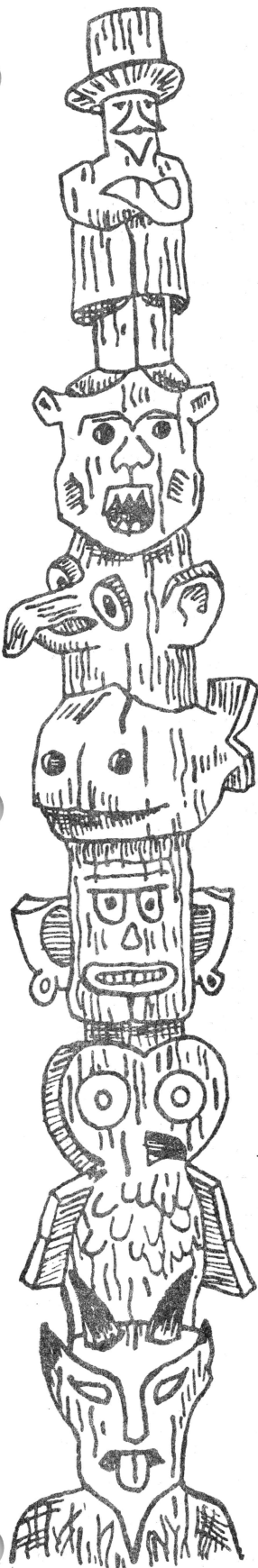
Since there was a publication for Alger buffs, we decided to try one for Edwards' fans.

Julius Robert Chenu, of Merrick, New York, became the new Chief Mummy Inspector, since the original Chief, Anson Arnold-smith, was, and we believe still is, serving time in the Illinois State Prison. His story (Arnoldsmith's) is told in JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY.

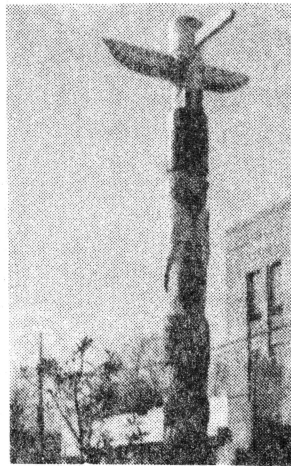
Robert Lee Johnson, of Bisbee, Arizona, became Editor-In-Grief, and also printed it, since he worked for a daily newspaper and had printing facilities handy.

Naturally the name, THE TUTTER BUGLE, from the EDITOR-IN-GRIEF book was the only reasonable title. THE TUTTER DAILY GLOBE played a part in EDITOR-IN-GRIEF, and several other of

Article Section-Page 1



HR



the Edwards' books and plots. The Globe under the guidance of Gussie Pangborn was against putting the totem pole in the town square. This is why the boys went to THE TUTTER TIMES in order to counteract the Globe's influence.

A neat idea, but from there it went down hill . . . fast!

Shortly after we began corresponding, we found another avid Edwards' fan, who had actually visited the people and places written about in some of the books. His name is Ed Mulford, who was then living in Monroe, Connecticut. Since then Ed has migrated south to North Carolina.

His letters and printed articles he had written really sparked our interest, so we decided to try an exploratory issue, which was printed and distributed in December of 1967.

During the first year of publication everything went along reasonably well. It was not only highly informative, but lots of fun.

The next four years went slowly downhill, and publishing became erratic and difficult. First there was the loss of the printing facilities. The Bugle had to go from being printed to mimeographed. Illness and health problems plagued ye editor, and finally led to my having to end the Bugle.

It could have ended here, but in 1975 the Bugle was rejuvenated. The first year, it was still in mimeo format. However, by this time, offset printing facilities became available, so the second year the old Bugle, "The Paper With The Big TOOT", went again into a printed format.

But once again the printing facilities were sold, and with the loss of interested subscribers, and the lack of articles and stories and letters, it was decided once again to discontinue publication.

Several of the subscribers talked about publishing again, but none have done it as far as in known, to date.

There is still quite a bit of interest in what was done, so instead of trying to start a new Rejuvenated, Rejuvenated Bugle which would require a fixed publication date and on time paper, we decided to try something different. A book. In this form, we have reprinted many of the Edwards' articles which appeared in the old Bugle. Some have been updated, and we have some new stuff, which never appeared in the old Bugles. We have punched holes for a three ring binder. This way, we can add to any of the three sections at any time by continuing the page numbers. Each section starts at page 1 just for this reason. The sections are: Article; Chatterbox; and Story. The subscriber may, or not, buy the supplements as they come out as they wish. It will also help keep the cost of publishing down, as bindary costs will be practically nil. But note. This book is complete in itself.

We hope our readers will enjoy this, and future endeavors of The Bugle.

Bob Chenu-001; Bob Johnson-000-1988

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REBIRTH OF THE BUGLE

By Robert L. Johnson, Editor-In-Grief

From Volume 1, Number 1

While The TUTTER DAILY GLOBE was proclaiming "Down with the totem pole", under the direction of Mrs. Gussie Pangborn, the brave little weekly, THE TUTTER TIMES, under the rather disorganized directions of Red Meyers and Jerry Todd, was saying, "Up with the totem pole".

The boys changed the name to THE TUTTER BUGLE, the Four Page newspaper with the Big TOOT, and were all set to do battle with the Globe. The totem pole in question had been donated to the Boy Scouts, as described in POPPY OTT & THE TITTERING TOTEM. As well as JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF.

The boys started off with high hopes, but were soon up to their Juvenile Jupiter Detective necks with printing and editorial woes, and a scarey mystery.

Now would they let a minor thing like a man with green goggles and a tricky magician stop them? And how about old Cassibaum Kepp, the editor of THE TUTTER TIMES, mysterious disappearance?

Well, they got the Bugle out, finally, and in spite of their typographical blunders, they achieved their goal of putting the totem pole up in the town square.

The Bugle's avowed purpose, to preserve the works and story of Edward Edson Lee (Leo Edwards).

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By Bob Chenu-001

EDWARD EDSON LEE was born September 2, 1884, at Meriden, Illinois. His parents were Mr. & Mrs. Eugene Henry Lee. He grew up in the nearby town of Utica. Edward attended public school there.

Utica was used in his books as Tutter, Illinois, and was described much as he remembered it from his residence there.

In 1897 he and his mother moved to Beloit, Wisconsin. As a boy of 13, he went to work in a factory there.

Lee was married to Gladys Eveline Tuttle on November 24, 1909.

They had one child, a son named Eugene, born on September 1, 1913.

He was interested in writing and the first printed result of this was a story ONLY A DOG, which was published in the BELOIT DAILY NEWS December 15, 1909.

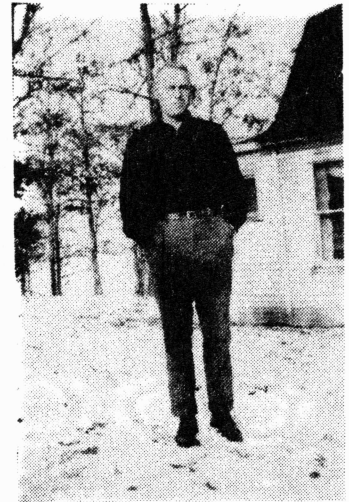
Lee had written a song, with words in 1908, entitled MY SOUTHERN VIOLET, a copy of which is presented after this biography. It was published by the Victor Kremer Co. of Chicago. It is unknown whether Lee paid to have it published, or whether the company did the printing, then distributed it. We suspect Lee paid to have it printed.

Edward E. Lee worked in the advertising department of the P.B. Yates Machine Co. there in Beloit, having thus utilized his writing ability in getting into this field. In 1915 he moved to Detroit, Michigan to the advertising department of Burroughs Adding Machine Company, and later in the period, 1917 - 1920, he worked in advertising for the Autocall Company, in Shelby, Ohio. Always interested in boys, it was here that he became acquainted with Howard (Scoop) Ellery, Donald (Red) Meyers, and Neuville (Peg) Shaw. He used these boys in his writing attempts and in his first successful story THE CRUISE OF THE SALLY ANN. Scoop, Red and Peg were thus real boys who he used in his stories. The first publication of his SALLY ANN story was in the SHELBY, (Ohio) DAILY GLOBE. This was greatly abridged from the story as we are familiar with it in JERRY TODD & THE OAK ISLAND TREASURE. It was published

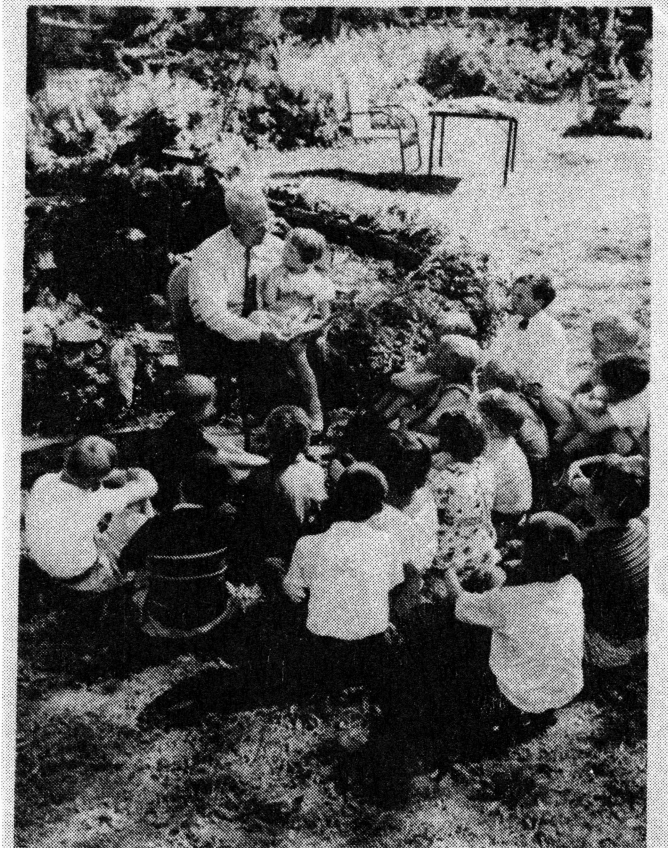


*Leo Edwards
at Lake Ripley
Sep. 2, 1932.*

Above-Edward Edson Lee in a publicity still in 1932. Below-An older Leo Edwards reading to his admirers. Photos sent by Eugene Lee.



EDWARD EDSON LEE-Photo submitted by Lucille Isham.



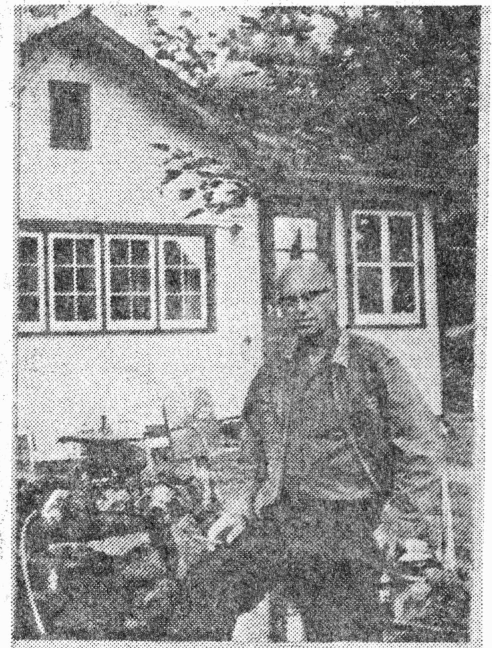
prior to the book in BOYS MAGAZINE as a three part serial September, October and November of 1920.

His success in getting his writing published encouraged him, and he left his job in Shelby and went back to Beloit to practice his writing. He sold many short stories to magazines such as AMERICAN BOY, THE TARGET, CLASSMATE, and THE PIONEER. In 1924 he contracted with Grosset & Dunlap to write the JERRY TODD SERIES, and his writing career entered the period which we are most familiar with.

Actually his first published book was put out by D. Appleton & Co., as ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING which was a republication in book form of a seven part serial written for THE AMERICAN BOY and published in that magazine January through July of 1922. There was only one printing of this book and only 1,467 copies were bound. Now you know why this book, which is on so many want lists, is so durned hard to find.

G&D brought out the first three JERRY TODDS in 1924, and three more in 1925. The series was very successful and in 1926, the companion POPPY OTT SERIES was launched.

It was with the start of the G&D publication LEO EDWARDS handing out copies of POPPY OTT: THE HIDDEN DWARF book to visitors to Hi-Lee Cottage. Photo provided by Eugene Lee.



Eugene Lee standing by a fountain his dad built at Hi-Lee. Bugle Photo.



that he assumed the pen name of Leo Edwards. The ANDY BLAKE, TRIGGER BERG and TUFFY BEAN SERIES were launched into the teeth of the "Great Depression", and did not sell well, being aborted with only four books in each series. The others series were also hit by the depression, and the last book published was JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP in 1940.

The author was genuinely interested in children, as the Chatterbox sections of the books demonstrates. This is a unique feature not found in other series books of the era, and his great interest in the boy scout troop of Cambridge, Wisconsin, and his help to this troop is noteworthy. There was always a large group of children attendant on his lakeside home at Lake Ripley, and many of his books are dedicated to various of the youngsters who were around him there.

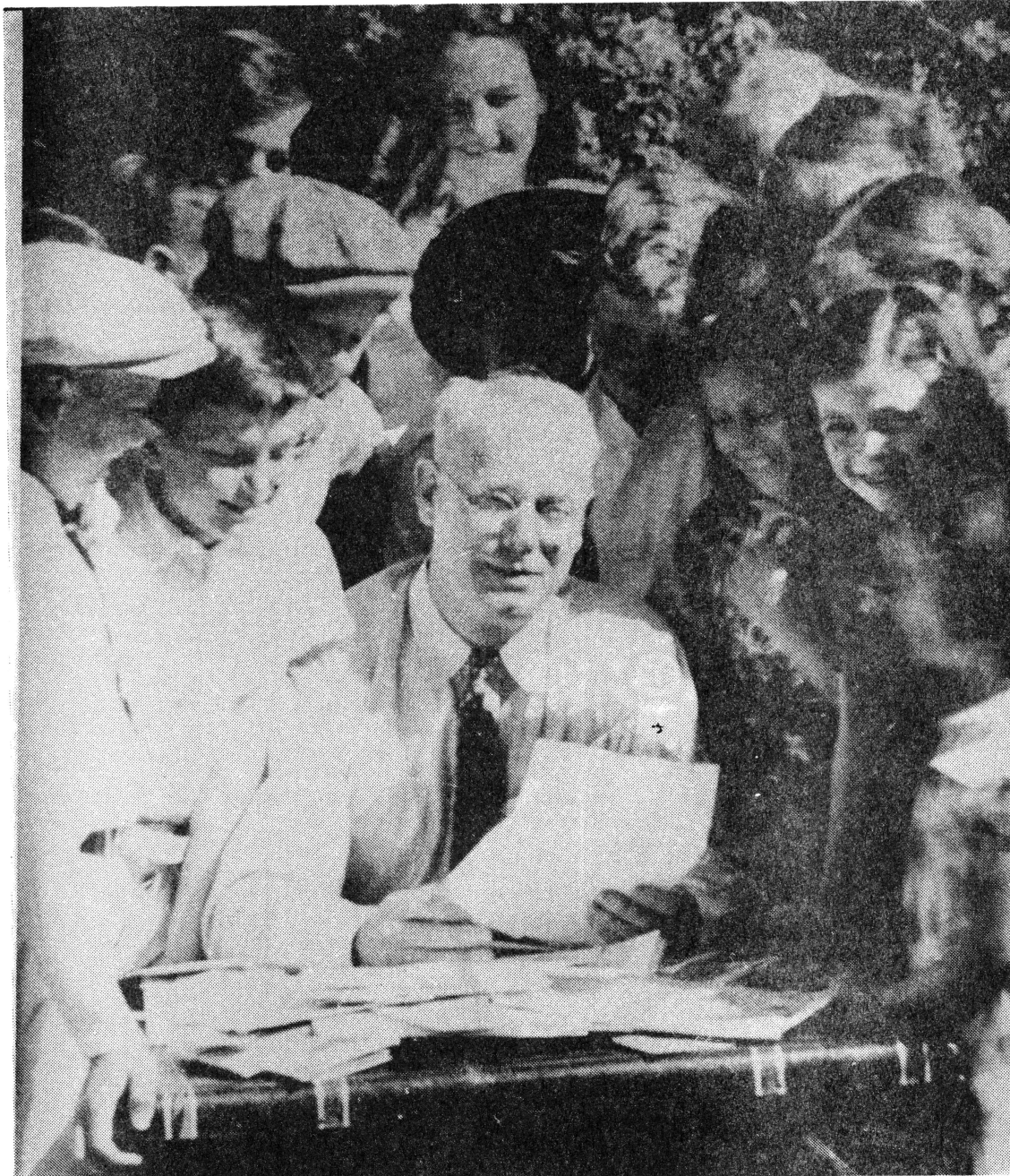
Although his writing was successful and he did earn a good income from it for that era, it was never such as would enrich him financially. As sales declined, so did his income, and at the end he was left without income from the books of any substantial nature. The coming of WWII found him seeking employment in a nearby industrial firm. He was attacked by illness, and other misfortunes and in mid 1944, his son Eugene took him to his home in Rockford,

Illinois, where he died September 28, 1944. He is buried in Beloit, Wisconsin.

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LEO EDWARDS-reading letters from his many fans.

With him are a group of children. Children, of course, his interest and much of his writing source were always present. These are some of the many of the hundreds who visited Leo during his lifetime. This photo was taken during the late 1930's. Probably at Hi-Lee Cottage on Lake Ripley outside of Cambridge, Wisconsin. Photo was sent to The Tutter Bugle by Eugene Lee. We thank Eugene for sharing this photograph.





MY SOUTHERN VIOLET

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
EDW. LEE

5

Presented to my Aunt Della Oct 16, 08
Edward B. Lee

VICTOR KREMER CO

CHICAGO NEW YORK

LONDON SYDNEY

MY SOUTHERN VIOLET

Andante Moderato

Words & Music by EDW. LEE

mf

The sun shone bright, the sky was clear, the day I'll ne'er for-get 'Twas
The years have passed and I am old, a dreamer all a lone: My

p

in a lit - tle Geor-gia town I met my Vi - o - let I
thoughts are yet of Vi - o - let, As in the days long gone. I

longed to try and win her, But my heart was sore a - fraid: I
think of how I won her, How we mat - ed, she and I, And my

could not think she'd e'er love me, this pret-ty lit-tle maid. And
heart grows ver-y sad and lone, my love I can't de-ny. Long

yet I longed to ask her to be mine, and share my life; I
years we lived in hap-pi-ness then she was called a-way; And

longed to take her bur-dens and pro-tect her from all strife. And I
now I'm old and lone-ly, with no one to light my way. And I

loved her,—how I loved her!— in a way I'll ne'er for-get,— She
long to go and meet her, for my love I can't for get,— She

was the fair - est flow - er, my south - ern Vi - o - let
 was the fair - est flow - er, my south - ern Vi - o - let

rall

CHORUS

Slowly and Expressively

In dear old sun - ny Dix - ie, There's a flow - er blooms for me, More

p

fra - grant than the ros - es, or the lil - y white could be: Her

eyes are like a star - let, Their rays I'll ne'er for - get; And my

heart well knows none fair - er grows than you, my Vi - o - let.

rit.

LEO EDWARDS' MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER STORIES

By Bob Chenu-001

Edwards wrote short stories and serials which were published in newspapers and magazines, especially at the beginning of his writing career, using his real name of Edward Edson Lee. He is known chiefly, of course, for the series books which he wrote and very popular with collectors. Some of these books were derived from serials published in magazine form. The Sprague copyrights which appear in a few of his earlier books signify prior publication as serials in the AMERICAN BOY magazine which Sprague published.

The AMERICAN BOY serials include THE ROSE-COLORED CAT which was published in the issues of January, February, March and April of 1921. It appeared as a book published 5/27/24/ by Grosset & Dunlap. THE WHISPERING MUMMY appeared in the same magazine February, March, April, May and July of 1923 and was brought out by G&D along with THE ROSE-COLORED CAT as a two volume "Breeder" set.

Though these two books began the G&D series, there was one book published by D.Appleton & Co., which preceed them. This is the much sought ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING which was derived from a seven part serial which AMERICAN BOY published in January through July of 1922. G&D later republished this as ANDY BLAKE with a few very minor changes on 5/10/28/.

The AMERICAN BOY continued using Edwards' serials even after the G&D publication of the MUMMY and CAT books. (I refer to him under his familiar pen name, although he did use his real name in the originals). THE WALTZING HEN ran in October, November and December of 1924. THE REJUVENATED EGG appeared in December of 1925 and January of 1926. THE WALTZING HEN was copyrighted by G&D 5/27/25/ and THE PURRING EGG on 2/20/26/. Here note the changed title, which is, in my opinion, a better one.

Actually the first story which the author sold successfully was THE CRUISE OF THE SALLY ANN. It first appeared in the SHELBY, Ohio, DAILY GLOBE in April of 1920, being serialized starting on April 5th. It shows as author, Edward Edson Lee, Advertising Manager, The Autocall Company. It was in Shelby that he knew Scoop Ellery, Peg Shaw and Red Meyers, who were made to serve as characters in the story.

This story was successfully sold to BOYS MAGAZINE where it appeared in the September, October and November issues in 1920. Reworked it is the basis for OAK ISLAND TREASURE, which G&D published 5/27/25/.

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The following list contains all the known short stories, articles, music, books and stuff written by Leo Edwards, with known illustrators, publisher(s), and approximate dates.*A late find about Leo's short stories. See page 15.

TITLE	AUTHOR-ILLUSTRATOR	PUBLISHER	DATE(S)
MY SOUTHERN VIOLET-sheet music-----	E.E.L.	none	V. Kremer Co. 10/16/08/
ONLY A DOG-----	E.E.L.	none	Beloit Daily News/12/15/08/
*(Incorporated into TRIGGER BERG & SACRED PIG, Pages 104-105, 115-122)			
*THE CRUISE OF THE SALLY ANN-----	E.E.L.	none	Shelby Dly.Globe/Apl.1920
THE CRUISE OF THE SALLY ANN-----	E.E.L.	Clare Angel	Boys Magazine /Sept.,Oct. Nov.1920
THE ROSE COLORED CAT-----	E.E.L.	Arthur E.Dove	American Boy Magazine Jan. thru Aprl.1921

BOY PARTNER'S

A magazine for boys, about boys, and produced by boys, under the personal supervision of L.S. (Lone Scout) Edward Edson Lee, Beloit, Wisconsin.

Special Dummy Copy, Pre-publication issue, April 1921:

Introduction and comment by Edward Edson Lee, with picture.

The Secret of the Jade Throne, Part 1, Edward Edson Lee.

Troubles In Doubles, Chapters 1 & 2, E.E.L., Sequel to Rose-Colored Cat.

Contained no advertisements. 12 pages.

May, 1921, Vol. 1, No. 1:

THE HEMLOCK PASS, by Egbert H. van Delden, Illus. by Albert Lohr.

THE SECRET OF THE JADE THRONE, E.E.L., Part 1, Illus. by Albert Lohr.

TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapters 1 & 2, A Sequel to the ROSE

COLORS CAT, featured in the AMERICAN BOY MAGAZINE. Illus.Lohr.

WHEN I WENT IN SWIMMING, by L.S.Wesley W.Henley, Illus. Fulton Barker.

THE DEN IN THE OAK TREE, by Charlie Eglet.

- Fred's April Fool Joke, Joseph A. Shultz.
Letter From The "Boss". (reprinted in Chatterbox Section-Pages 1 & 2.)
- June, 1921-Vol. 1, No. 2
A Bear Hunt, by Earl Watkins, Illus. by Elmer Marvin Weese.
The All-Star Partners.
THE MYSTERY OF THE JADE THRONE, E.E.L., Chapter Two.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L. Chapters 3 & 4.
The Lord Of The Unakas, by Dewey M. Owens.
A Camping Adventure, by Leonard Green.
In The Marsh, by Raymond Clift.
A Fish Story, Joseph Pouzar, Illus. by Ray Biondi.
- July, 1921, Vol. 1, No. 3
Ya-Tapp, the Killer, Wm. David Belbeck, Illus. by Wm. W. Ellison.
THE SECRET OF THE JADE THRONE, E.E.L., Chapter Three.
The Law Of The North, by Donald S. Garber.
The Business Of Writing, by The Editor.
Larry Haskins, Reporter, as told by Larry, Himself.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Illus. by Howard Wallace, Chapters 5&6.
The First Adventure Of Ima Lyre, by Flemon Sellers.
About I, Hashumura, by William Krieger & Alexander Capone.
- August, 1921, Vol. 1, No. 4
Jimmy Decides To Be A Plumber, George W. Clow.
They Are All Partners, The New All-Stars.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapters Seven and Eight.
The Business of Writing, by The Editor.
THE SECRET OF THE JADE THRONE, E.E.L., Chapter Four.
The Red Bull, by Carl L. Haefka.
- September - October, 1921, Vol. 1, Nos. 5 & 6
Ray's Effective Protest, Herman Gottlieb, Illus. by Howard Wallace.
Editorial, Pres. Darrell V. Martin.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapters Eight, Nine & Ten.
Our New All-Stars.
From The Diary Of A Freshman, by Paul R. Beatty.
The Business Of Writing, by The Editor.
THE SECRET OF THE JADE THRONE, E.E.L., Chapter Five.
The Tables Turned, by Wilbur Sample.
- November, 1921, Vol. 1, No. 7
THE MIND MASTER, Edward Edson Lee, Part One, (A "Tick Lally" Story).
A Football Story, John D. Ackerman.
Ima Lyre Has Another Adventure, by Flemson Sellers.
The Frog Hollow News, Edited by Edward D. Sweaney.
The Business Of Writing, by The Editor.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapter Eleven and Twelve.
- December, 1921, Vol. 1, No. 8
THE MIND MASTER, E.E.L., Part Two, Conclusion.
The Business Of Writing, by The Editor.
Larry's Greatest Victory, by Harvey Petty.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapter Thirteen and Fourteen.
A Moose Hunt In Maine, by Robert Wyman.
Our Future, by The Editor.
THE SECRET OF THE JADE THRONE, E.E.L., Conclusion.
(The conclusion was written by the readers, so this is why there was no story in the November issue-rlj, Editor-In-Grief).
- January, 1922, Vol. 1, No. 9
The Blue Bottle, by Melvin Rufus Scott.
The Last Game of the Season, by Leo C. Emling.
Reorganization Plan and 1922 Editorial Policy.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapter Fifteen.
It Happened In School, by Arthur Susott.
- February, 1922, Vol. 1, No. 10
The Wild and Woolly West, by George W. Cook.
The Storm Drain, by Lester A. Hansler.

Article Section-Page 12

When The Forest Flamed, by Robert Earle Wyman.
TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, E.E.L., Chapters Sixteen & Seventeen, Conclusion.
The Business Of Writing, by The Editor.
Our Section. (This was something like the Chatterbox Section in Leo's books-rlj).

March - April, 1922, Vol. 1, Nos. 11 & 12
Napoleon's Trip To The Moon, by Wm. W. Litke.
Chuckle - - - Ography.
Yes, Dear Partners, Ima Lyre, by Flemon Sellers.
Me And Ingo Rant, by Wm. D. Ward.
The Truth About Washington (Crossing the Delaware), by Edward J. Rife.
It Didn't Work, by Paul L. Johnson.
Our Section.

May, 1922, Vol. 2, No. 13
Sarky Pete Gets A Job, by John B. McGrath.
Fred's Ghost, by Edward R. Lovick.
Fighting Blood, by George W. Clow.
Our Mysterious Caller, by Raymond Clift.
Broadcasting With Walt.
The F. B. B. B. Club, Bart "Smiley" Data.
Our Section.

June, 1922, Vol. 2, No. 14
Crab Carson, Herman Gottlieb.
THE HIDDEN WILL, Edward Edson Lee, Part One.
Ima Lyre's Latest Escape, by Flemon Sellers.
All-Star News, Paul R. Beatty.
Rambling With Walt, by Walter Steigleman.
Our Section.

July, 1922, Vol. 2, No. 15
The Treasure At Pirates Pond, by Paul R. Beatty.
All-Star News, by Paul R. Beatty.
Rambling With Walt, by Walter Steigleman.
THE HIDDEN WILL, by Edward Edson Lee, Part Two.
Our Section.
The Adventures Of Ima Lyre, Flemon Sellers.
We Stage A Prize Fight, by Kenneth Stelle.

August, 1922, Vol. 2, No. 16
A Prehistoric Hero, by Earl Watkins.
Adventures Prehistoric, by William D. Ward.
All-Star News, by Paul R. Beatty.
THE HIDDEN WILL, by Edward Edson Lee, Part Three, Conclusion.
Rambling With Walt, Walter Steigleman.
A New Mexico Cow Tale, by George W. Cook.
Our Section.

September & October, 1922, Vol. 2, Nos. 17 & 18 (Final Issue)
His Last Chance, by G. Harvey Petty.
All-Star News, Paul R. Beatty.
Rambling With Walt, by Walter Steigleman.
Speed McGuire, by George Clow.
Gunpowder, by Joseph M. Koren.
Our Section.
Boy Partners Suspended, The Editors.

All of the above issues contained advertising and classified advertising-rlj.

TITLE	AUTHOR	ILLUSTRATOR	PUBLISHER	DATE(S)
ADVERTISING ANDY	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	Jan.1922
ADVENTURES IN OUIJA BOARDS	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	Feb.1922
AUNT TILLY'S TAFFY TARTS	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	Mar.1922
FRESH ROASTED	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	Apr.1922
AYER-PLANED	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	May 1922
THE FORMAN CONTRACT	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	Jun.1922
ANDY'S GREATEST VICTORY	E.E.L.	W.W.Clarke	AMERICAN BOY	Jly.1922

(The preceeding group of 7 episodes were used in book form, published first by D. Appleton & Co., as ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING, by Edward Edson Lee.)

TITLE	AUTHOR	ILLUSTRATOR	PUBLISHER	DATE(S)
ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING	E.E.L.	A.D.Rahn	Appleton	9/15/22/
(Reprinted by Grosset & Dunlap as ANDY BLAKE)				
FALLOW BREAKS INTO PRINT	E.E.L. & Floyd Osterberg	Frank M. Martino	THE TARGET	3/11/22/
GIVE ME BACK MY HEAD	E.E.L.	Glenn	THE TARGET	10/28/22/
(See JERRY TODD & BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT)				
UNCLE JONAH	E.E.L.	H. Johnson	THE TARGET	12/23/22/
BOB'S SHREWD BARGAIN	E.E.L.	John Edwin Jackson	TARGET	12/30/22/, 1/6/, 1/13/ & 1/30/23/
LEON DALE, WORKER	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	2/3/23/
THE WHISPERING MUMMY	E.E.L.	George Avison	AMERICAN BOY	Feb, Mar, Apr, May, Jun, 23/
THE FLANNIGAN FLOCK	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	3/31/23/
See ANDY BLAKE & THE POT OF GOLD, Chapter II				
THE FLANNIGAN'S ACHIEVE A VICTORY-Lee	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	4/7/23/
(See POT OF GOLD, Chapter IV)				
THE COLVER MEDAL	E.E.L.	Charles Becker	THE TARGET	4/14/23/
THE BLUE ELEPHANT	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	4/21/23/
(See POT OF GOLD, Chapter VI)				
THE GOLD DUST TWINS	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	4/28/23/
THE FLYING GORGON	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	5/05/23/
(See POT OF GOLD, Chapters VII & VIII)				
THE GREEN FISHING POLE	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	5/12/23/
MR. WESTON'S VEST	E.E.L.	H.A. Burne	THE TARGET	7/28/23/
THE FLANNIGAN'S IN OVERALLS	E.E.L.	H.A. Burne	THE TARGET	8/11/23/
THREE KEGS OF WASHERS	E.E.L.	H.A. Burne	THE TARGET	9/8/23/
THE GHOST AT PEG LEG FORD	E.E.L.	Glen Tracy	THE TARGET	9/15/23/
(See POT OF GOLD, Chapters X & XI)				
ANDY BLAKE IN BUSINESS	E.E.L.	S.G. Phillips	CLASSMATE	9/29/, 10/8/, 10/13/, 10/20/, 10/29/
(See ANDY BLAKE'S COMET COASTER, & also POPPY OTT'S SEVEN LEAGUE STILTS)				
THE KING'S SILVER	E.E.L.	Glen Tracy	TARGET	11/3/, 11/10/, 11/17/, 11/24/ & 12/1/
BUBBLES OF BEAUTY	Leo Edwards	W.W. Clarke	TARGET	11/24/, 12/1/
(See JERRY TODD & THE TALKING FROG)				
TOM FLANNIGAN'S PERIL	E.E.L.	H.A. Burne	THE TARGET	12/8/, 12/15/, 12/22/, 12/29/23/
COL. HICKEY'S AUTOMOBILE	E.E.L.	Glen Tracy	THE TARGET	12/1/23/
TOM FLANNIGAN'S FUTURE	E.E.L.	C.G. Gaul	THE TARGET	12/15/23/
JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY	Leo Edwards	B. Salg	G&D	12/29/23/
JERRY TODD & THE ROSE-COLOR-ED CAT	Leo Edwards	B. Salg	G&D	5/27/24/
THE IRON TRAIL	E.E.L.	W.H. French	CLASSMATE	8/2, 9, 16/24/
UNCLE JONAH'S CORK TREE	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	THE TARGET	8/23/24/
(See BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT)				
THE WALTZING HEN	E.E.L.	G. Avison	AM. BOY	Oct, Nov, Dec/24/
THE TALKING FROG	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	TARGET	2/21/, 2/28/, 3/7/, 14, 21, 28/, 4/4, 11, 18/1925/
JT & OAK ISLAND TREASURE	L.E.	B. Salg	G & D	5/27/25/
JT & THE WALTZING HEN	L.E.	B. Salg	G & D	5/27/25/
JT & THE TALKING FROG	L.E.	B. Salg	G & D	5/27/25/
THE REJUVENATED EGG	E.E.L.	W.W. Clarke	AM. BOY	Dec/25/Jan/26/
(See JERRY TODD & THE PURRING EGG)				
JT & THE PURRING EGG	L.E.	B. Salg	G & D	2/20/26/
POPPY OTT & STUTTERING PARROT	L.E.	B. Salg	G & D	5/27/26/
POPPY OTT'S 7 LEAGUE STILTS	L.E.	B. Salg	G & D	5/27/26/
WHEN TED DIXON CHEATED	E.E.L.	T. Victor Hall	THE TARGET	6/26/26/
DAVE DIXON'S STRAWBERRY MAGIC	E.E.L.	T. Victor Hall	THE TARGET	7/17/26/
AN ADVENTURE IN SEA SHELLS	E.E.L.	T. Victor Hall	THE TARGET	7/21/26/
(See FUNNYBONE FARM, Chapters VII & VIII)				

TITLE	AUTHOR	ILLUSTRATOR	PUBLISHER	DATE(S)
PHANTOM SMOKE	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	8/28/26/
(See TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE, Chapter XI)				
THE BEWITCHED PAN	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	9/4/26/
THE VANISHED PURSE	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	9/11/26/
TED DIXON'S MOSQUITO HELMET	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	10/02/26/
(See FUNNYBONE FARM, Chapter XI)				
THE DEAD CHEST	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	10/09/26/
(See FUNNYBONE FARM, Chapter XIV)				
THE GHOSTLY VISITOR	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	10/30/26/
TED DIXON'S EGG CYCLOMETER	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	11/06/26/
(See FUNNYBONE FARM, Chapter IX)				
FIGHTING NEMO	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	11/13/26/
(See TUFFY BEAN & THE LOST FORTUNE, Chapter IV)				
TED DIXON'S MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	12/04/26/
(See LOST FORTUNE, Chapter VI)				
WHEN TED DIXON WAS PUNISHED	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	12/11/26/
TED'S CHRISTMAS TURKEY	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	12/18/26/
POPPY OTT & THE GALLOPING SNAIL	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	2/15/27/
THE MAN WITH THE SLEEPING TOE	E.E.L.	Bert Salg	TARGET	2/26/, 3/5, 12, 19, 26/, 4/2, 9, 16, 23, 30/27/
POPPY OTT & PEDIGREED PICKLES	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	5/16/27/
JERRY TODD & WHISPERING CAVE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	5/16/27/
TAD AND THE TREASURE TREE	E.E.L.	unknown	PIONEER	6/4, 11, 18, 25/, 7/2/27/
(See TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE)				
TED DIXON'S GUMDROPS	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	09/03/27/
WHEN THE DOG HOWLED	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	10/29/27/
(See PUPPY DAYS, Chapter XII)				
THE HIDDEN CHEST	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	12/24/27/
THE ROAD TO RICHES	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	CLASSMATE	01/21/28/
POPPY OTT & THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	02/23/28/
THE LOST FORTUNE	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	TARGET	2/18, 25/, 3/3/28
ANDY BLAKE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/10/28/
ANDY BLAKE'S COMET COASTER	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/10/28/
WHEN WESTY WENT TO WAR	E.E.L.	C.L.Woodward	THE TARGET	05/26/28/
(See TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE)				
JERRY TODD, PIRATE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	07/25/28/
POPPY OTT & THE TITTERING TOTEM	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	02/20/29/
J.TODD & BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT	L.E.	uncertain	PIONEER	3/30/thru 5/11/
J.TODD & BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	04/29/29/
ANDY BLAKE'S SECRET SERVICE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/10/29/
RODGER'S TERRIBLE TEMPER	E.E.L.	T.Victor Hall	THE TARGET	01/04/30/
TRIGGER BERG & TREASURE TREE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	01/15/30/
TRIGGER BERG & HIS 700 MOUSETRAPS	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	01/15/30/
JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/07/30/
ANDY BLAKE & THE POT OF GOLD	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/20/30/
THE PRANCING PANCAKE	L.E.	Bert Salg	TARGET	8/9/thru 11/1/
THANKSGIVING AT LOON LAKE	L.E.	W.W.Clarke	THE TARGET	11/22/30/
POPPY OTT & PRANCING PANCAKE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	01/12/31/
TRIGGER BERG & THE SACRED PIG	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	02/04/31/
TUFFY BEAN'S PUPPY DAYS	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/23/31/
TUFFY BEAN & THE 1-RING CIRCUS	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/23/31/
TUFFY BEAN AT FUNNYBONE FARM	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/23/31/
JERRY TODD, CAVEMAN	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	01/20/32/
TUFFY BEAN & THE LOST FORTUNE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	05/26/32/
POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	01/10/33/
TRIGGER BERG & COCKEYED GHOST	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	04/13/33/
JERRY TODD & FLYING FLAPDOODLE	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	02/05/34/
JERRY TODD & BUFFALO BILL B.TUB	L.E.	Bert Salg	G & D	02/13/36/
POPPY OTT & CO., INFERIOR DECORATORS	L.E.-M. Sheldon	G & D	G & D	04/04/37/
JERRY TODD'S UP LADDER CLUB	L.E.	Myrtle Sheldon	G & D	06/04/37/
THE MONKEY'S PAW	L.E.	unknown	G & D	04/22/38/
JERRY TODD'S POODLE PARLOR	L.E.	M. Sheldon	G & D	07/30/38/

TITLE	AUTHOR	ILLUSTRATOR	PUBLISHER	DATE(S)
THE HIDDEN DWARF	L.E.	unknown	G & D	5/1/39/
JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP	L.E.	Herman	G & D	5/15/40/
		Bachrach		

* From page 10. Edward Edson Lee, also known as Leo Edwards, wrote at least two stories under the name Leo Forrester. If there were more, they are not known at this writing. These are out of sequence, as the preceeding pages were finished and ready for the press before this information arrived. The following is the information:

IKE AND THE LITTLE TEACHER	Leo Forrester	none	AMERICAN LUMBERMAN	12/23/16/
IKE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER	Leo Forrester	none	AMERICAN LUMBERMAN	12/28/18/

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ANDY BLAKE SERIES ARTICLES

By Bob Chenu, Chief Mummy Inspector - From Vol. 1, No. 1:

The Andy Blake series, by Leo Edwards, makes a good starting point for a discussion of Edwards' books. The first book of this series was the first book he wrote which was published. And this first book has its complications as well as the so called last title of the series.

One of the mystery titles among Edwards' books is the one called ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING, which has been seen on fellow collectors' want lists from time to time. The background of this title seems to be about as follows:

The Grosset & Dunlap edition of ANDY BLAKE (first title of the series) contains the following copyright data:

Copyright 1921, by The Sprague Publishing Co., Detroit, Mich.; Copyright, 1922, by D.Appleton & Company; Copyright 1928, by Grosset & Dunlap.

The Sprague copyright represents a magazine publication THE AMERICAN BOY. The Appleton publication was in book form. I have never seen an Appleton copy, but the title of the Appleton edition was ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING. It was published under the author's own name of Edward Edson Lee.

The Grosset & Dunlap copy which I have is my own boyhood copy, in dust jacket mind you, and was G&D's first edition of it.

In this copy the dust jacket, front cover, spine, and title page are all titled just ANDY BLAKE. But inside the book, at the top of each page, there is the title line of ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING.

So, ANDY BLAKE and ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING are the same book. And ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING doesn't exist in a G&D edition.

The background of this series stems from Leo Edwards own background of work in the advertising business, prior to making a success of writing as an author of boys stories.

The first book of the series is written in what amounts to a series of episodes. It was originally published in a magazine as a series of episodes or short stories.

The later books bear this out and Edwards' himself stated this to be the case. (See the Chatterbox section published in ANDY BLAKE & THE POT OF GOLD).

The Andy Blake Series as copyrighted by Grosset & Dunlap stands as follows: ANDY BLAKE, 1928; COMET COASTER, 1928; SECRET SERVICE, 1929 and THE POT OF GOLD, 1930.

A fifth title, ANDY BLAKE, BOY BUILDER, is promised at the end of POT OF GOLD. It is introduced as follows, on page 228:

"As for Tom - good, steady, deserving Tom! - what HE did with Andy's help, exchanging store clothes for factory overalls, and, in the end, bringing up-usual credit to himself, can best be told in a separate volume.

". . . It is very probable too, that Buddy and his goat will appear in the promising new book. More fun! More sky-larking pranks! More boyish adventures! And much earnest reading. For Tom's adventures in the new book are primarily industrial adventures. ANDY BLAKE, BOY BUILDER is the title. And it's coming soon . . ."

Unfortunately, this fifth title was never written.

MORE ON ANDY BLAKE-By Ray H. Zorn, From Vol. 1, No. 3:

Leo Edwards' first book, ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING, was indeed materially

produced as an individual book. I know, because I've had a copy, though not in its original state.

The first edition, first state, was 12mo in size, bound in full orange cloth with black pictorial stamping. It carried the by-line of Edward Edson Lee, and bore the imprint of D.Appleton & Company, New York, 1922, and had text of 281 pages.

The copy I had was from the Grosset & Dunlap files, with "Office File Copy" rubber stamped on the top edges. It had printed paste-ins of all the changes which were to be made in the G&D issue which appeared under the simple title, ANDY BLAKE. The changes consisted of: new title page with the by-line of Leo Edwards, new copyright page, new two-page introduction, new two-page table of contents, 24 new chapter headings, a change of wording on page eight, and new text for the last two pages of the story. A penciled slip tipped-in at the front endpaper summarized these changes, and was dated 11-12-27.

This unique copy will be part of the Leo Edwards' display in the La Salle County Historical Society Museum at Utica, Illinois.

Comparison of this copy with copies of the G&D issue show all changes were made as planned. The full "running title" within the book was retained as originally set. The G&D issue was, of course, in the familiar red binding.

By Bob Chenu-001-From Vol. 1, No. 3:

In the first toot of the Bugle we discussed the ANDY BLAKE series, and in the second clarion blast, we published the first of the FLANNIGAN FLOCK short stories which appeared in THE TARGET magazine, and was later incorporated into ANDY BLAKE & THE POT OF GOLD when G&D brought that book out in 1930.

The Sprague publication of the ANDY BLAKE stories were in THE AMERICAN BOY magazine. This was, to the best of our knowledge, a series of seven episodes, one per month, from January through July of 1922. I have February through July before me, and the February issue indicates at its heading "Another Advertising Andy Story". From the content of ANDY BLAKE as published by G&D and the content of the six episodes which I have examined, and from the "Another" reference above, it is fairly certain that there was at least the one previous episode published.

These were : January: THE GREAT RIBBON SALE; February: ADVENTURES IN OUIJA BOARDS; March: AUNT TILLYS' TAFFY TARTS; April: FRESH ROASTED; May: AYER-PLANED; June: THE FORMAN CONTRACT; July: ANDY'S GREATEST VICTORY.

The Flannigan Flock series of short stories appeared in THE TARGET, a Methodist Sunday School Magazine. They are listed herewith:

1. THE FLANNIGAN FLOCK, 3-31-23; 2. THE FLANNIGANS ACHIEVE A VICTORY, 4-7-23; 3. THE BLUE ELEPHANT, 4-21-23; 4. THE GOLD DUST TWINS, 4-28-23; 5. THE FLYING GORGON, 5-5-23; 6. THE GREEN FISHING POLE, 5-12-23; 7. MR. WESTON'S VEST, 7-28-23; 8. TOM FLANNIGAN IN OVERALLS, 8-11-23; 9. THREE KEGS OF WASH-ERS, 9-8-23; 10. THE GHOST AT PEG LEG FORD, 9-15-23; 11. THE KING'S SILVER, 11-3-23; 12. TOM FLANNIGAN'S PERIL, 12-1-23; 13. COL. HICKEY'S AUTOMOBILE, 12-15-23; 14. TOM FLANNIGAN'S FUTURE, 12-29-23.

Stories numbered above as 1,2,3,5,10 and 13 were incorporated into ANDY BLAKE & THE POT OF GOLD. Stories numbered 7,8,9,12 and 14 would so nicely fit into the plot of the unpublished ANDY BLAKE, BOY BUILDER, as described in the coming book blurb, that it seems likely they would have formed a part of that book had it been published.

This would have been in line with the author's published intention (see Chatterbox in TUFFY BEAN AT FUNNY BONE FARM) when he wrote, in response to a question about his magazine stories, "Gradually I am incorporating all of my early writings in my long list of books. When I have finished writing, I thus hope to have everything I have written in book form."

Story 11 - THE KING'S SILVER will, of course, bring to mind the treasure of the same name involved in the plot of JERRY TODD, PIRATE. Although the name is the same, the stories are not, since different characters are involved and different hiding places for the treasure, etc.

In connection with this information, we wish to thank Eugene Lee, the author's son and the real Jerry Todd, for his very kind cooperation.

ANDY BLAKE-Continued: By Ray H. Zorn-From Vol. 1, No. 4:

Through the courtesy of Mr. Charles R. Byrne of the Rights and Permissions section of the Meredith Press of New York City, I have obtained a copy of the printing history of ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING by Edward Edson Lee.

The book appeared under the imprint of D.Appleton & Company, New York, with date of publication September 15, 1922. Its physical form has been described in my last article.

Cost of producing the printing plates is shown on the history sheet as \$593.20.

Only one printing was made, at a cost of \$515.14. Figures indicate that 2,500 copies of text and cuts were printed, as well as 2,650 dust wrappers.

It appears from the history sheet that only 1,467 copies were actually bound.

The book was intended to retail at \$1.75, and 1,046 copies were sold at this figure less 40% trade discount.

Subsequently, copies must have been remaindered, as 101 are reported sold at 70¢, and 18 at 54¢.

The amount realized from total number sold is given as \$1,178.72. From this figure a 30% charge was made for distribution and sales in the amount of \$353.62.

Royalty of \$186.98 was paid to the author.

At the bottom of the history sheet is the notation, "Loss \$470.22", to prove this first venture of Leo's between hard covers was not a howling success.

In 1928, Grosset & Dunlap, prolific publishers of reprints of popular novels, but also with a long list of original juvenile copyrights, took over the copyright of this first Andy Blake book, changed the author's name to Leo Edwards, shortened the cover title to ANDY BLAKE, made some changes in the text and brought the book out in the familiar red cloth recognizable as G&D. The rest is Leo Edwards' history, though Andy was left far behind by Todd and Ott.

By Bob Chenu-001-From Vol. 1, No. 4:

Ye Chief Mummy Inspector has been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING, and it is clearly established D.Appleton & Co. did indeed release this book for sale.

The book is as described by Ray Zorn. Perhaps further details would be of interest. The black pictorial stamping on a dull orange cloth binding consists of a store window layout with a sign in the window bearing the legend ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING. There is a "sign" affixed to the bottom of the window bearing the author's name, Edward Edson Lee.

The changes made from the Appleton copy to the G&D copy are: the change in wording on page eight consists of substituting for "Guess I'd rather read a 'High Benton' story" to "Guess I'd rather read a Poppy Ott story". The new text for the last two pages of the book consist of adding that portion which came after, "Yes, I'll keep it up," he murmured. In the Appleton copy this is followed by THE END. This is on page 281 which isn't numbered in either edition. In the G&D edition two further paragraphs are added referring to further Blake stories forthcoming.

The rest of this page carries the familiar G&D advertising page which starts off THIS ISN'T ALL!

The Appleton edition doesn't have chapter headings or a table of contents, or an introduction. It has one illustration as a frontispiece by A.D.Rahn. It is an office scene with a young man showing some advertising copy to an older man seated at a desk. It is captioned, "He gave a hasty glance at the sheaf of material in Andy's hand" (page 270).

The G&D edition was illustrated by Bert Salg, and has five illustrations, none of which represent the same scene and event as that illustrating the Appleton copy.

Comparison of the story in the book form with the series of seven parts as appeared in THE AMERICAN BOY magazine shows numerous touches of rewriting.

Such changes as made are mainly those required to adapt the seven magazine

episodes to continuous book format. I can now add the title of the first episode which was published in January of 1922. This was, simply enough, ADVERTISING ANDY.

By Bob Chenu-001-From Vol. 2, No. 5:

It was Leo Edwards' intent, as expressed in the Chatterbox section correspondence, to incorporate into his published books the various magazine and newspaper short stories and serials which he had written. In some cases the books were published in magazine serial form prior to publication by Grosset & Dunlap. For example, ANDY BLAKE was published by G&D under that title, with only minor changes made from the prior publication by Appleton of ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING. And Appleton publication in book form was derived from a series of seven episodes which had been published in THE AMERICAN BOY magazine. We have discussed this already.

What I would like to discuss here is a 12 part serial entitled ANDY BLAKE IN BUSINESS, which was published in CLASSMATE magazine. It ran from the issue of September 29, 1923, through the issue of December 15, 1923, and it appeared under the author's own name of Edward Edson Lee. It was illustrated by S.G. Phillips.

This serial appeared in the book form under the title of ANDY BLAKE'S COMET COASTER which was copyrighted by G&D May 10, 1928. The story and the characters in it are virtually the same, but there was one important change made. The product involved was changed to Comet Coasters from Hi Boy Stilts. Yep! STILTS!

This was made necessary by the prior publication of POPPY OTT'S SEVEN LEAGUE STILTS, copyrighted May 27, 1926. The author had adapted the stilt production idea, combined with the problem involving the step locking adjustment, to his Ott book, making the plot revolve about the stilt factory started by Poppy and Jerry. When G&D arranged to bring out the ANDY BLAKE series, the existing ANDY BLAKE IN BUSINESS was rewritten to switch from stilts to coaster wagons.

And BOTH books turned out to be darned good ones. SEVEN LEAGUE STILTS proved to be one of Poppy Ott's most interesting ventures, and COMET COASTERS one of Andy Blake's best.

As many of us know, this type of prior magazine publication and later book publication of the same stories was quite a regular, normal event in the publishing business of the period. In examining many of the magazines of the period I find similar serialization, etc. by such writers as Heyliger, Kel-land, Barbour, etc. MARK TIDD, for instance, made his appearance in this manner also.

By Bob Chenu-001-From Vol. 5, No. 3:

ANDY BLAKE was one of the author's earliest works of juvenile fiction. It was preceded by two other magazine serials, THE CRUISE OF THE SALLY ANN, 1920, and THE ROSE-COLORED CAT, 1921. SALLY ANN had also previously been printed in the Shelby, Ohio, newspaper, and back in 1908 he had published his only known piece of sheet music entitled MY SOUTHERN VIOLET. And in 1909 a short story entitled ONLY A DOG, had won third prize in a contest run by the Beloit, Wisconsin, DAILY NEWS.

Edwards drew upon his own business background in advertising to write this story about Andy Blake. He had worked in the advertising departments of B.B. Yates Machine Company, 1913-1915; Burroughs Adding Machine Company, 1915-1917; and at Autocall Company, 1917-1920. He left the field of advertising to embark upon his career as an author of juvenile books. Nothing could be more natural than using his knowledge of this aspect of the business worked into the tale for boys which we find in ANDY BLAKE.

Familiar as we are with "Tutter" as the site of the Jerry Todd and Poppy Ott books, we find that Andy Blake has "Cressfield" as its location. We all know that "Tutter" is really Utica, Illinois. Not all of us are aware that "Cressfield" of the Blake story is also Utica! There are many places of evidence which establish this, arising from the author's practice of using characters based on real people he had known and places based on real places with which he was familiar.

This is one of the factors which make his books so different from many

other juvenile series books of the era, and which lends an atmosphere of real small town life which is part of the appeal of the stories.

First of all, the general store in which we find Andy employed when the story opens is the Landers General Store. The author had left Utica in 1897 as a young boy, but carried with him in his retentive memory a picture of the town which he restored in his writing. Among the Utica business establishments which he had been familiar with was a general store operated by William Landers.

This store was in business in Utica from about 1885 to 1942, and was located on the west side of Mill Street between Canal Street and Church Street. It was a "General" store, and carried the wide assortment of merchandise typical of this kind of store in that time era.

In the book, there is a rival Cressfield merchant called J.P.Hazel. There actually was a J.P.Hazel who was a merchant in Utica, who resided on Church Street next door to William Landers.

In the book there also appears as a character, a Colonel Klugston. There was another Uticaite of the period the author knew whose name was Clugston. Still another book character was Clarence Corey, a boy who lived on "the hill". In Utica there was a Clarence Cary who lived on Clarke's Hill.

What the author had done was to avail himself of names and places he had known. He necessarily made various changes to adapt the places and characters to the needs of the fiction he was writing. Names were somewhat changed. A William Landers might become Denny Landers and acquire red hair which the original did not have.

Andy drives a delivery truck in the story, while at the time Leo knew the town the store actually used a horse and wagon.

We must also realize that the real people the author had known did not have the personalities attributed to them for the story's fictional purposes. Characterization in the book plot required that the character's personality fit the story. Events in the story are fictional.

Thanks to Edward J. Landers, of Utica, Illinois, for much of the data in this article, and particularly for the history of the Landers' store in Utica. It dealt in baled hay, grain, coal, clothing, shoes, groceries, hardware, and a miscellany of other items. It was started as a partnership about 1885, and was first known as Landers & Shannon.

After the death of Mr. Shannon the firm was known as Landers & Edgecomb, then Landers & Gibling, Landers & Sheehy, as the partnerships underwent successive changes. In 1923, after his sons William, Edward, and Raymond had reached an age to enter the business, William Landers, Sr., bought out the Sheehy interest and from then until it went out of business in 1942, the firm was known as Wm. Landers & Sons.

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JERRY TODD, EDWARDS' MOST POPULAR SERIES

By Bob Chenu-001

From Vol. 1, No. 2: THE JERRY TODD series is the most numerous of the various different series written by Leo Edwards, and was the most popular among the ones he wrote. This is reflected in our experiences in trying to find copies of his books for our collection.

It is not easy to find copies of any of his books, but the Jerry Todd books are easier to locate than those of the other series. The first ten or twelve titles in the Todd series are also easier to locate than the last ones, reflecting the much longer period in which they were in print, and the greater numbers of books sold of the individual titles.

The JERRY TODD series is made up of sixteen titles which were actually published in book form by Grosset & Dunlap. Five of these stories were published in magazine serial form prior to book publication by G&D. WHISPERING MUMMY, THE ROSE-COLORED CAT, THE WALTZING HEN, and THE PURRING EGG were serialized in THE AMERICAN BOY magazine, which was published by Sprague Publishing Company, and THE TALKING FROG was serialized in a Methodist Sunday School magazine published by the Methodist Book Concern.

There was also at least one other Jerry Todd story serialized in magazine form starting in May, 1921, and ran through February, 1922, in BOY PARTNERS magazine. It was titled, TROUBLES IN DOUBLES.

(Editor's Note: It has been suggested that TROUBLES IN DOUBLES may have been a basis for JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE. However, we'll never know-rlj.)

This was the first issue of BOY PARTNERS. On page 232 of TRIGGER BERG & THE SACRED PIG, in the Chatterbox section, Edwards states this magazine was published "for almost two years".

The Jerry Todd book titles which were published, with copyright data, follows:

THE WHISPERING MUMMY, Sprague 1923, G&D 1924; THE ROSE-COLORED CAT, Sprague 1921, G&D 1924; OAK ISLAND TREASURE, G&D 1925; THE WALTZING HEN, Sprague 1924, G&D 1925; THE TALKING FROG, Methodist Book Concern 1925, G&D 1925; THE PURRING EGG, Sprague 1925, G&D 1926; THE WHISPERING CAVE, G&D 1927;

JERRY TODD, PIRATE, G&D 1928; THE BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT, G&D 1929; EDITOR-IN-GRIEF, G&D 1930; CAVE MAN, G&D 1932; FLYING FLAPDOODLE, G&D 1934; BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB, G&D 1936; UP THE LADDER CLUB, G&D 1937; POODLE PARLOR, G&D 1938; CUCKOO CAMP, G&D 1940.

In the above listing the books are in the same sequence they are listed normally.

Looking at the various copyright dates, however, makes it evident the sequence as published by G&D is not the natural sequence as based on the original copyright dates for Sprague and Methodist Book copyrights. It would appear the proper order should be CAT, MUMMY, HEN, FROG, EGG, TREASURE and thence from WHISPERING CAVE onward the sequence appears correct as normally given.

The reason is the prior magazine publication for one thing. Secondly, when G&D was bringing out the JERRY TODD series, they brought out MUMMY and CAT in 1924. The HEN story was actually written before OAK ISLAND TREASURE. The publisher held the HEN manuscript for a year until the author had completed OAK ISLAND TREASURE and TALKING FROG, and then brought out the three books at the same time.

From this point on the JERRY TODD books were brought out at a one per year pace through the 1920's, after which they came out either one or two years apart to 1940 when CUCKOO CAMP was published. This was the last book by Leo Edwards which was published.

The fifteenth book, JERRY TODD'S POODLE PARLOR, was not originally written as such. It was written in the early 30s and was to have been the fifth Trigger Berg book. However, with the depression cutting heavily into book sales, G&D ordered Edwards to stick to the Todd and Ott series. Thus the POODLE PARLOR book became a Jerry Todd yarn in 1938.

(Editor's Note: Bob Chenu asked me where ye editor had gotten this information in a letter while we were getting this book together about the above paragraph. Since I no longer had his original manuscript of this story, but took it directly from the old Bugles, I could not answer his question for sure whether he wrote this article this way, or I made an addition to it. It has been too many years since it was first published to be sure. However, ye editor will take a risk of having ye Chief mail a bunch of mummy itchers, and say this was the way the Chief wrote the original article-rlj).

The seventeenth book of the series, JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE, is one of the "phantom" books which never reached print. It was the author's hope to write twenty or more of the Todd titles. His fans, of course, bewail the fact the added titles were never written, and speculate as to what they would have been about had they been published.

There is some information available as to what these additional titles would have been. JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE would have been the next title published after CUCKOO CAMP. It is introduced as the coming book of the series on page 216 of CUCKOO CAMP, as follows:

"But I'll be back soon in an old whizzer of a mystery story - JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE.

"What would you think if you were walking down the street and suddenly met yourself face to face? Oh, you say that doesn't make sense, huh? You say it couldn't happen.

"Well, something very much like that happened to me. It was a case of a

double, of course. But who was this mysterious double who looked so much like me that even my own parents were fooled? And what was he doing in Tutter?

"So be looking for it. As I say it's on the way."

Like ANDY BLAKE, BOY BUILDER, JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE was never published.

(Editor's Note: For our Chief's version of JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE, see page one of the story section of this book-rlj).

The author also had contemplated writing a book called JERRY TODD, TRAVELING SALESMAN, involving Jerry with a marionette show, and had visited a show of this type to observe how it was done. So this too is an unwritten Jerry Todd yarn.

Another Todd book probability which never reached print is mentioned in the Chatterbox sections of both TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE and TUFFY BEAN'S ONE-RING CIRCUS. This intended story is described by Edwards as a winter tale in which Jerry and his gang go to Oak Island to tap the maple trees there and make maple syrup. No title was indicated for this proposed plot. It was promised "In a year or two". What the title would have been . . . JERRY TODD & THE MAPLE SYRUP MIXUP? JERRY TODD & THE SUGAR CAMP MYSTERY? JERRY TODD, ALL STUCK UP? is only a speculation.

A further idea for another plot is mentioned in the Chatterbox which was added as a feature of late printings of the WHISPERING MUMMY book. In response to a letter from a boy reader suggesting he would like a book about Jerry and his gang on a bicycle tour. Edwards wrote, "Very well, I'll try and put Jerry's gang on wheels in a future book".

So with regard to the nonpublished titles, which never were written, we have some indication of the author's ideas for three additional books towards the hoped for total of twenty. If we consider TROUBLES IN DOUBLES, referred to above, we would indeed reach the full twenty stories.

There are many interesting features to this series in addition to the interesting and amusing nature of the stories themselves. They are replete with the actual geographical features of the Illinois area in which the author spent his boyhood. Many of the characters in the books were based on real people the author knew, even to use of the real name in many instances. For example, some of the people to whom Edwards' books are dedicated were characters in his books. In some instances the plot idea was sparked by actual events the author read or heard.

MUMMY PLOT FACT

By Bob Chenu-001

(From Vol. 1, No. 3): Leo Edwards used very striking book titles in all of his books, and both the title and the plot of JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY are, to say the least, are extremely unusual. It is of interest that the basic idea for the plot of this book came from a real, honest-to-goodness news story, which points out the old saying, "Truth is sometimes stranger than fiction".

In the WHISPERING MUMMY book, "Ramses", the mummy which the plot revolves around, had been donated to the Tutter College by a Mr. Dixon White. He is described as a wealthy alumnus who purchased the mummy and donated it to the college. In the book the mummy is stolen by the Golden Sphinx Fraternity boys for use in an initiation ceremony, which included placing it in a cemetery.

The mummy is eventually proven to be a fake (and the mummy itches mythical, dreamed up by the original Chief Mummy Inspector, Anson Arnoldsmitth).

Such a hoax actually occurred, involving a "mummy" which was purchased by a patron of Beloit College and donated to that school. It was uncritically accepted by the college authorities, and was placed in the school's Logan Museum. There it was displayed for some years, properly regarded with awe by the undergraduates and other visitors.

Then some members of one of the college fraternities had an inspiration. One of the initiation requirements was for the candidate to perform some prescribed act of "burglary". The mummy was selected for the test, and was successfully mummynaped by the candidate.

Being of a more inquiring turn of mind than the faculty had been, the mummy's artificial nature was discovered by the captors. This discovery did not deter them from making further use of "Ramses".

Appropriately costumed, the mummy did duty at house parties and other initiations. An outstanding initiatory use made on several occasions consisted of placing the mummy lying on a grave in the cemetery. An ofactory gesture towards scientific perfection of the stunt was added by the fumes of hydrogen sulphide dumped over the mummy.

A freshman candidate would then be directed towards the spot in a manner calculated to insure his making the grizzly discovery. The first candidate this was tried on vaulted monuments and the fence in his hurried exit. The great success of this led to its repeated use on subsequent occasions.

The end came when a passerby with a weird sense of humor discovered "Ramses" in the cemetery and transported him to town, leaving him lying in the back yard of a house. The frightened residents, upon making the discovery in the morning, called the police.

Momentarily impressed with the discovery, officers soon realized the artificial composition of the "body" upon closer examination.

"Ramses" fraternal adventures had left him shopworn to an extent expert opinion was no longer needed to determine its artificial nature. Chief Qualman then wrote finis to "Ramses" adventures by having Patrolman Schultz perform an autopsy with an axe.

This was the true series of events, described in a news account, which sparked Edwards' WHISPERING MUMMY plot into a spine-tingling and hilarious mystery adventure story for children.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF RAMESES II

By Bob Johnson, Editor-In-Grief

(Portions of the following were taken from the CROSS-REFERENCE DIGEST OF THE BIBLE, American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible, of 1914-Editor).

Rameses II, also known as Rameses The Great, was the Egyptian Pharoah whose mummified remains were supposedly sold to the Tutter College Museum, in Edwards' JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY.

Only approximately 48 years separated probably two of the greatest of the ancient Pharaohs. Tutankhamun, the boy king, whose tomb was not found until later in the 1920's, and was probably the richest find ever, while Rameses II's tomb had been plundered, and one can only guess at the wealth of his burial treasures. Tutankhamun lived only 18 years, while Rameses II lived to be 97.

Some scholars believe Rameses II was the king when Moses led the slaves out of Egypt, while other scholars disagree.

Rameses II was the last of the powerful kings of Egypt. By the time Rameses III had come along, the country was falling apart with raids and wars from peoples from other lands. There were eleven Rameses to rule Egypt.

The name Rameses was spelled Ramses in THE WHISPERING MUMMY by Edwards, and other sources. It was spelled with an extra "e" in the above mentioned Bible reference book. Take your choice.

After the turn of the century into the twentieth century, and archaeologists were digging into the ruins in the Valley of the Kings and other sites in Egypt, it became the rage in the United States to own a real and authentic Egyptian artifact, and mummies were no exception, which is probably one reason the Beloit College accepted without question the mummy for their museum, which turned out to be a fake as described above.

Edwards did use the premise that Ramses II was the king when Moses led his people out of bondage.

Rameses The Great was the second son, and yet he became Pharaoh. What happened to his older brother was never recorded in Egypt's history. Rameses did have his own harem at the age of ten. He was a Captain in the army, and he had over 100 sons and 60 daughters when he died at the ripe old age of 97. Like Tut, Rameses tomb was in the Valley of the Kings.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF RAMSES, (THE WHISPERING MUMMY)

By Chief Mummy Inspector Chenu

All good Leo Edwards' fans are familiar with the Tutter adventures of Ramses, the Whispering Mummy of the JERRY TODD title. As Chief Mummy Inspector

it is, of course, my duty to keep tabs on mummies in the news, and so the following is called to the attention of Edwards' aficionados.

On 5/9/77/, the New York Newsday, which is the local newspaper on Long Island, ran a small item about Ramses, a 3200 year old Egyptian mummy. Same name! And same problem! Ramses was afflicted with the itch! He was full of parasites, and needed to be treated for itchers. Not, however, by burning him up in a fireplace, but by a heck of a dose of radiation.

In the New York Daily News of 5/10/77/, an article told of Ramses being shipped to Paris and was there given the "Cure" for his infestation of fungus and insects. He got nine hours of 1.8 million rads and was then pronounced cured of the ancient itch. We understand that this also includes any crab lice he might have picked up in the French capital.

Though it had been reported that Ramses was to be received in Egypt with full military honors, this proved to be untrue. There were only about 50 security guards, in a casual honor guard.

This makes it appear that Edwards was mistaken in regard to the disposition of the mummy, who apparently went back to international travel with his itchers, and the treatment apparently worked better than sinking him in a metal box in Lake Michigan or setting him afire, as in the book.

By Bob Johnson-Editor-In-Grief

To prove that old Ramses didn't just lie around in the Tutter Museum while he was here, we offer the following tidbit:

PHILADELPHIA (AP) - Experts are trying to identify two Egyptian mummies which were found in a plain wooden crate in a storage area at the Academy of Natural Sciences here.

Workers at the 100-year-old academy discovered the crate while preparing for a fish exhibit.

Bob Peck, assistant to the director of the academy, said he and naturalist Paul Kaczmarczik found the mummified remains in an elaborately decorated coffin inside the crate.

The remains appear to be those of a woman, apparently pregnant, and an infant.

All of the above proves that Ramses "got around" and also that you're NEVER too old.

By Julius R. Chenu-Chief Mummy Inspector

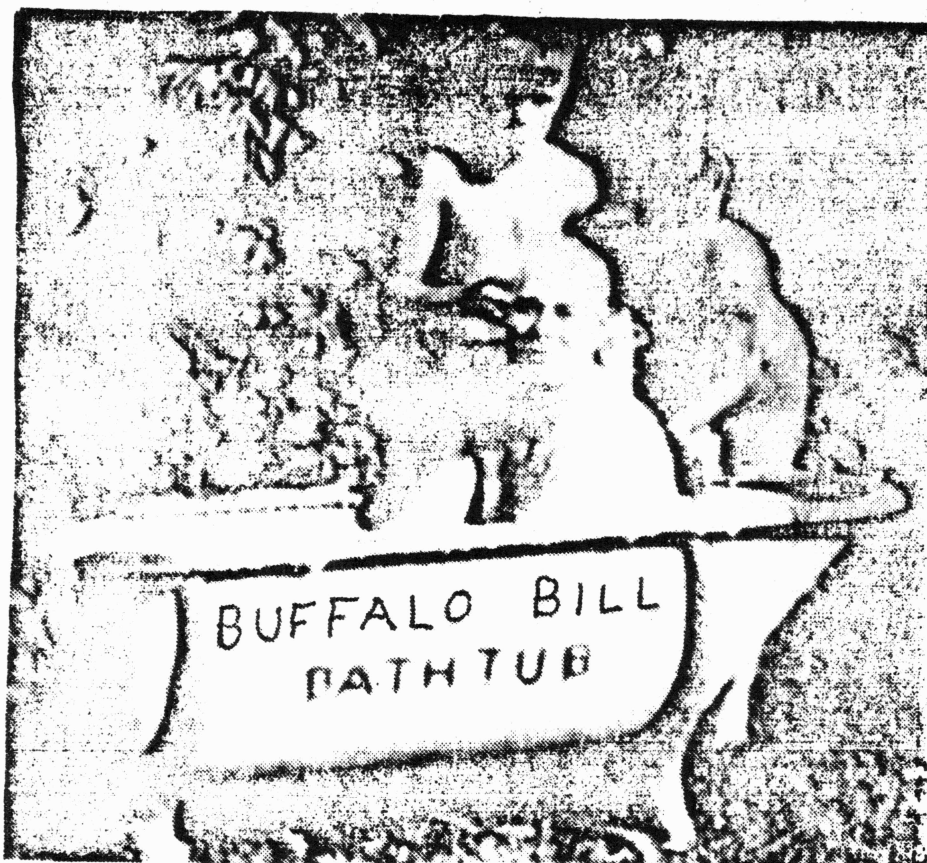
(From Vol. 2, No. 6): As we have said, many of the fun-laden plots of Leo Edwards' books took off from actual events, news stories, etc. as these stimulated the author's creative mind.

This bit is the spark from which JERRY TODD & THE BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB was kindled. Buffalo Bill undoubtedly bathed, and may well have done so at various times in sundry bathtubs all over the country in the course of his wide travels (as well as in various creeks, streams, ponds, etc.). It was, however, the author's inventive genius and predilection towards alliteration deriving from his advertising training and background which added the Buffalo Bill bit to the bathtub of the book plot.

The true origin of the bathtub motif is that Gene Lee, the author's son, in 1934, was working as produce manager of the Kroger store located in Beloit, Wisconsin. He regularly went out to Lake Ripley each weekend to spend it with his mother and father at Hi-Lee Cottage. The Lee's home was the scene of much fun and joking, and Gene was a young fellow full of ideas along these lines.

Out behind the store in Beloit, where he worked, Gene spotted an old tin bathtub which had been discarded by someone. What would have been just junk to most people became a jolly joke in Gene's busy brain. That weekend he carted the tub out to Lake Ripley and presented his father with the venerable "antique".

His fun loving father made a pleased "to do" about his "antique", and both enjoyed a good laugh. The tub furnished many chuckles, and in the ensuing year in the course of plotting out the next Jerry Todd book, it furnished the idea on which the BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB story was hung.



In celebration of the book's publication in 1936, the fun loving Lake Ripley gang again drug out the old tub, and Gene Lee emblazoned upon its port side the legend "BUFFALO BILL BATH-TUB". Further carrying on the fun, the author posed in it, pretending to take a bath.

Along with the group that day was Ned Smithback, (to whom the POODLE PARLOR book was later dedicated.) Ned also appears as a book character in POPPY OTT & THE HIDDEN DWARF. Another boy who was there on that day was Bob Vanderpearle. He was the son of some visitors at the lake who were good friends of the author and his wife.

So with the mummy and the tub, these were just two of the plot ideas which the author used.

We thank Gene Lee for

this entertaining and interesting information for these articles.

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ILLUSTRATED BY BERT SALG.

By Bob Chenu-001

(From Vol. 1, No. 2): Most of Leo Edwards' books were illustrated by Bert Salg, a very talented man whose illustrations and dust jacket designs are very familiar to Leo Edwards' fans. Salg was also the designer of the Secret and Mysterious Order of the Freckled Goldfish membership card.

His colorful dust jacket illustrations add much to the looks of Edwards' books, when one is fortunate enough to possess them.

Salg also illustrated other boys' books for Grosset & Dunlap. Among them the Hal Keene Series by Hugh Lloyd (Percy Keese Fitzhugh), and also did illustrating for magazines.

We are indebted to Salg's daughter, Mrs. Douglas Davidson, of Bainbridge, New York, for the following information, quoted from her very informative letter.

"He was born in 1881, and spent his boyhood in Fayetteville, near Syracuse, New York. In his early manhood he worked at the L.C. Smith typewriter works in Syracuse. He had no formal art training at all, but if an amusing incident or catastrophe occurred, the victim of the incident would usually receive a reminder of it drawn on a clam shell if it happened at the lake, or on a fungus if it happened in the woods, or on a postcard in the mail the next day.

"He had a wonderful sense of humor. Anyway, that is the extent of his art work in his early years.

"Somehow, I'm not sure why, he decided to go to New York City to do art work. He went to publishing companies with samples of his work and Grosset & Dunlap took him on. This was about 1921." (This is the same year that Edwards' first book was copyrighted by Sprague for magazine publication. Thus we have both author and illustrator launching their careers at about the same time - CMI).

"He also worked for BOYS' LIFE magazine and a Methodist publication." (This would have been THE TARGET, the magazine Edwards' short stories appeared in and which first copyrighted THE TALKING FROG - CMI). "He also

worked on other books by one or two other authors besides Leo Edwards."

The Edwards' books which Salg illustrated include the JERRY TODD series up through and including JERRY TODD & THE BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB, and in the POPPY OTT titles, POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL. And Salg did all of the TRIGGER BERG, TUFFY BEAN and the ANDY BLAKE books.

HITS THE TRAIL was copyrighted in 1937, and as Salg died in the spring of 1938, the later TODD and OTT books had to be illustrated by other artists. In my own personal opinion there is a unique quality to Salg's work which to me makes the art work he did better than that done by other artists.

On pages 26 and 27 of this section are two cartoons drawn by Bert Salg which appeared as single page comics in a comic book of the mid 1930's. We are indebted to Dick Martin of Chicago for sending in these cartoons.

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THEY DEMANDED AN ENCORE!

By Bob Chenu-Chief Mummy Inspector

(From Vol. 1, No. 3): The JERRY TODD series was so well received by the youthful readers of the nation that Grosset & Dunlap requested Leo Edwards to create another series, as well as to continue the JERRY TODD series. At this point six JERRY TODD titles had been published. The author then began the POPPY OTT series, the first book of which, POPPY OTT & THE STUTTERING PARROT, was published in 1926.

It is an interesting point to note that the dedication of this book is "To Glenn". Glenn was Glenn "Poppy" Morse, a Galva, Illinois boy who was the author's nephew. His "Poppy" nickname had been bestowed upon him as a result of youthful popcorn sales activity in much the same fashion the author gives as a reason for the nickname of "Poppy" given to Nicholas Carter Sherlock Holmes Ott, on page 45 of the STUTTERING PARROT book.

Horatio Calabash Ott's two favorite detective heroes you see.

Horatio was Poppy's father in the book.

It was the author's intention to write about twenty JERRY TODD titles and an equal number of POPPY OTT titles, although this hope was not eventually realized in either series. Edwards expressed his hope to write sixty books in all. (See Chatterbox section in POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL) and had earlier referred to the figure of twenty TODDS and twenty OTTS in the Chatterbox section of TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE.

The POPPY OTT titles which were actually published, with copyright data, are as follows:

THE STUTTERING PARROT, 1926; SEVEN LEAGUE STILTS, 1926; THE GALLOPING SNAIL, 1927; PEDIGREED PICKLES, 1927; FRECKLED GOLDFISH, 1928; THE TITTERING TOTEM, 1929; THE PRANCING PANCAKE, 1930; HITS THE TRAIL, 1933; & CO., INFERIOR DECORATORS, 1937.

These nine titles comprise the true POPPY OTT series. There were, however, two more books published in what was called THE NEW POPPY OTT DETECTIVE STORIES series.

The data on these two is as follows:

THE MONKEY'S PAW, 1938; THE HIDDEN DWARF, 1939.

These last two contain new characters, except for Poppy.

THE GALLOPING SNAIL, THE MONKEY'S PAW and THE HIDDEN DWARF are not Tutter stories in their location. Of course, HITS THE TRAIL is only partly in Tutter.

THE GALLOPING SNAIL'S true location is a real mystery. The book states it is in northern Illinois, but we have not been able to find such a place as described. It is a possibility that Leo may have gone on an actual hike at one time, and it may have taken place when Leo was working in advertising in Shelby, Ohio, or in Indiana or even in Wisconsin even.

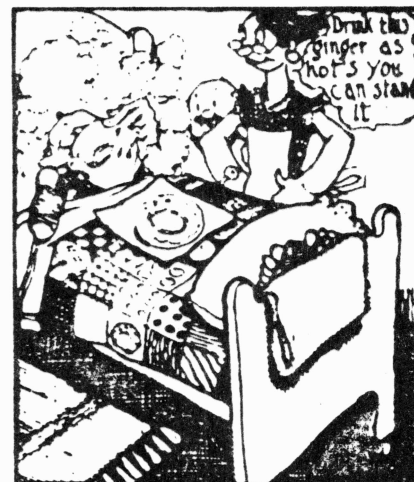
The last two (PAW and DWARF) actually constitute a new series, but since they are about Poppy Ott they are listed in this discussion.

THE MONKEY'S PAW is told by Poppy, and the action begins in Poppy's home in Tutter, but he takes off in his brand new car for Wisconsin. (Poppy turns 16 and the auto was a present from his father who had mysteriously vanished earlier in the morning.

THE HIDDEN DWARF is the story of an actual hike in Wisconsin. Characters in this story, for the most part, are real/ (Continued on page 28)

Judge Perkins

by Bert



Judge Perkins by Bert



(Continued from Page 25):

The Dwarf, however, is a fictional character.

HITS THE TRAIL takes place, for the most part, at Clarks Falls, but some of the action does take place in Tutter.

An interesting note is that in PARROT, STILTS, GOLDFISH, TOTEM, PANCAKE, TRAIL and DECORATORS books, most or all of "The Gang" appear. In the SNAIL and PICKLES books, Jerry and Poppy are the main characters with guest stars interspersed into the story.

POPPY OTT & THE TITTERING TOTEM was a story which spawned a sequel. That was the book, JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF, which all Edwards' fans are familiar with.

Some of the POPPY OTT series books were also published in magazine serial form, which is listed elsewhere in this book with all of Leo's published short stories and articles.

From Ed Mulford-002, we received some interesting information on POPPY OTT & THE PRANCING PANCAKE book. There was actually a mill in Utica in the late 1800's and the flour they ground was exceptional, and was actually purchased by one of the big Chicago firms.

(Editor's Note: This is a reprint of a letter sent by Leo Edwards to the original members of the Freckled Goldfish Club. This was submitted by our CMI, Bob Chenu-rlj).

(From Vol. 1, No. 1):

Cambridge, Wis.

Dear Fellow Member:

Here is your numbered and autographed membership card. Congratulations. You are now a fish. Not a "poor fish". But a distinguished - FRECKLED GOLD-FISH.

Always conduct yourself with honors to the fraternity, according to the rules given on the back of your card. And in later years, when you take the oath of office, as President of the United States, or as the village dog-catcher, follow the usual custom and say solemnly: "All that I am or ever hope to be I owe to Grosset & Dunlap for publishing the JERRY TODD and POPPY OTT books."

The complete history of our new order, together with all the secret signs and passwords, is given in the book POPPY OTT & THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH. If you haven't read this book, you should. For every FRECKLED GOLDFISH ought to know WHY he is a Freckled Goldfish.

If you have one or more chums who want to join our secret order, tell them how to do it. As a matter of fact it ought to be the duty of each new member to secure an additional member. Yes, Grandpa can join if he wants to.
s/Leo Edwards

THE SECRET AND MYSTERIOUS ORDER OF THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH

By Bob Chenu-001, CMI, FG, JJDA

This club originated from a part of the POPPY OTT & THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH book which Leo Edwards wrote, and was published by G&D and copyrighted on 2/23/28. In it Poppy and Jerry originate such a "Lodge" and initiate into it adult members of the Tutter community, in an effort to benefit a needy old lady, Mrs. Potter Warmley.

It was Edwards' practice to read the manuscript to children in his neighborhood and note comments and reactions to it. Boys who thus heard of the Freckled Goldfish idea were eager to get up a similar lodge. Expanding on the idea thus afforded him, the author decided to originate such a fun lodge and make it open to boys everywhere. He therefore started a registration book, and arranged for a sort of announcement to be published in the front of his FRECKLED GOLDFISH book.

It was also arranged that illustrator Bert Salg should design the membership card to be issued to the members. Salg did so, and this club was warmly greeted by the youthful readers of the book.

FRECKLED GOLDFISH membership card number one was issued to Donald Reed, young son of G&D's General Manager. Card number two was issued to Bert Salg

by Edwards, thanking him for designing it. Card number three was issued to son, Gene Lee, and number four was taken for himself.

The club thus started was a great success. Thousands of boys, and girls also, hastened to join, myself among them. One of my treasures is my Freckled Goldfish Membership card and the letter accompanying it. I became Freckled Goldfish, Number 2106. I still have the original envelope in which I received it, postmarked Cambridge, Wis., March 9, 6 P.M. Since membership was conferred for life, I am still therefore an official Freckled Goldfish.

By 1935, the number of Goldfish had grown to 26, 761, as I have been informed by Robert G. Hite, who said his envelope was dated 1/23/35/. The number continued to grow as thousands of kids joined up. As the club developed there were added items afforded to members, such as a booklet which told you how one might organize a local lodge, with rules and rituals. A membership pin was added.

So those of you who were Freckled Goldfish take heart and know that you are STILL Freckled Goldfishes. Have any of you still got your membership cards, or booklets, or pins? I would bet that knowing the affection that many had for the author and for his books, some probably still have them. If you do, don't hesitate to write me. I would be glad to hear from you. Bob Chenu, 16 Farragut Road, Merrick, N.Y. 11566.

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DEDICATIONS IN LEO'S BOOKS

By Bob Chenu-001

As a boy I often looked at the dedications in Leo Edwards' books and thought how wonderful it must be to know the author, and to further have one of his books dedicated to you. So you can see the interest which led to this article first arose many years ago. It may be that I am way out in left field all by myself in this interest, as I know that many boys never bothered with anything that came before the first sentence of the first chapter of the story in their eagerness to start reading it.

Many of the boys books written in the era in which Edwards wrote his books did not contain a dedication. The TOM SWIFT and ROVER BOYS series and the books by Percy Keese Fitzhugh are examples of this. And Edwards first few books also did not contain dedications. ANDY BLAKE (IN ADVERTISING), and JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY, ROSE-COLORED CAT, OAK ISLAND TREASURE, WALTZING HEN AND TALKING FROG did not contain dedications. I have also checked later printings which had a Chatterbox section added to them, but which still had no dedications.

The first book in which a dedication appeared was JERRY TODD & THE PURRING EGG. This was dedicated to Herb and Eugene. Herb was Herb Isham, son of an old friend, who lived in Oglesby, Ill. Eugene was Eugene Lee, the author's son. Their identity is clarified in the rear of the book, where on page 182 there begins an account of an initiation which was held at the author's Lake Ripley, Wisconsin, home.

In this account Herb is identified as indicated above. Jerry Todd is also initiated - Jerry Todd being Eugene "Beanie" Lee. The identification of Beanie as Jerry is made in oblique fashion. On page 212, Eddie Blimke (writer of the initiation account) writes, "Stop in at Hi-Lee Cottage, and see Mr. and Mrs. Lee and their boy Beanie. There's a secret about Beanie and Jerry Todd." This "secret" was, of course, that Beanie and Jerry were one and the same, which Eugene Lee has confirmed for me himself.

At this point I may say that though Blimke did not have a book dedicated to him he is really in an unique position of having in this way "co-authored" one of Edwards' books. In good Juvenile Jupiter Detective fashion, I sought to track down the lad, grown to manhood, but found I was too late. Having located his son, I found that this boy had died in 1976.

This is unfortunately one of the sad results of such detective work after the passing of 50 years. A half century can play havoc even if the person was a child back in 1925.

The next dedication, taken chronologically, is that in POPPY OTT & THE STUTTERING PARROT. This is dedicated to Glenn. Glenn was Glenn "Poppy" Morse, son of Leo's sister, who lived in Galva, Ill. The "Poppy" nickname of this

boy was used as the name of the new character about whom the new series was to center. It appears that the "Poppy" nickname actually originated in popcorn sales activity of young Morse in much the same manner as described by "Poppy" Ott as being the source of his nickname.

POPPY OTT'S SEVEN LEAGUE STILTS is dedicated to Mother and Dad; this is a dedication to his wife's parents for whom he had much affection, who lived in Beloit. Leo wrote his first books in their home.

POPPY OTT & THE GALLOPING SNAIL was dedicated to "My Wife". Leo was married in 1909 to Gladys E. Tuttle, to whom he dedicated this book.

The next book, POPPY OTT'S PEDIGREED PICKLES, is dedicated to Aunt Dell. I have been unable to identify her. She wasn't Poppy's mother, who was Leo's sister, and doesn't seem to be his wife's relative. Often cousins may be referred to as "Aunt", and also older people who aren't relatives. This remains a mystery.

The book, JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING CAVE, is dedicated to Alfred D. Moore. Alfred Moore is the boy who appears in the Pirate book as one of the chief characters, and was one of the many of the real live people used who appeared in various of Edwards' books.

JERRY TODD, PIRATE dedication reads: "It is to the particular Boy Scout in our own family, and to his doughty scouting pals, the Boy Scouts of Cambridge, Wisconsin, fine trusty fellows all of them, and good men in the making, that this skylarking tale of outdoor life, with its swash buckling piratical atmosphere, is affectionately dedicated."

Leo Edwards took an active interest in the Cambridge Boy Scout Troop to which his son belonged. The fact is that many of its members were among "his boys" and are to be met both in book dedications and as book characters. Leo appears in a newsphoto of the Cambridge Scout Troop group taken in 1930, which I have a copy of, and which I will refer to hereafter in identifying some of the boys.

ANDY BLAKE'S COMET COASTER is dedicated, "To Joe, our loyal, four footed friend, who, upon discovery of the fourteen choice T-Bone steaks on an open neighboring porch, promptly ate as many of them as he could, burying the rest, in characteristic dog style . . . and to the fourteen fishermen from Rockford, Illinois, C. Arthur Rohlen, Al Anderson, Robert Malmberg, Charles Peterson, Rupert Johnson, V.R. Lind, Frank Swanson, C. Edw. Lindberg, Eugene Lawson, Harry Sponberg, Henry Carlson, Levi Johnson, Oscar Milburn, Gunard Olson who uncomplainingly went hungry, this book is reminiscently dedicated. The Author."

The story behind this dedication, supplied by Eugene Lee, is briefly this:

Gunard Olson had a cottage at Lake Ripley, next door to the Lee cottage. The Lee's had a dog named Joe. One Saturday, Olson had a group of his friends come up for a days visit and fishing. They brought with them the 14 steaks as the intended main course of their big meal.

While the men were out of sight of the cottage fishing, Joe got to sniffing around and found the steaks, which had been left on the Olson porch. Bonanza! What Joe didn't eat, he took and buried for future reference. He not only had a good appetite - he had an eye out for the pangs of future hunger. And so the group at the Olson cottage were left steakless. And Edwards was kidded that he had a mighty hungry dog.

POPPY OTT & THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH is dedicated to "My Pal Bud Wilber." Here I turn to a copy of the program of the Third Annual Boy Scout Night held at the Park Opera House, Cambridge, Wisc., on Tuesday, July 15, 1930. On that program there is listed, among the other features, a saxophone solo by Edward Wilber - "Valse Erica". So it appears that Bud Wilber was one of the Cambridge Scouts of that period.

POPPY OTT & THE TITTERING TOTEM is dedicated as follows: "Having woven into this story the name and chief characteristics of 'the Boy from Milwaukee', what could be more fitting than that we should herewith dedicate the complete book to the Real Arthur Davidson, Jr."

As in the case of Alfred Moore, mentioned above, Art Davidson appeared as an important character in the TITTERING TOTEM story. He was another of the boys who were real even to use of his name. He was the son of the Sec-

retary of the Harley - Davidson motorcycle company, and a summer resident at Lake Ripley. He is identified for us in the Chatterbox section of the ONE RING CIRCUS Book.

JERRY TODD & THE BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT is dedicated to "The Boy Scouts of St. Petersburg, Florida." The author spent a winter vacation in St. Petersburg, and while there made friends with the local Scouts, hence this dedication.

ANDY BLAKE'S SECRET SERVICE is dedicated to "Dorothy and her Daddy, E.L.M." This one has me stumped.

TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE is dedicated to "John and Bob Beale." These two brothers appear in the Trigger Berg series as Slats and Tail Light respectively. They are among the many real live boys who appeared as characters in Edwards' adventures.

TRIGGER BERG AND HIS 700 MOUSETRAPS is dedicated to "Bob Billings." He was another member of the Cambridge Boy Scout Troop of the 1930 era, which Leo took so much interest in.

POPPY OTT & THE PRANCING PANCAKE was to John Van Wagner. This boy was the son of old friends of the author who lived in Shelby, Ohio.

JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF is dedicated to Rudy, Tommy and Harold. I have not been able to ascertain their identity with certainty, but in view of the many dedications to Cambridge boys, I suspect that this trio were local boys, and I would further hazard a guess that Harold might be Harold Dahlen, who was one of the Scout Troup who appeared as a ghost in the Scout playlet written by Lee.

ANDY BLAKE & THE POT OF GOLD is to "My boy pal, Ralph Bentson, of Aurora, Illinois." Ralph Bentson I tracked down through the Aurora portion of the dedication. This is a somewhat smaller community than New York or Los Angeles. However when I had a response, it was not from Ralph, but from a relative, who wrote that Ralph had passed away a couple of years earlier.

TUFFY BEAN'S PUPPY DAYS dedication reads: "To a swell Little Guy. The original 'Short Change' of this story, who plays the piano, sets the girls' hearts a flutter, and falls over his own feet. Cambridge, Wisconsin is his home town, and his name is Bud Cowie." Glenn "Bud" Cowie was also a member of the Scout Troop, and in the scout play referred to above, and was one of six scouts on a hike.

TUFFY BEAN'S ONE-RING CIRCUS is dedicated to "Johnny Marx. One of my most faithful followers, whose collection of Hand Painted Goofer Feathers and engraved Banana Pits is one of the finest in Milwaukee. Johnny used to sit on a chair at Sunday School. But now after much systematic dieting, he can sit comfortably on two chairs." John Marx of Milwaukee is also mentioned as a visitor at Lake Ripley on page 185 of the Chatterbox in the TREASURE TREE book. Hand painted goofer feathers! WOW!

The dedication in TUFFY BEAN AT FUNNY BONE FARM reads this way: "When Mary Jean Zentner of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, read this story in manuscript form, she confided to me, with delightful childish sincerity, that Tuffy was 'much too good' for Sauerkraut. Tuffy, she said, was a nice dog. But Sauerkraut was an old Crosspatch. And in view of this pleasing criticism, what could be more fitting than that the completed volume should be dedicated to this little flax-haired pal of mine, and her equally delightful older sister Avis, and brother, Donald." The Zentners were summer residents at Lake Ripley, having a cottage near the author's Hi-Lee Cottage. Leo had happened to try out a draft of this book on these three children, and the dedication is a result of their reaction. (See Chatterbox section for a letter from Donald Zentner).

TRIGGER BERG & THE SACRED PIG is dedicated to "Harold Dahlen, an ideal son, a trustworthy scout and a good pal." Harold is mentioned above in the EDITOR IN GRIEF discussion. This dedication is one of the reasons why it seems to me that he is the "Harold" of the GRIEF dedication, the author evidently holding him in high regard.

JERRY TODD, CAVE MAN also has a lengthy dedication as follows:

"He has big eyes, pleasing ways and three older sisters who inspect his ears each morning, and in various ways take it upon themselves to see that he grows up in exactly the way that a neat younger brother should grow up. He's a fine lad. And because he is my pal as well, I'm going to include him in the some-

what Select Group to which various books of mine have been dedicated. So here you are, Bill Schaeffer (Old Sock in the Wash) of Madison, Wisconsin, may you live long and daily grow longer." The dedication is all the data I have on Bill, but it is certainly informative!

TUFFY BEAN & THE LOST FORTUNE is dedicated to "Duane Rumff A very good friend of mine, who told me one time with delightful boyish candor, that he'd dearly love to go to college and play football 'but darn the studying'! If he ever gets to be a college professor himself I dare say he'll promptly exchange the institution's textbooks for football manuals. But of such stuff are senators and village dog catchers made. So his is not a hopeless case." This boy was another local Cambridge lad.

POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL is dedicated to "'Kayo' Bradison an earnest student, a determined athlete, a trustworthy scout and a swell pal." Albert "Kayo" Bradison was another of the Cambridge Scout Troup of 1930, and was another of the six Boy Scouts on a hike in the play given by the Scouts.

TRIGGER BERG AND THE COCKEYED GHOST is dedicated to "David Wisdom of Kansas City, Missouri. The first boy in America to play the part of Tail Light on the air." In the Chatterbox section of HITS THE TRAIL there is quite a lengthy discussion of a series of broadcasts of JERRY TODD & HIS GANG which were put on by station WHB of Kansas City, Mo. Excerpts from letters written by boys who played various roles are printed. On page 212 I quote: "The part of Tail Light was played by David Wisdom, 3615 Askew, Kansas City. He writes: 'I've been Tail Light for a long time, ever since April 18, 1932. I've read all the POPPY OTT and JERRY TODD series and have one ANDY BLAKE book. And I think they're fine too. Say, Mr. Edwards, you ought to see our new studio atop the Scarett Building.'" David, if you are still around and have those books you mention you have a good start at becoming one of our loyal club members.

JERRY TODD & THE FLYING FLAPDODDLE is dedicated to "Howard Hoadley, Findlay, Ohio." Anyone know Howard? I have no information on this one.

JERRY TODD & THE BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB is dedicated to "Stanley Duhne, New York, N.Y." I have no information on this one either.

JERRY TODD'S UP THE LADDER CLUB is dedicated to "My pal Donald Rumpf." Don Rumpf is another Cambridge boy pal of Leo's, who still lives in Cambridge, and practices law there. (See Don's letter in Our Chatterbox section).

POPPY OTT & CO., INFERIOR DECORATORS is dedicated to "Mary Jane Kennedy." She was an older Lake Ripley area resident.

JERRY TODD'S PODDLE PARLOR is dedicated to "My pal, Nestor Smithback." "Ned" Smithback was another Cambridge boy pal of Leo's, also a Boy Scout, though of a little later period than the Scouts heretofore referred to. He was also one of the boys to whom THE HIDDEN DWARF was dedicated.

THE HIDDEN DWARF reads: "Dedicated to the Four Scouts in room 15. Bobbie Crump, Ned Smithback, Dill Pickle Dillon, Spinner Frey." These were all Cambridge Scouts numbered among Leo's youthful friends.

THE MONKEY'S PAW did not contain a dedication.

And the last of Leo Edwards' books, JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP, was dedicated to "My twin grandsons, Tom and Gene." These are the twin sons of Eugene Lee-020. At the time the book was published they were about a year old. Tom was a teacher in Michigan, and Eugene a designer for the stage working in and around the New York area.

If any of our readers can shed any further light on any of the dedications, I would be very pleased to hear from them. I find them very interesting, and hope they are of interest to our readers too.-Bob Chenu.

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LEO EDWARDS' BIRD WATCHERS SOCIETY

By Bob Chenu-001

(From Vol. 2, No. 5): Leo Edwards frequently made use of various kinds of birds in his story plots. Parrots and various kinds of poultry appear repeatedly, and it is interesting to note their roles.

In the poultry category we at once think of Isidora, the Waltzing Hen, "with brown gingerbread eyes" like Cap'n Tinkertop's. Transmigration? Not necessarily, but a fun mystery element important to the plot of the WALTZING

HEN book. Also in the same category is Admiral Pepper, the white gander with purple spots who figures in THE GALLOPING SNAIL book. And there are the pair of black swans who figure in the plot of THE HIDDEN DWARF.

Parrots are numerous in various of the books. Probably the one which comes first to mind is Solomon Grundy, the stuttering parrot found in the book of the same name. He was a tough old bird, stuttering his piratical "B-B-Bucket of B-B-Blood stuff, and line of gab. Also appearing in this same book was Aunt Pansey's parrot, an inoffensive and unfortunate bird drafted by the boys to act as a stand in for Solomon Grundy. His misadventures included being covered with soot, almost drowned and imprisoned in the Todd cistern. And he also appears in the CAVEMAN book when Red Meyers took him, and all the loose livestock in and around Tutter, to Oak Island.

In the TITTERING TOTEM, it is a parrot who makes the wierd "Tittering" laughter that is featured in the plot. This bird was the pet of Silver Eyes, the Indian woman who was the widow of the mysteriously hoof-marked dead millionaire.

Still another parrot plays a role in the SEVEN LEAGUE STILTS book. Herman Donner's bird makes a strange drumming sound which is a clue to the hiding place in which Donner secreted his will.

The most unlovely of this feathered catalogue is Beelzebub, the evil parrot of the crazy woman in the UP THE LADDER CLUB book. His screeching endangers the boys while attempting to rescue the imprisoned orphans.

Another in the feathered bird story is the macaw which is the pet of the Chinese laundryman appearing in THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH story. This was one of the clues in the mystery, and led to the capture of the criminals using the laundry as a base for an attempted bank robbery.

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UP WITH THE TOTEM POLE

In the book JERRY TODD, EDITOR-IN-GRIEF, the Tutter Boy Scouts wanted to and finally succeeded in placing THE TITTERING TOTEM, from the book of the same name, in the Tutter town square.

The photo of the totem pole on page 1 of this section, as we have stated, was used as the totem in our masthead of the Bugle. It was actually made and placed near the railroad station in Merrick, Long Island, New York, by the Merrick Boy Scouts. But from what Bob Chenu says, they didn't have the problems Jerry and Company had when they put it up.

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TRIGGER BERG; LEO'S JR. SERIES

By Bob Chenu-001

Endevoring to cover a wider range of ages among boys and girls, Leo Edwards added a new character in a new series. This, of course, was the TRIGGER BERG series, hopefully to interest readers in the seven to ten year age group.

The different series which Edwards wrote have a built in age progression. The TUFFY BEAN stories would be at the youngest level. Next would come the TRIGGER BERG stories. Then the JERRY TODD and the POPPY OTTS fit into this progression. And then the New POPPY OTT DETECTIVE STORIES to extend the age group, and finally the ANDY BLAKES for a slightly older reader.

Actually, the TRIGGER BERG stories are so well written they appealed to boys and girls of much greater chronological age . . . But then everyone is really young at heart.

There were four TRIGGER BERG books which were published. They are: TRIGGER BERG & THE TREASURE TREE, 1930; TRIGGER BERG & HIS 700 MOUSETRAPS, 1930; TRIGGER BERG & THE SACRED PIG, 1931; and TRIGGER BERG & THE COCKEYED GHOST, 1933.

Edwards uses the name of Crockettville, Illinois, as Trigger Berg's home town. Research indicates, however, that the area he used as a basis for these stories was in the vicinity of Cambridge, Wisconsin, rather than in Illinois, as was the true Tutter site. In the stories there are references to the nearby town of "Cambridge". And the farm and the lake which figure in the TREASURE TREE book, for instance, are the Dixon farm and characters adapted from the DIXON FARM short stories.

The characters in the book who make up the chief protagonists are Trigger and his pals, Ronald "Friday" Fish, and the Beale brothers, John "Slats" and Robert "Tail Light" Beale.

Trigger seems to have been developed as a fictional character based on several boys and as such would be in a different category than Red, Peg, Scoop and many other of the characters used. John and Bob Beale were real boys with whom the author was very well acquainted. THE TREASURE TREE book is dedicated to them.

A different format was used in the writing of the TRIGGER BERG series. The books are written in diary form, and are supposed to be Trigger's diaries which his Uncle Ben who owned Grosset & Dunlap had arranged for Leo Edwards to polish up for publication.

The Trigger Berg stories, according to information received, first appeared in the COMET COASTER NEWS, put out by a coaster wagon company in Illinois, who manufactured Comet Coasters. There are no copies of these magazines available, so we have no other information on this, but it is something for our readers to keep their eyeballs peeled out for. That would make part of the story in ANDY BLAKE'S COMET COASTER fact.

Although there is not a forthcoming fifth title advertised at the end of COCKEYED GHOST, as is the case with the four volume ANDY BLAKE and TUFFY BEAN sequences, there is an implied further volume contemplated. In the final paragraph Trigger said, "So when you read my next diary, don't be surprised if I start if off with a big rotten egg battle. For Tony Crooker can't load me down with stinking old onions without paying for it." Alas, that volume never appeared.

In our opinion, based on a study of as many copies of Trigger Berg books as we have been able to check, and the relative infrequency of finding them as compared with the Todds and Otts, that the Trigger Berg books were not re-printed much past the first printing. The first titles seem to exist only in the plain cover edition with pseudo gold lettering on the cover and plain endpapers. THE COCKEYED GHOST seems to exist only in the black lettered, freckled Goldfish edition which has pictorial endpapers. THE SACRED PIG exists both ways.

Incidentally, the pictorial endpapers referred to above show an initiation scene. Probably that in which the boys initiated "Pickles", in the 700 MOUSE-TRAPS book. But there are a total of seven boys in the illustration as drawn, which puzzles the mind. There should have been Trigger, Friday, Slats and Tail Light, plus the candidate, Pickles. Who are the other two mysterious figures? Not the fathers - they are too small in size in the drawing, and besides the Dads were behind the curtain in the Grotto of Blood. One of the unsolved problems of the Edwards' books.

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A STRANGER VISITS THE LAND OF LEO EDWARDS

By Ed Mulford

(Reprinted from the "Spectator's" column in the OTTAWA REPUBLICAN-TIMES from the early 1960's. Reprinted by permission).

(From Vol. 1, Nos. 1 & 2) - A couple of weeks ago my wife Charlee and I took off on a business trip which included Chicago. The minute I mentioned Chicago my wife's eyes lit up. "Hey, the land of Leo Edwards is only 50 miles away; can we go exploring and visit those nice people down there?"

The land of Leo Edwards is that area running from Marseilles to the Split Rock location between Utica and La Salle. Readers of the Spectator a few years ago, will remember that Edwards had lived in Utica at the turn of the century and during the 20's and 30's he wrote a series of some 25 books known as the Jerry Todd and Poppy Ott books. Edwards wrote the books for youngsters but they had adult interest because of his humor and his description of geographical points. The plots were fiction but every spot mentioned and every character were based on actualities. The characters, from the famous Doctor Le-land of Utica to the smallest bit part, were actually studies of the personalities of the people . . . and Edwards went into detail to describe the area.

My wife and I had read the books as kids in the 30's and visited the area around 1960, where we met a lot of fine people like Nate Fleming, John Sullivan,

the Frederick family, the Chilinos and Culvers. Although our own New England is pretty we fell in love with Leo Edwards' land and had looked forward to a return visit. It became even more fun when we re-read the books before this second all too brief visit.

The canal is the major part of the books' action and so to get a look at what it looks like we first visited Channahon Parkway along the canal east of Morris. This is a lovely spot and one can see what it must have been like flowing through LaSalle County many years ago, instead of the horrid ditch it has become. The ride along the canal from Channahon to Morris is well worth the time of any visitor and a bit of the past shines through the woods and over the water there. At the locks you can almost see the peglegged lock tender that Leo Edwards wrote about and the locktender's house there is the very one used in JERRY TODD AND THE OAK ISLAND TREASURE although the story was about a locktender's house between Tutter (Utica) and Ashton (Ottawa).

From Channahon we headed far west to Utica and down the tow path west of the town. If you are not familiar with Utica, finding the tow path entrance to go west can be a chore, but the Utica folks are friendly and will tell you how.

A few miles down the tow path you come to the Pecumsaugan Creek. This we were told is the old Black Ball mine. But it doesn't look like a mine to our uninformed eyes. Instead there appear to have been large buildings there and you can find the remains of huge old Kilns made of brick. It's a fascinating even fantastic place and there are many caves in the sandstone bluffs there. Large clay chips which look like slender cement blocks have fallen all around the caves. The entrances are small, but when you look in you find large caves with many tunnels from one to another.

But, while this is an amazing adventure, it is also dangerous and I would be afraid to crawl through. The cement chips could fall from the roofs of the large rooms and I would fear for any youngsters who went down there without adult supervision.

A little further down you come to Split Rock and the old tunnel for the Rock Island Railroad which was cut through the rock. Perhaps this is all familiar to residents, but it was all new to us and thus very interesting.

Retracing our steps back to the Pecumsaugan, we began a hike up this large creek. Further up the Pecumsaugan is a mill pond . . . this is the site of the story of POPPY OTT & THE PRANCING PANCAKE one of Leo Edwards' best books. The mill pond is just about a quarter mile south of Route 6.

The third exploration was along the River Road between Utica and Buffalo Rock and a look at "Halfway House". It looms up suddenly and it certainly is big. A historical sign is in front and of course Illinois people know that this is where Abe Lincoln once stayed and it was rumored that river pirates used a tunnel from the house to the river to hide swag and bodies.

This tunnel was a part of POPPY OTT & THE PEDIGREED PICKLES, while on the third floor there was once a large ballroom when the place was a famous hostelry years ago. The ballroom appears in JERRY TODD'S UP THE LADDER CLUB, one of Edwards' lesser books and it is where the "Parrot Woman" character of this book kidnapped two youngsters. We didn't ask to go in, feeling it would be an imposition, but just looking at the place sitting there between the canal and the river is interesting.

We headed west for the fourth exploration. On beyond Oglesby was Bailey Falls and "was" is the right word. Bailey Falls appears in POPPY OTT & THE TITTING TOTEM and was reported a real beauty spot. But it has been rerouted and is no longer pretty. Instead everything has been dug up and destroyed.

There were no warning signs and we almost ended our trip right here. Coming down a winding hill road to the falls we began to slide. The road was slippery mud and I couldn't stop the car. Charlee began to pray and I was scared, but we came to a stop . . . just 10 yards short of a drop into the empty rocks below. It was a close call.

Undoubtedly there are economics that necessitate the destruction of this beauty spot, but it's a terrible loss. Bailey Falls is now history. We went further up the Vermillion looking for a "Goose Island" that Edwards had located further up the river but this we could not locate. Does it exist?

Still searching for spots in the TOTEM book we found the large house known as "Gnome Towers". It is the large home behind the Country Club just on the edge of the Deer Park property.

But now it was time for our fifth exploration, Oak Island. Edwards for plot purposes had moved Buffalo Rock between Marseilles (Steam Corners) and Ottawa (Ashton) in his books and he called it Oak Island. It is the location of his Todd books titled, OAK ISLAND TREASURE, WHISPERING CAVE, PIRATE, CAVEMAN and CUCKOO CAMP. The kids cavorted all over the island in its wild state, but were Leo Edwards to see it today it would break his heart. The Buffalo Rock State Park portion is still something like it was, though of course not as wild. There is still the rock trail along the south side but beyond that desolation. Gone are the ravines, springs and camping spots. Instead, desolation, more digging and an African Sahara appearance. Three fourths of the area on the island that Leo Edwards wrote about so brilliantly is gone - history.

Our sixth exploration became a hunt. A hunt for Higby's Canyon or Ravine. This portrayed in the book, JERRY TODD & THE PURRING EGG, but not described quite as well as it might have been. For Higby's Ravine is a marvelous spot, but if you want to see it, hurry. It may not exist much longer.

To get to Higby's pick up the old tow path at Buffalo Rock. Go down about a mile beside the desolate wide waters that was once filled with lovely lotus beds. At a break in the tow path, walk across the spoil that now fills the canal bed to the railroad, then down to where the old CCC building for picnics still remains by the towpath. Higby Canyon is still there on a line with Halfway House over by the river. It is still worth a hike up the creek that makes the ravine. It is wild and quite a journey and still something to see. For a moment you can forget that it is strictly surrounded by the horrid spoil banks. But rumor has it that more digging will be done and this may be the last chance to explore Higby's Ravine. Again I suppose there is an economic necessity for this, but what havoc man's destruction brings. It is the end of another part of the beauty of Leo Edwards' land.

But happily our seventh and last exploration was to an unspoiled spot that retains its beauty. The trip to Clark's Falls is one over completely private property and permission must be obtained from all the owners. We picked up the creek at the Bibbler farm (actually the Lee farm in Utica, but it was called the Bibbler farm in JERRY TODD & THE BOB-TAILED ELEPHANT, and thus it will always be to us). Clark's Creek winds through lovely country between sand stone cliffs. Trees and ferns grow off these very cliffs (as a result of seeds processed through bird droppings actually).

The beauty is far superior to that of somewhat commercialized Starved Rock and although these eyes have been privileged to visit many a spectacular location, I will take Clark's Creek over all. Finally after about a 45 minute hike, one comes to the wide amphitheater of Clark's Falls itself, which is breathtaking. Long ago Indians must have gathered here and a chief stood above and shouted to the Gods. The description of this in POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL is completely accurate.

But we must work for a living and we had to leave this cherished area and head for Chicago and home. It was a happy and interesting visit and we again enjoyed the hospitality of all the good people of the Utica and area of Leo Edwards' land.

NEW DATA ON SETTINGS FOR LEO EDWARDS BOOKS

By Ed Mulford

(From the "Spectator" Column in the Ottawa, (Illinois) REPUBLICAN TIMES in the early 1960's).

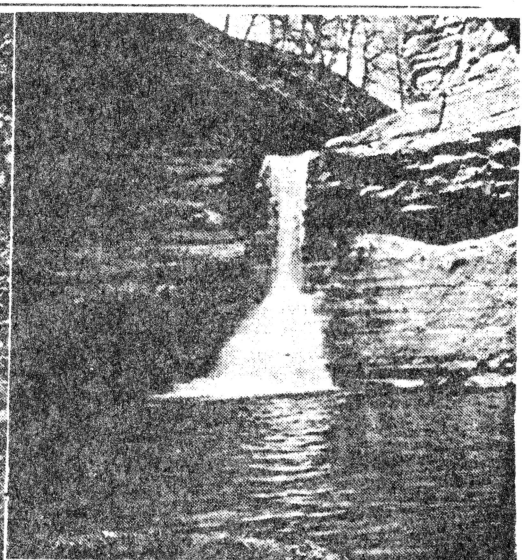
Some time ago Mulford picked up some new information when he received a letter from Mrs. Simon Lewis of LaSalle. Mrs. Lewis wrote about Happy Hollow, Clark's Falls, Brennan Woods and Zulutown, all of which were better known some 50 years ago when Edwards lived in Utica.

Mrs. Lewis said Brennan Woods was a beautiful place where picnics were held and was a place of "enchanted memories" for her daughter, now in her 40's and living in California. Her daughter visited Utica a few years ago, but found Brennan Woods had turned into a young jungle.

Most of the characters in Edwards' books were real people who lived in Utica, Ottawa and Mar-seilles over 50 years ago. One of the important ones was Doc Leland who appears many times in vari-books. Mrs. Lewis related, "I knew Doc Leland; his son 'Pard' was one of our young people's group members. Doc was a fine man, jolly and interested in our group of young people. Dr. Leland had a large gasoline launch which seated 15 to 20 persons. He used this in the Illinois and Michigan Canal.



UPPER CLARK'S FALLS
As described in "Poppy Ott Hits The Trail". (Photos furnished by Mrs. J. B. Fredricks, Utica.)



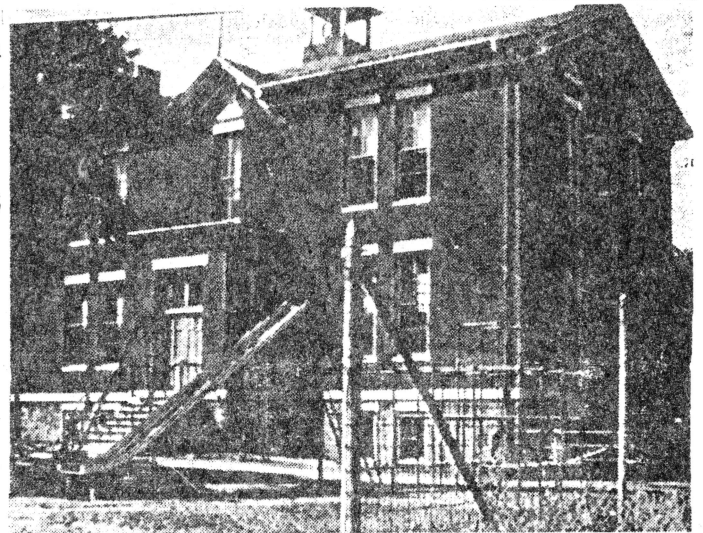
LOWER CLARK'S FALLS

"Several miles east of Utica was 'Spirit Tree Camp,' a lovely spot for picnics on the bank of the canal, a shelter and a spring. Doc loved to eat and was a large man always asking 'When are you having a picnic'? The boys paid for the gas and the girls brought the food. Elsie Prentice was usually the chaperon. Doc took the chaperons and the girls in the afternoon . . . always wanted to be sure that supper was ready when he brought the boys down the canal at 6 p.m. Doc was outspoken and gruff, but with a heart of gold."

Mrs. Lewis' description of Doc Leland as she knew him is perfect, and Edwards wrote of him in the same way. Strangely enough the "Spirit Tree

Camp" turns up in another series of Edwards, the TRIGGER BERG books which do not mention geography as much, since they were for younger boys but appear to have taken place in Ottawa.

Mrs. Nate Fleming has provided a picture of Pleasant View Lutheran College in Ottawa about 1915 which definitely proves that Leo Edwards transferred the college in Utica for his books. The tower in the picture is identical with the description in the books.



School house in Utica, Ill., where Edward Edson Lee attended school. This building has been replaced, and so is just a memory.

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UTICA, ILLINOIS, IS SETTING FOR OTHER STORIES

By Bob Chenu-001

(From Vol. 1, No. 4) - It is a point of interest to note that THE BOB'S HILL BRAVES, by Charles Pierce Burton has its story also set in the Illinois area that the Tutter Tales of Leo Edwards were set in. This book is one of the BOB'S HILL SERIES, most of which are set in Massachusetts. In this story the band visits in Illinois for a summer vacation.

They visit on a farm located on the Fox River, and take a boat trip down the Fox River to Ottawa, Illinois, (Ashton) and go down the Illinois River to Starved Rock. Utica (Tutter) is mentioned too. The return is by the canal from

Starved Rock to Ashton. The time is about 1910.

The book relates much of the authentic early history of the area of the Indian and explorer eras. The geographic features are accurate.

Another book which is also set in this area in early settlement days is THE TRAIL OF BLACK HAWK, by Paul G. Tomlinson. Ottawa is amongst the points involved in the narrative. The setting is far earlier than the stories of Leo Edwards.

The 1910 era is more to the point as a description of the area in the days when our favorite author knew it, and hence as it was used in his stories.

Credit for this information is given to Mr. Howard Funk.

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TUFFY BEAN STORIES, LAST EDWARD'S SERIES

By Bob Chenu-001

(From Vol. 1, No. 4) - The TUFFY BEAN SERIES was the last of the series to be initiated by Leo Edwards, if we count the NEW POPPY OTT DETECTIVE STORIES SERIES: THE MONKEY'S PAW and THE HIDDEN DWARF as part of the Poppy Ott saga.



Many of the author's youthful fans had written to him with suggestions as to giving Jerry Todd a dog in the stories.

This had never seemed appropriate or necessary to the stories, and so Jerry never had a dog. There was a family cat, and Jerry had too many cats at the Feline Rest Farm, but his dog never developed.

The author did, however, create the new series of books with our canine friend Tuffy as its central character. These stories were intended to appeal to a slightly younger group of readers.

Upon creation of Tuffy to round out the series set up, Leo had reached the point where he thought that children growing up could find a series which would appeal to their age group, from TUFFY BEAN for the youngest, through TRIGGER BERG, then JERRY TODD & POPPY OTT, and to ANDY BLAKE for the older readers.

There were four Tuffy Bean books actually published. These were:

TUFFY BEAN'S PUPPY DAYS, 1931; TUFFY BEAN'S ONE RING CIRCUS, 1931; TUFFY BEAN AT FUNNYBONE FARM, 1931; and TUFFY BEAN & THE LOST FORTUNE, 1932.

HERB ISHAM with JOE, Leo Edwards' dog and the model used by Bert Salg as TUFFY BEAN. Photo provided by Lucille Isham.

TUFFY BEAN'S HUNTING DAYS is another of the phantom titles which were never actually published. It is in the same category as JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE and ANDY BLAKE, BOY BUILDER. At the end of the LOST FORTUNE book there is an advance notice of HUNTING DAYS as a forthcoming book. "And it's coming soon", says the blurb on page 209. However, it never was published and we have looked for it in vain!

In line with his intent of incorporating into his published books the various stories he had written which had been published in magazine form, Edwards incorporated many of his short stories into this series. Many of THE DIXON FARM stories which were published in THE TARGET were thus used, particularly in FUNNYBONE FARM and LOST FORTUNE.

If you check the listing of these stories, which has been printed earlier in this book, against the chapter headings in the TUFFY BEAN books, it will be clear which of the stories appeared in each of the books.

The TUFFY BEAN series was suspended with the publication of LOST FORTUNE in 1932 because of the effect of the Great Depression on children's book sales.

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DUST JACKET ART WORK OF EDWARDS' BOOKS

By Chief Mummy Inspector Chenu

(From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 1, No. 2) - The art work of the Leo Edwards' books is a lot more striking than that of most of the other series books. This stems from the talent of Bert Salg, who did the illustrations for most of the books. Salg managed to catch the spirit of the stories in his illustrations.

All but seven of Leo's books were done by Salg, starting with Grosset & Dunlap's publications of JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY in 1924 and continuing through the fourteen year period to publication of JERRY TODD & THE BUFFALO BILL BATHTUB in 1936. The last six books published by G&D were done by other artists, none of whom, however, duplicated the Salg touch. Salg passed away in the spring of 1938, and UP THE LADDER CLUB, POODLE PARLOR, CUCKOO CAMP, MONKEY'S PAW and HIDDEN DWARF were done by others. Myrtle Sheldon did the first two of these, and CUCKOO CAMP was done by Herman Bachrach, and the illustrator(s) of the other two is not identified.

The seventh book illustrated by an artist other than Bert Salg was the first book published, ANDY BLAKE IN ADVERTISING. It was published by Appleton prior to the G&D publication of any of Leo's books. The illustrator of this book was A.D.Rahn, who also illustrated numerous other boys' books which Appleton published.

Since this Appleton edition is very scarce, and its dust jacket is even scarcer than the book, I'll take a little extra time and space to describe this particular jacket in detail.

The picture on the front of the jacket shows a youth clad in a business suit displaying advertising copy to an older man who is seated, back to us, at a flat topped office desk. This business office scene is in shades of grey, brown, and small touches of dull orangy color.

The front flap of the jacket carries a synopsis of the story, and indicates the sales price of the book to be \$1.75. The rear flap advertises HIGH BENTON, WORKER by William Heyliger. The rear carries a listing of "A Choice Of Good Books For Boys" which enumerates 12 or so titles.

The inside of the jacket carries advertising for a large number of boys' books published by Appleton, including a great many by Altsheler, Heyliger, and the Radio Detective Series by A.Hyatt Verrill.

The Grosset & Dunlap dust jackets fall into three varieties. The first of these was used from 1924 through 1926. The front cover bore the Salg illustration. The inside of the jacket had a catalogue of children's books published by G&D. The rear cover was headed by a brief blurb which reads, "Detective stories for boys! Jerry Todd and his trusty pals solve many a baffling mystery in their home town, much to the amusement of all who read their adventures."

There follows a listing of titles of the JERRY TODD series, with a short synopsis of each following the title. I have never seen one of these jackets with a listing which goes further than JERRY TODD & THE TALKING FROG. It is this cutoff point, as well as the reference to Poppy Ott in the next format, which makes me ascribe the 1926 cut off date to its use. It is my opinion that FROG (with PURRING EGG a marginal possibility) is the latest title for which this variety of jacket will be found.

The next format was on similar type paper, with the same illustration and set up except for the rear cover. This was headed by the familiar pair of boys applauding, and the "They Demanded An Encore" legend. There follows a promotional paragraph for the Todd & Ott books, indicating that the Ott series is introduced as a companion series to the Todd books because of youthful demand. There follows a listing of Ott and Todd titles.

This format is obviously later than the one described first. Mention of the introduction of the Ott series helps to date it. And the longer list of titles in print substantiates this deduction. This format was in use from 1926, through 1932, when the last format was adopted.

This last variety was printed in somewhat brighter colors on a slicker, glossy type paper. At the bottom of the spine there is added a number, which denotes the position of the title in the series. The inside of the jacket is blank, the familiar catalogue having been abandoned.

The back of the jacket bears a drawing showing a boy who is reading in bed, and is captioned, "Is Johnny Studying His Lesson?" A look at the grin on Johnny's face is answer enough, but a paragraph of promotional effort which follows tells us he is "studying" Leo Edwards' works. A listing of Leo's books follows the paragraph.

I ascribe the 1932 date to this change because at that time G&D adopted new

formats for all of their children's book output. In the Edwards' books this was the point at which the illustrated end papers, goldfish emblem on the front cover, etc., were added. I also base it on a failure to find covers for books published from this point on in any other format.

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TUTTER CANAL IN ANOTHER BOOK

(From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 1, No. 1) - The canal which ran past Utica, (Tutter) is in an entirely unrelated book.

The book in question is MY DEMON MOTOR BOAT, by George Fitch, copyrighted in 1911 by Little Brown & Company. Fitch is probably better known for AT GOOD OLD SIWASH, a college nonsense spoof of about the same era.

In this book Fitch writes of the trials and tribulations of an Illinois motor boat owner. It is, like SIWASH, a spoof written in humorous vein.

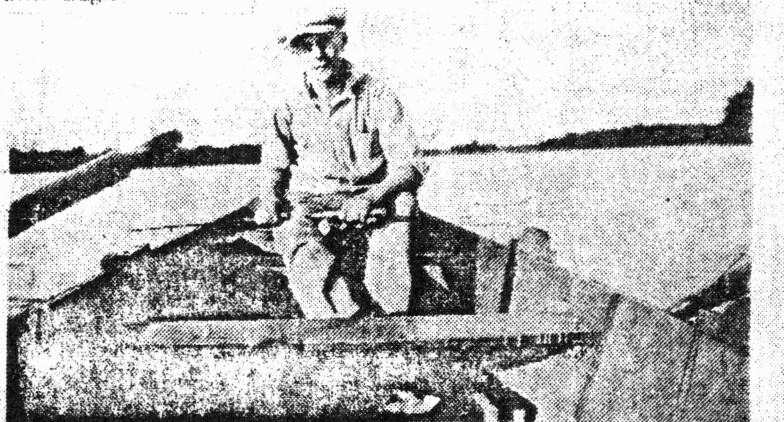
The home base in the story is Peoria, and the boat is operated chiefly on the Illinois River. On pages 235 through 283 the author describes a trip to Chicago and back, which takes them through our canal in both directions. The canal was traversed from LaSalle to Joliet. Mention is made of events at Channahon, Morris, Marseilles, and Ottawa. In the canal, near Ottawa, they struck a telephone pole in the water and pretty well spoiled the boat.

Even earlier in the book there is an attempted trip to Starved Rock in which the boatman lose their way and get onto the Vermillion River in error.

This 1911 era is close enough to the canal as Leo Edwards knew it to make it an interesting find in a descriptive way to this Tutter and vicinity fan.

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The Tutter Bugle



HERB ISHAM on Lake Ripley during one of his many visits to Hi-Lee Cottage. Herb is featured in the initiation part of "The Rejuvenated Egg" in back of JERRY TODD & THE PURRING EGG book.

Photo provided by Lucille Isham

BELOIT WRITER PUBLISHES

10th BOOK FOR BOYS

Edward Edson Lee, Beloit author who now is living in Cambridge, Wis., has increased his list of boys books to 10 with the publication during February of "Poppy Ott and the Galloping Snail" by Grosset & Dunlap. Two more books by Lee will be published by the same publishers in May. They are "Poppy Ott's Pedigreed Pickles" and "Jerry Todd in the Whispering Cave". The latter is now being serialized in "The Target", a magazine published by the Methodist Book Concern. It is running as a serial under the name "The Man With the Sleeping Toe".

Lee has been placed on a guarantee of book sales basis by the Grosset and Dunlap house which expects to sell during this year not less than 250,000 of his books. At one time Lee was a member of the advertising department of the P. B. Yates company but for several years has devoted himself exclusively in fiction for boys.

LEE'S OUTPUT FOR 1931 is EXPECTED TO BE SEVEN BOOKS

Edward Edson Lee, former Beloit man who writes books for young people under the name of Leo Edwards, has a schedule for 1931 that calls for the completion of seven books for the Grosset and Dunlap publishing house. Lee, who now lives at Cambridge, Wis., has recently finished his 23rd book. It is "Trigger Berg and the Sacred Pig", and the author says it is probably the most mystifying book he has turned out.

The first of the seven books that will come from the Lee literary workshop in 1931 will be another of the "Jerry Todd" series and will be called "Jerry Todd: Caveman." With all the implements that an up-to-date caveman should have, Jerry will set up housekeeping in a cave on Oak Island and thereafter will function in Mr. Lee's best vein of humor and mystery.

Lee now is working on a short story. "The Mystery of Goblin Hollow".

Our thanks to Gene Lee for the above articles.

"POPPY" MORSE IS HERO IN NEW BOOK Noted Boys' Fiction Author Honors Galva Boy.

Glenn "Poppy" Morse, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Morse, is the proud owner of an autographed book of boy fiction written by his uncle, Edward Edson Lee, a brother of Mrs. Morse, who visits Galva frequently, and who gave a short talk on his books to the Galva Boy Scouts on his last visit here. What particularly interests Glenn in the current book is the fact that it is dedicated to him; and the chief boy character has the nickname of "Poppy."

Mr. Lee is the author of the popular "Jerry Todd" books, of which six volumes have already been published, with more to follow. When the publisher asked for a new series, the author told our husky young pop-corn artist "Glenn, when I start my new books I'm going to call the hero 'Poppy.'" And now the new books are on the market.

"Poppy Ott and the Stuttering Parrot" is

the title of the initial volume, mentioned above. Within the next ten days the second volume of the new series will be released, with the title, "Poppy Ott's Seven-League Stilts." The third volume of the series, "Poppy Ott's Pedigreed Pickles", will be serialized by the new Boys' Own Magazine, and will appear in covers in May, 1927, together with the fourth volume.

Mr. Lee writes for The American Boy under his own name, but uses the pen name of Leo Edwards with his books. Some of his most successful stories that have appeared in The American Boy, which Galva boys will remember, are "The Whispering Mummy", "The Waltzing Hen" and "The Rejuvenated Egg." The hilarious story that first gained for Mr. Lee the attention of boy magazine editors was "The Rose-Colored Cat." The Target and The Classmate, Methodist Sunday School publications, also feature Mr. Lee's stories, the writing of which takes all his time at his home in Cambridge, Wisconsin.

(Reprinted by permission from THE AMERICAN BOY Magazine of December, 1920):

Boys Who Used Their Brains

The Boy Who Was Always Looking Ahead

By JUDSON D. STUART



Edward Edson Lee.

"HE'S A GREEN ONE," was the opinion of the workmen in the plant of the P.B. Yates Machine Company, Beloit, Wisconsin, when they saw the new (*)

blue overalls, there was nothing but a pair of willing legs - and he didn't think it was necessary to explain that a boy of thirteen, supporting himself and mother on fifty cents a day, couldn't always have overalls and pants too.

This was his first job. But he soon learned that a fellow who buckled down to his work and welcomed it as something creative, something interesting, could get a lot of satisfaction from doing his BEST, even though he didn't have a lot of change in his pocket. It never occur-

red to the boy then, or in later years, to ever do anything but his best, or to measure the amount of work he turned out by the pay he received.

The boss, though, got tired of having the new chaser forever asking: "Have you got something for me to do, Mr. Tuttle?" So one afternoon he took the youngster into a little cubby-hole of a room, gave him a bolt and pointed to a row of kegs, each one filled with washers. To keep the boy busy he said: "Try each washer on this bolt, and if you find any too small throw them out."

"I'll bet," mused the boy when he was alone, "that if I work FAST I can finish the job before quitting time." So with the sweat streaming down his grimy freckled face he pitched in, working faster and faster. With the blazing August sun pouring in on him through the curtainless window, the air in the little room was stiffling. But to the boy this was incidental - his mind was on washers. He handled every washer - hundreds and hundreds of them - and found, to his surprise, that they all fitted the bolt!

About five-thirty the boss almost collapsed when he heard a familiar voice behind him: "Mr. Tuttle, have you got something -"

"Finished that job already! Well, for the love of Mike go back of that machine there and sit down and LOAF," ordered Tuttle grimly - a queer order, the boy thought, to come from the boss.

The next morning F.L. Lane, superintendent, told Tuttle that there was an opening for a "good boy" in the tool room. To get a chance to learn the tool-makers' trade was a streak of rare good fortune, and all the chasers in the plant, except the new boy, were excited over the prospects of getting the job.

"I've got the very boy you want," grinned Tuttle, reaching out and taking hold of the new chaser by the shirt collar. "Here's a boy who likes to work so well I can't find enough odd jobs to keep him busy." Mr. Lane smiled and said: "Those are the kind we want" - and to the chargin of the older chasers the new kid got the job.

THIS SENTENCE sums up the business religion of Edward Edson Lee, mechanic, advertising man and author: "Don't be afraid to do MORE than your employer is paying you for doing, use common sense, and always be ashamed to do anything but your BEST."

His apprenticeship with the Yates Company rounded out into years of service and he came to be recognized as one of the most dependable and conscientious workmen in the plant. Because he wanted to "write stories" he bought a typewriter and put in his evenings trying to write something that publishers would buy. Some of his little stories were written on the back of wall paper because

he was too poor to buy writing paper. His stories all came back but he kept on trying, even when his mother, a practical little old lady, begged him with tears in her eyes to give up the "foolishness" and "stick to his machine." Then - oh, wonderful moment! - one of his stories, published in the BELOIT DAILY NEWS, entitled "Only A Dog," won a two-dollar prize.

He took up advertising because common sense told him it would give him the opportunity he needed to develop as a writer, and after studying a correspondence course evenings for six months he asked Mr. Lane to transfer him to a beginner's position in the advertising department.

In the new department he learned that a boy with practically no education had a hard row to hoe to compete in creative work with college-trained men, but he bought a number of school books (there were no night schools in Beloit then), gritted his teeth and worked hard, pitting common sense plus determination against college training, always striving to do his BEST, and soon became assistant advertising manager.

Then he went to Detroit to broaden his advertising experience and worked under the late Edwin A. Walton, advertising manager of the Burroughs Adding Machine Company, who advanced him to the head of the national advertising division, in charge of all Burroughs magazine advertising. It was his desire to get all the business experience he could and then form a connection with a smaller concern and put into practice those ideas that common sense told him were good. His next move, in 1917, was to Shelby, Ohio, where he organized an advertising and sales promotion department for The Autocall Company and laid plans that have had a wonderful part in the company's development during the past four years.

Working with the sales manager, J.H. Warden, he formulated a plan under which Autocall salesmen were sent into the field better prepared to get business - they were given better co-operation with the home organization through the publication of a sales bulletin - to stimulate them to greater efforts a premium plan was inaugurated - all this on top of an educational advertisements and direct-by-mail pieces, that helped greatly to make business men everywhere better prospects for Autocall products.

At the age of thirty-six, Edward Edson Lee would tell you that the reason why he has always looked forward is that he never had time to look backward. As a "chaser" the "something ahead" was a machine job, then a piece-work job in a certain department, then an advertising opportunity and after that a managership. To-day he is looking ahead more than ever before. He is about to give all of his time to a new line of work - writing stories for boys. It is something he would rather do than anything else in the world.

One of his stories, entitled, "The Rose-Colored Cat," will start in THE AMERICAN BOY next month. It is full of laughs - as the bright and funny side of everything, and Mr. Lee is that kind of a man. You have read of his success in business; when you read, "The Rose-Colored Cat" you will see what a success he is as a writer for boys.

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BROTHERS ARE REUNITED!

By Cassiham Kepp.
Editor, The Tutter Times

TUTTER, Illinois, July 18, 1974—Gerald Todd, of the Tutter Vitrified Brick Company, and his family are well known residents of town, and older residents of Tutter will recall his father well, Jeremiah Gerald Todd founded the brickyard many years back, and since his death it has been under the capable management of "Gerry" as local folks call him.

Yesterday at the railroad depot there was a joyful reunion of "Gerry" and his brother Jeremiah, long thought to be dead and buried

in the local cemetery. All this has come about thanks to sterling detective work on the part of our well known Tutter Branch of the Juvenile Jupiter Detective Association of America, Jerry Todd, Scoop Ellery, Peg Shaw, and Red Meyers manning the local agency.

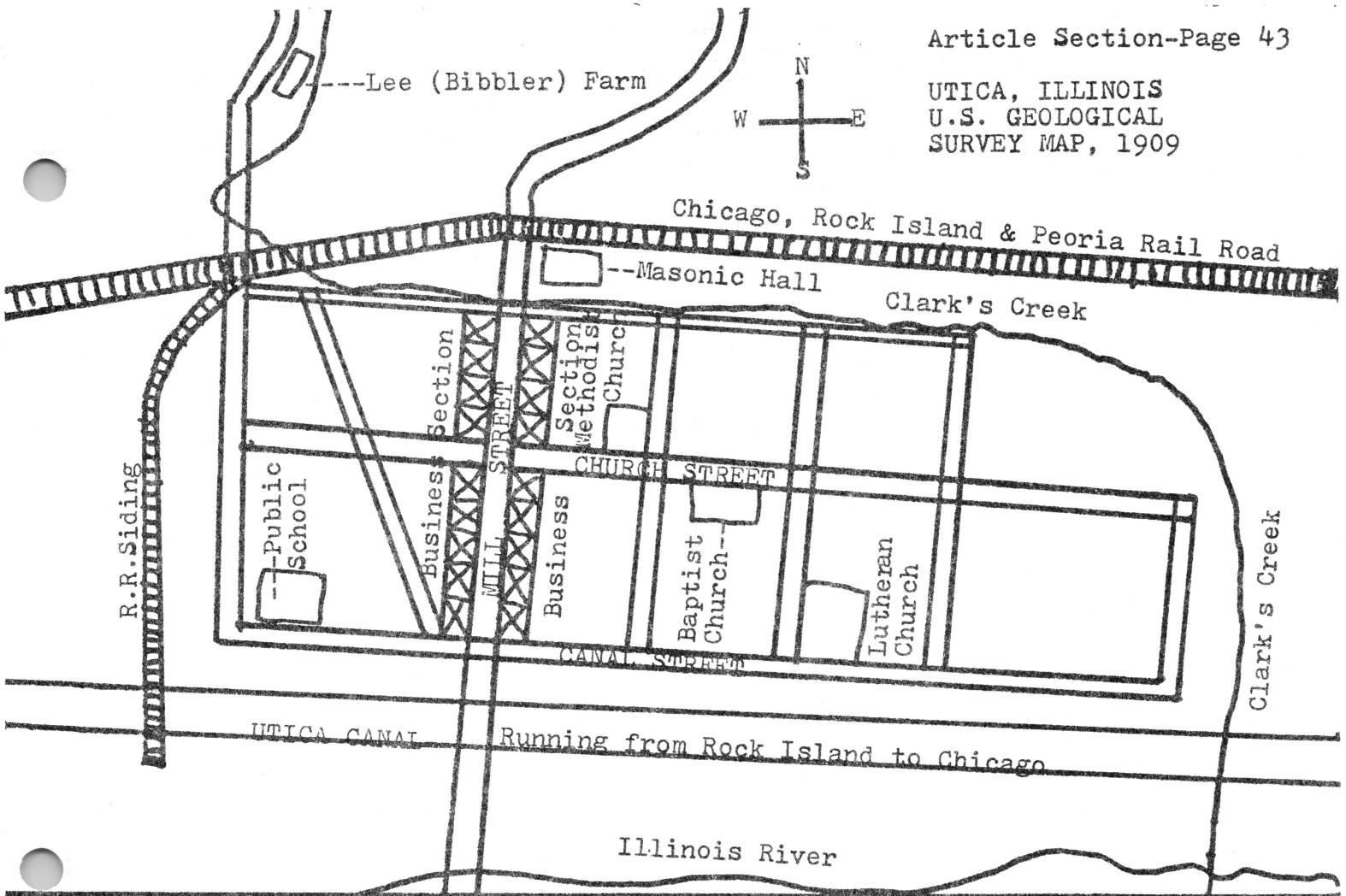
It has turned out that Jeremiah was NOT killed in a railroad accident at Chicago after he ran away from home. Instead of heading for the Windy City as supposed, young Jeremiah headed for the south and ultimately wound up in Bisbee, Arizona, where he is now the proprietor of a hotel there. The body which is buried in the Todd family plot is that of some poor unfortunate unidentified boy,

mistakenly identified as his son by his grief stricken father.

Jeremiah, in his return to town, has brought with him his lovely wife, Belle, and his daughter, Nancy. They join Jeremiah Jr. who has wrought considerable confusion in our community thanks to his resemblance to young "Jerry".

In the latter connection, Cap't Tinkertop, Deacon Pillpopper, Doc Leland, and others who were among those confronted by "Jerry's Double", still are speechless with amazement from the visits the two boys made to them two days back. Doc expresses it best when he said, "If it weren't me that delivered young Gerald, I'd swear they was twins!"

UTICA, ILLINOIS
U.S. GEOLOGICAL
SURVEY MAP, 1909

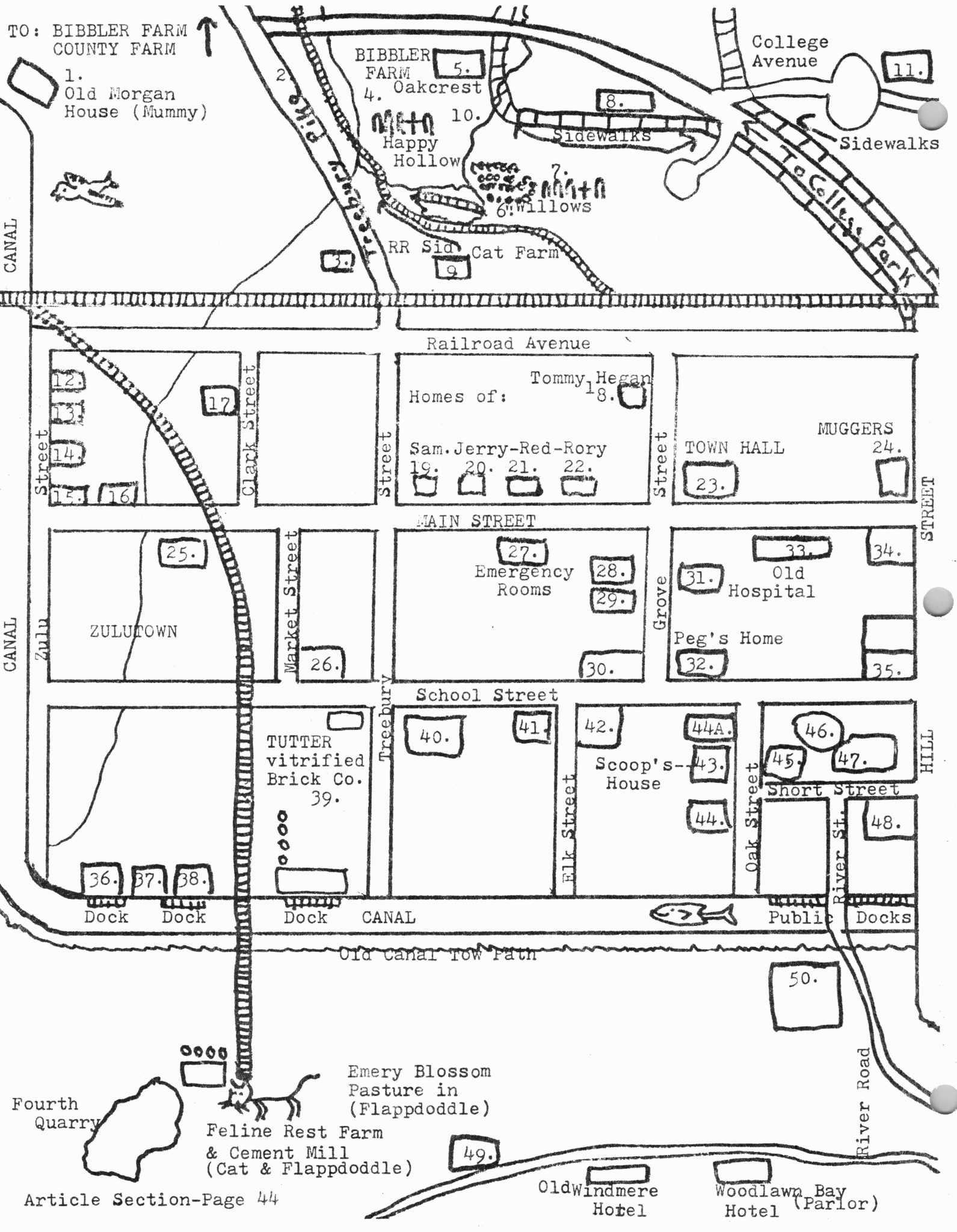


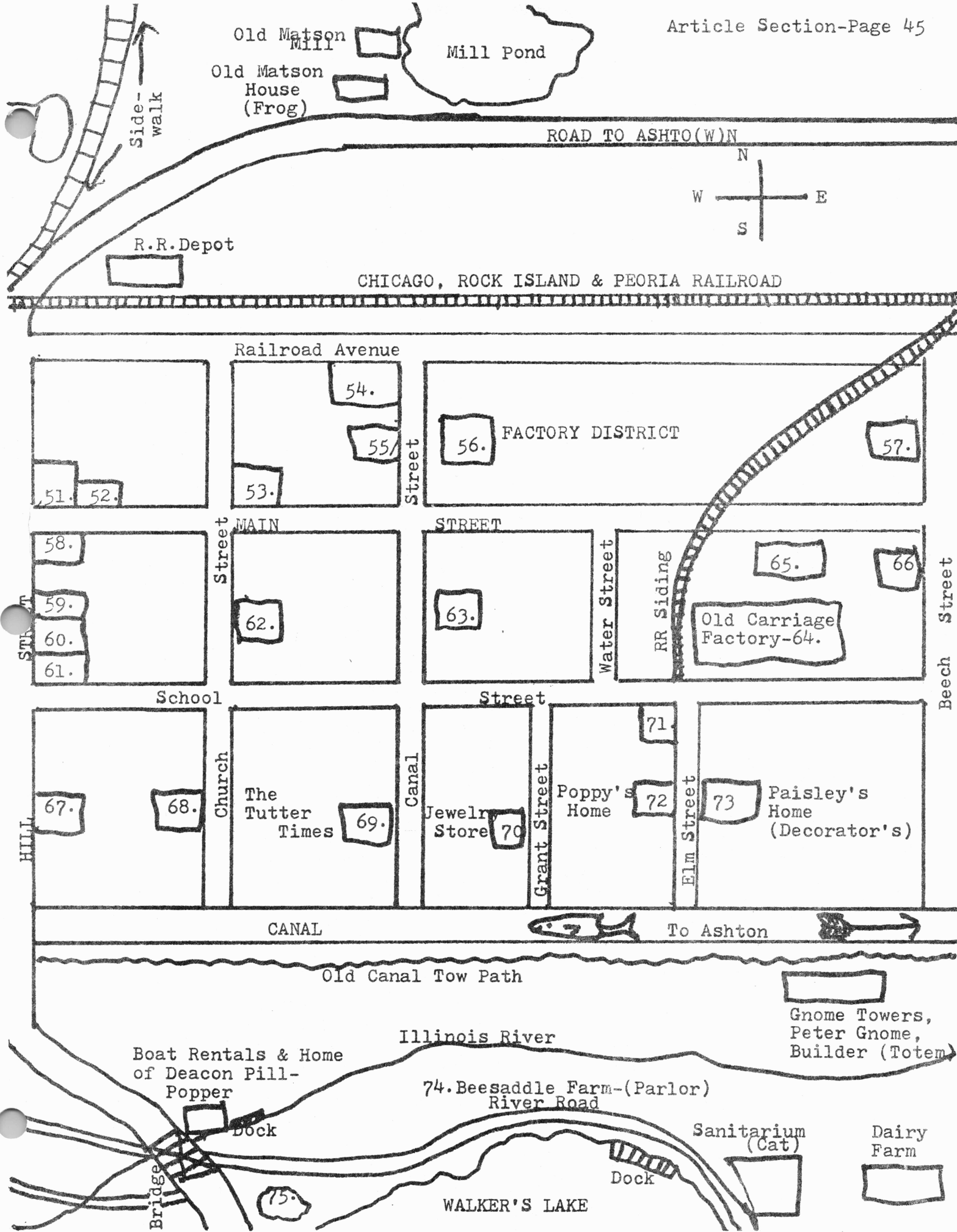
TUTTER AREA MAP-By Bob Johnson, Editor-In-Grief

In the following two-page map of Tutter we have slightly enlarged the town, and squeezed together at the top, bottom and sides. In the books, the old Morgan house is located in a cow pasture off the Treebury Pike about three miles from the Tutter city limits. Slightly shorter by the canal. Following the Hill Street road to the Illinois River Bridge, is about three miles also. Leo didn't follow any maps, and things are moved around in various books, but this is the Bugle's version of Tutter. Based, of course, on Bert Salg's map.

1. Old Morgan House: In Charley Wilson's cow pasture between Treebury Pike & Tutter Canal. Anson Arnoldsmith's (Amos Herzog) hideout. MUMMY-pages 89 & 158.
2. Treebury Pike: Winds from Tutter, bridging Clark's Creek in many places & runs mostly parallel with a R.R.siding stretching up through Happy Hollow to the upper sand bank. MUMMY
3. Martin Sweet farm: Sweet was elderly farmer owning the building where Pappy Paisley had his Paint & Wallpaper Store-DECORATORS-page 151.
4. Scotch Cemetery: Across from the Morgan house turn off, turning into Happy Hollow road into the cemetery. In both PARROT-page 65, and STILTS books.
5. Golden Sphinx Fraternity House, In Oakcrest: beyond College Park and near the City Cemetery. MUMMY-page 11.
6. The number "6" is where Sylvester Gimp's Hinge Factory is, with a rickety bridge crossing the mill pond to Peter Gimp's Flour Mill and Barbara Gimp is their granddaughter. Rufus Gimp (Sir Hinkle Funnyduster) is younger brother. Poppy's PRANCING PANCAKE stand at corner of Hill & Main. PANCAKE-page 169.
7. City Cemetery: mentioned in MUMMY.
8. Tutter College Museum: A one story, yellow brick building, high stained-glass windows, statues on the sides. Various shaped Indian Mounds are around the building. Ramses "Hotel" while in Tutter. MUMMY-pages 31 & 33.
9. Cat Farm: Farm where Mrs. Maloney's nephew stayed while buying cats. CAT-209
10. Piginsorgum Creek: joins Clark's Creek at upper end of Hollow. PANCAKE-p.20.
11. Mr. Barton's Home: President of Tutter College. MUMMY-page 58.
12. Hib & Chet Mildens Home. Part of the infamous Stricker gang. (Cont. on P.46)

TO: BIBBLER FARM
COUNTY FARM





13. Home of Jum Pratter, and 14. Jimmy Stricker's House. Both Stricker gangers.
15. Mrs. Maloney's home: In Zulutown, next to Bid Stricker's house. CAT-page 46
16. Bid Stricker's Home: Next to Clark's Creek bridge crossing. EGG-page 159.
17. Hidden House: One of the two "Hidden Houses". GRIEF-page 231.
18. Tommy Hegan's Home: Mentioned in CAT, TREASURE-page 8, & DETECTIVE by Chenu
19. Home of Samuel Horace (Horsefoot) Butterfield Rail. Sister's name is Jane.
20. Home of Jerry Todd, Jr.: See Salg's Map on endpapers.
21. Donald Henry Meyers' House. Sister's name is Clara. Various books.
22. Rory Ringer's Home in PANCAKE-p.14: Different in other books.
23. Town Hall: Where Bill Hadley's office & jail were located. Salg's Map.
24. Mugger's All Night Restaurant: on Main Street. FLAPDODDLE-page 127.
25. Home of Charley Hess, A village drayman, appeared in PANCAKE-page 243.
26. Miss Tubbs Home: never listed, but Todd's secretary at the brickyard.
27. Emergency Rooms: Doc Leland's home & office/public health nurse's office.
28. Miss Mary Prindle: CAT-page 38 and a dressmaker in FROG-page 119.
29. Mrs. Wheeler lived next door to Miss Prindle on Grove St. CAT-page 80.
30. Mrs. Pansy Biggle's Millinery store on School Street. PARROT-page 20.
31. Judy Millet's house, where Jerry & Red washed away a tomato fight.
32. Peg Shaw's home. He had a number of brothers & sisters, never named.
33. Old Hospital: from Salg's map. In CAVEMAN & PARLOR Leo mentioned Hospital.
34. Wheeler's Drug Store: On Hill Street. PANCAKE-page 215.
35. Charm Beauty Shop: Mrs. Flossie Ringbow, owner. GOLDFISH-page 17.
36. Calab Obed's Home & Boat rental. CAVEMAN-page 80.
37. Mrs. Bowman's home: rented to Princess(Circus fat lady). HEN-page 160.
38. Home of Cap'n Boaz Tinkertop: In Zulutown. HEN-page 30.
39. Tutter Vitrified Brick Company: office & brick factory. Salg's map.
40. Tutter School House. See Salg's map.
41. Mr. Goldberg's Fruit Stand: Where Bingo "filled up". ELEPHANT-page 95.
42. Cap'n Boaz Tinkertop's Bird Store. PARROT-page 20.
43. Howard (Scoop) Ellery's Home. Younger brother Jim, an unnamed sister.
44. Mr. Kaar's home. He had an undertaking parlor. HEN-page 139.
- 44A Mrs. Amanda Tiff, a bee keeper living next to the Ellery's. CAVE-page 2.
45. Warmley Conservatory where Red was to "lose his freckles".
46. Famous Goldfish Fountain on the Warmley grounds.
47. Old Warmley House. Also called "Hidden House". GOLDFISH-page 16.
48. Thompson's - Hair & Scalp Specialists on Hill Street. GRIEF-page 76.
49. Mrs. Cora O'Malley, who lived in the old Weir House. PEDIGREED PICKLES.
50. Solbeam's Junk Yard, south of the Canal. TOTEM-page 62.
51. Clark's Hall: Where the Magician gave his show. GRIEF-page 80.
52. New Chinese Laundry: Unknown where Sam Lung was by this time. GRIEF-page 80.
53. Swineburn's Meat Market. GRIEF-page 59.
54. Mr. Weckler's home, where Poppy's Pickle Store was formed. PICKLES page 22.
55. Poppy's Pickle Store: across from Pennykorn Canning Plant. PICKLES-pg. 25.
56. Pennykorn Canning Factory, a rival Pickle Factory.
57. Glue Factory, mentioned briefly in GRIEF-page 48.
58. Tutter Volunteer Fire Station: Tom Mason only "on duty" fireman-DODDLE.
59. Commercial Bank: Never located, but we thought this was a good location.
60. Elite Beauty Parlor: Mrs. Pansy Biggle, owner. GOLDFISH-page 17.
61. Sam Lung's Corner Chinese Laundry: GOLDFISH-page 8.
62. Methodist Church: mentioned in various books & MUMMY.
63. Paisley Paint & Wallpaper store. DECORATORS-page 151.
64. Old Carriage Factory: Poppy's Stilt Factory site. STILTS-See Salg's map.
65. Herman Donner House, owner of Carriage Factory. STILTS-page 5.
66. Miss Piny Poole. GRIEF-pg.48. 67. Eureka Steam Laundry-placed here.
68. Truman Sweet Home-placed here. 69. Tutter Times-See Salg's map.
70. Kasper Bollan's Jewelry Store-GRIEF-page 25.
71. Mrs. Annie Glimme, lives at corner of School & Elm. TRAIL-page 21.
72. Home of Poppy Ott. 73. Home of Granny & Pappy Paisley-DECORATORS.
74. Beesaddle farm, home of POODLE PARLOR-page 50.
75. Tutter Pond: a swimming hole of 4 Juvenile Jupiter Detectives in PARLOR.

There are many other places and people, but space does not permit their naming here. Many are located generally, and we've placed them here. Others are our guess. Salg's map was used as base. ----30----

THE TUTTER BUGLE

THE PAPER WITH THE BIG "TOOT"

Tutter, Illinois

THE BOOK

OUR CHATTERBOX

(From Poppy Ott & The Tittering Totem)

WHEN I WAS A BOY (AND THIS IS LEO EDWARDS SPEAKING) SOME ENTERPRISING publisher well informed on the juvenile activities and preferences of those days got out a yearly story book called THE CHATTER BOX.

I don't know why the CHATTER BOX idea expired. Certainly those big thick books with full-page wood cut illustrations and varied contents were extremely fascinating to me. And on Christmas morning the first thing I looked for was my annual CHATTER BOX.

Particularly do I recall one CHATTER BOX in which was featured a serial called The Young Moose Hunters by that justly popular writer, C.A. Stephens. I can still see the hairy wild man as he was pictured fleeing for his life across the moonlit ice closely pursued by the story's young heroes.

The "installments" of this fascinating serial were interspersed with short stories, poems, puzzles, riddles and jokes. And it was because of the varied contents of the yearly books, I imagine, that they were given the name CHATTER BOX.

In our own Jerry Todd and Poppy Ott books it has become a custom to greet the young readers with a characteristic preface, summarizing the various books of each series, and also broadcasting the latest news of our Freckled Goldfish lodge. In a recent preface I branched out considerably, and still there are things I want to do in this department that I can't do under the old title.

So hereafter in our Ott and Todd books, by way of a preface, we will adopt the CHATTER BOX idea. I'm sure it's going to be a success, for it's to be your duty, my young readers, to supply much of the material, or at least the "inspiration."

This was the beginning of OUR CHATTERBOX for the Edwards' fans. And make it a success they did, as Leo received literally hundreds of letters, stories, poems and other items.

In this BUGLE CHATTERBOX we have letters by Leo, to Leo and about Leo. We hope you enjoy.-rlj-Editor-In-Grief.

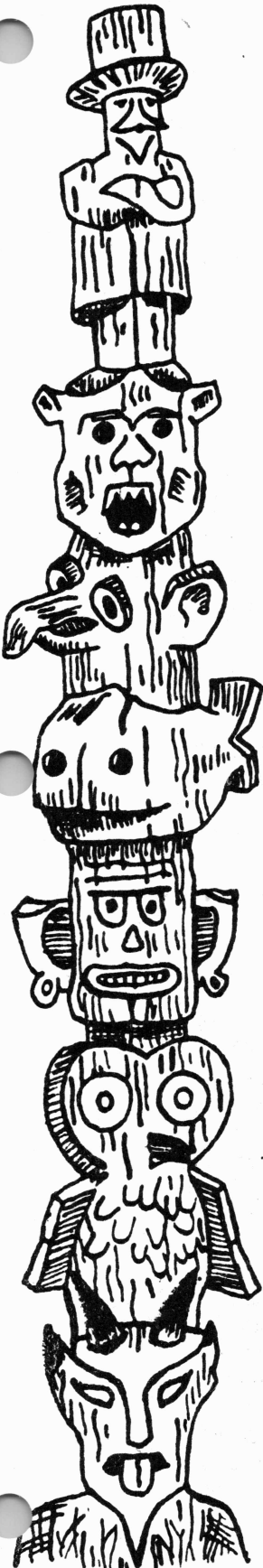
(From BOY PARTNERS MAGAZINE-May 1, 1921)

TO MY PARTNERS IN EDWARD EDSON LEE'S NEW BOYS' MAGAZINE:

It was with a keen sense of personal loss that I one day last fall was told by Mr. Edward Edson Lee that he had decided to sever his active connection with our Company, as Advertising Manager, but there was some compensation for this disappointment when he told me that he intended to devote his future life to the writing of stories for the entertainment and betterment of boys.

If you could meet Edward Edson Lee personally, you would know him as just a boy like yourselves. True, he is big enough to

Chatterbox Section-Page 1



wear long pants, and old enough to shave every day, but outside of that he is a regular kid and takes more interest in other kids than any fellow I ever knew.

We miss him a lot here in Shelby, (Ohio), and I want to congratulate you boys on the opportunity you have to associate with him, even if you have to do it at long range. I think his scheme for a boys' business and "fan" magazine is a dandy and I know you will all get a lot of good out of it if you put confidence in him and lend support to his novel enterprise.

I have already become a Partner and entered my subscription for a year, and knowing Lee's wonderful liking for boys, and his earnest desire to contribute to their pleasures and advancement. I will be very much interested in the success of his scheme.

Yours for success in this new partnership.

s/Howard Seltzer

Vice President & General Manager

The Autocall Company, Shelby, Ohio

Gee-miny Christmas, fellows? Isn't that a corking good letter to get from the "Boss"? I'm printing it, because I believe it will tend to give you more confidence in the stability of the new magazine. You can bet your bottom two-bit piece that you don't get big business men like Howard D. Seltzer to endorse a proposition that doesn't have 100 per cent merit.--E.E.L.

(Editor's Note: During the early 1960's Mr. Ed Mulford, who lived in Monroe, Connecticut, at the time, visited the places that Leo wrote about in his books. He also met and talked with some of the people who knew Leo. Some of these people wrote letters to Ed telling about those times and stories.--rlj) Wauwatosa, Wisconsin (Reprinted by permission)

Dear Mr. Mulford:

(From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 2, No. 5)

For seventeen summers my family rented a cottage two doors away from the home of Leo Edwards. His real name was Edward Edson Lee and his home on the shores of Lake Ripley was almost constantly filled with young boys from around the lake and nearby Cambridge. Friday nights in particular he always seemed to have some kind of informal gathering. Sometimes the kids would put on a little outdoor show and other times he would show movies to the young populace. This, of course, dates back to the late 20's and early 30's when home movies were something special in a young boy's life.

My sisters and I always referred to him as Mr. Lee. He always had one or two motor boats and one of the largest docks on our section of the lake. Almost every evening you could see him taking some child for a motorboat ride.

I particularly recall one time when he came walking down the hill to our cottage with a typed manuscript in his hand. For the better part of the day he sat on our front porch reading portions of this manuscript aloud to my two sisters and myself. He must have been satisfied with our reaction, for he published the book and dedicated it to the three of us. It was a new series and the title of this book was TUFFY BEAN AT FUNNYBONE FARM. It was probably one of the most important things in our young lives.

(Editor's Note: the dedication reads as follows:-rlj)

When Mary Jean Zentner of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin, read this story in manuscript form, she confided to me, with delightful childish sincerity, that Tuffy was 'much too good' for Sauerkraut. Tuffy, she said, was a nice dog. But Sauerkraut was an old crosspatch. And in view of this pleasing criticism, what could be more fitting than that the completed volume should be dedicated to this little flaxen-haired pal of mine, and her equally delightful older sister and brother, Avis and Donald.

THE AUTHOR

While Leo Edwards never got rich on his writings, I'm sure as I look back upon his life that he thoroughly enjoyed life and stayed young through almost constant contact with the children in the area.

s/Don E. Zentner

Glen Ellyn, Ill., October 21, 1963: (Reprinted by Permission)

Dear Ed: (From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 2, No. 5)

I, like you, have had a revival of interest in the books of Leo Edwards. As a boy, I had a large collection of the books which I read over and over, not because I knew the author, but because they were such interesting stories. During World War II, these books were given away and I thought little of Leo until my son reached the age when I began to think of the pleasure that these books might bring him.

Leo, as I remember, him combined something of Tom Sawyer and Santa Claus, a leader in organizing the type of activity that boys loved best, and open handed with time, talent and material possessions - car, boats, cottage, etc. He always had a boy or two from town living with him at the lake - usually - a boy from a large family and this was at a time when times were hard. He was deeply involved in all our activities. We had an outstanding grade school sports program and Leo usually attended practice. I remember when he took the whole team to a game out of town because none of the fathers had the time to drive.

Leo was active in the Boy Scouts for years. One of my best boy hood memories is of about a trip to Devil's Lake State Park. Leo took a load up, stayed the whole week and did the cooking. This is an outstandingly beautiful park. A small deep lake of clear cold water fills a gorge that was scoured out by glaciers. It is surrounded by granite bluffs on three sides. These cliffs, which are often used for practice by rock climbers, tower from 500 to 700 feet above the lake. Piles of broken rock, some as big as a house, extend from the base of the bluffs up for several hundred feet. Above this rubble rises the sheer cliffs.

This outing and this park were the setting for the book THE HIDDEN DWARF. Leo used our names which gave us a big thrill. I remember one incident very clearly. Leo, while walking through the deep woods at the base of the bluff, was stopped in his tracks by the unmistakable buzz of a rattlesnake. He froze for some time and then tried to cautiously sneak away. Every move he made brought the warning rattle. Finally when he was about to collapse from the strain of standing still, he took a wild leap and ran for all he was worth. He got back to the camp ashen faced and out of breath.

I can't imagine now taking 30 boys to a place like Devil's Lake and giving them the freedom that we had to climb, and roam and hike without regimentation, but this responsibility did not bother Leo or our other leader, Milton Pearce. I remember that I rode home in Leo's car and that he took us 50 miles out of the way to see another state park. In all of our relationship we did not think of him as an adult. He was a leader in our activities, but he wasn't an outsider. He was one of the gang.

I remember visits to his house, sometimes in the evening for a game of cards. His living room had two secret panels for doors. These led to other rooms. This really intrigued me. One New Year's eve when I was about 10 we held a party at the cottage. He picked us all up and we had a wonderful time. Cards and ghost stories and the kind of food boys go for. My folks drove out to get me some time after 12, but there weren't any lights on so they went home and came back about half an hour later. We had the lights out telling ghost stories. They were upset because I was out so late and I was upset because no one else had had to have their folks come out and pick them up.

At about this same time I took part in a Boy Scout benefit play that Leo wrote. It was a full length three act play and I played one of the leads - Jerry Todd, I believe. The adult parts were played by adults - I think we spent about three nights a week practicing for several months. Leo was a stern task master in this case and I remember wanting to give up the whole thing any number of times, but he kept me at it and the production was a big success. One of the most dignified old gentlemen in the village, who was well known as an "old time" fiddler was seen sitting in an old tin bathtub stripped to the waist playing "Listen To The Mocking Bird", when a screen that had hidden him from the audience was pulled over. I remember struggling later with a peanut butter sandwich a good four inches thick and listening to the song "Mother" on a wind-up phonograph. We who grew up in Cambridge during

those years were blessed. We had a river, lake, golf course and Leo Edwards to see that we really enjoyed life.

When I was in the upper grades I took part in another of Leo's plays. This one was staged like a radio program, after trying it out on students of nearby rural schools we put it on over a Janesville radio station. Quite a thrill.

Leo died while most of us were in service during the war. He had gone to work with some of his boys in a defense plant. He died of cancer and I'm sure he was lonely for the boys that he had helped bring up.

The qualities that Leo tried to instill in boys through his books, honesty, fair play, courage and others are needed even more today than they were when he was writing. I'd like to see the books brought back. They have a refreshing change from the likes of the "Three Stooges", and a lot of the junk on television. I guess one of the gifts that Leo had was his ability to influence young people for good without preaching at them. He was quite a man.

s/Bob Crump

The Autocall Company, Shelby, Ohio, January 23, 1961

Dear Mr. Mulford:

(Reprinted by Permission)

Your letter of January 16th is interesting. I knew Edward Lee very well. He was one of my very good friends. As for the young men whose names you mention; Dr. D.N. Shaw is presently located in Shelby, Donald Meyers is living in Mansfield - about 12 miles south of us - and Howard Ellery is, I believe, in Florida. You could undoubtedly talk to Dr. Shaw if you stopped in Shelby. I doubt if there is any information I could give you in addition to that which has already been furnished by Eugene Lee, however, I would be glad to talk to you if you stop here this next summer.

s/Roy VanWagner

(Editor's Note: Dr. D.N. (Peg) Shaw is still living, as far as is known at the writing of this book, in Shelby, Ohio. However, letters written to him by Bob Chenu and Bob Johnson have not been answered. Red Meyers has disappeared we know not where. Howard (Scoop) Ellery passed away as reported in one of the rejuvenated Bugle issues in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida during the mid-seventies.-rlj)

Dear Mr. Mulford:

(Reprinted by Permission)

I doubt if you will even find a single person in Utica, (Tutter), Ill. who remembers my dad. He left Utica as a small boy and only went back there a few times. It is becoming hard to find anyone here in Beloit that knew him. If you are looking for the atmosphere that resulted in his books you will find it on Lake Ripley and around Cambridge. Practically everything he wrote was done at the lake and his original studio is still there in good repair.

I've only been in Utica a couple of times. As I remember it is just a standard little Illinois prairie town. It is a beautiful drive up to Wisconsin along the Rock river.

I imagine that Grosset & Dunlap did think you were rather odd. They are a large, completely impersonal outfit. It was sad that Leo ever got hooked in with them. It was a bad arrangement from the start. With publishers with understanding and with publishers who offered guidance and did not see everything with a dollar sign my father could have gone ten times further than he did. Many times I pleaded with him to break with them before it was too late, but he had a foolish sense of loyalty. He used to say, "Grosset & Dunlap gave me a start when I was unknown and I owe them something". That debt he paid in lost income a thousand times over.

s/Gene Lee

Dear Friend Bob:

(Exerpts- Reprinted by Permission)

As I sit here typing this letter it sort of puts me back many years for I am sitting at the desk in the Library in Hi-Lee at the West window where I spent hundreds of hours typing manuscripts for Leo. I think I may have mentioned that he had a very violent temper and tried constantly to hire high school girls to do his typing, but they always quit because he would "blow

his top". So when I was a freshman in high school I learned to type. (In those days they referred to it as typing like a girl). From then on until I was married, I typed most of his books and short stories. I guess I did better work - at least I seemed to be the only person who could figure out his hand writing - for he seldom got angry with me. It might be interesting to note that I never received a single penny for my hundreds of hours of typing efforts, compared to this modern day when the children want pay to do things for their parents. I don't recall that I expected any pay. Quite different from this modern times when my friends pay their kids to take out the garbage, burn the trash, etc.

Unlike some of the other people in the books, Rory Ringer was no real person, as far as I know.

Yesterday, September 2nd, was Leo's birthday. Mine is September 1st. How I hated it as a kid. Leo was top dog, and his birthday was cause for big doings. I remember once when Herb Isham, Don Bray and Dick Powell dragged him out of bed at one minute after midnight and carried him screeching down the hill and pitched him into the lake off the pier. It was like this all day and usually ended in a big out-door cook-out. As I remember the only ones who remembered my birthday were my mother and my grandparents in Beloit.

--- s/Gene Lee

Gentlemen:

Tutter, Illinois

I find THE TUTTER BUGLE offensive, untruthful and just plain unfair. I know my cousin, Jim, does too. We were always the ones who came out on top of that punk Jerry Todd and his equally low life companions. We hope you will correct this mistake and get on to better things, or go out of business.

s/Bid Stricker

(Editor's Note: We did finally go out of business, but not because of this threatening letter.-rlj)

Leo Edwards, Cambridge, Wis.

Shacklette Elem. School

Dear Sir:

Louisville, Kentucky

We here in Louisville have read your books. We think they are better than "Tom Sawyer", but Jerry Todd is great. We would (our class and I) like to know if you still write "Jerry Todd"? Now we are reading JERRY TODD, PIRATE.

Sincerely yours,

Walter Dunal

Mr. H.L.Osborn's

Sixth Grade Class

(Editor's Note: This was a typical letter sent to Leo. The above was furnished by Gene Lee, and was hand written. No date was on the letter-rlj.)

Dear Editor:

I would like to share a letter from Leo Edwards with the readers of the Bugle. I am understandably proud of owning this document, typed and signed by our author, and actually addressed to me. The circumstances of the letter are as follows:

I came across my first Jerry Todd, THE FLYING FLAPDOODLE in 1940, at the age of 9, among the books of my older brothers. I read and re-read it. Searching again among these books, I found the GALLOPING SNAIL, and was delighted to find Jerry in this one also.

There were no more of the series in the house, and I began looking through book counters in the larger department stores of Newark, New Jersey. I did find two shelves of mint Jerry Todds, but no Poppy Ott books, all with crisp, clean, untorn dust jackets.

But the price for these volumes were a prohibitive 50 cents apiece. Despite this obstacle, I did slowly and painfully begin my acquisitions by specifying them for Christmas and birthday presents.

When I read the Chatterbox for Caveman, I learned of the contest with the ten book awards. Even in my naivety at that age, I knew the chances were slim that the contest was still on.

But I composed an entry and mailed it in, together with the title I wanted if I won. I received a very kind reply from Leo Edwards as follows:

My Dear Pal Ronald:

Cambridge, Wis., January 9, 1942

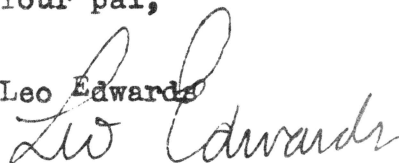
Sorry, but our old Goldfish Club was discontinued several years ago. It has not been mentioned in any of my newer books - it was in one of the older titles that you read about it. As for the Musical Bedbug contest, that came to an end probably ten years ago, and the awards given. Some of the best solutions were published in a later title - I've forgotten which one.

I enjoyed your letter very much; it was such a long letter, and boys, I know, do not like to write letters as a whole. So when one does write to me at considerable length, I appreciate it all the more.

Would you care to fill out your Jerry Todd set with autographed copies? The enclosed yellow slip tells how this may be done. The Poppy Ott books are fast going out of print, but if you act quickly I can still furnish all except Stilts, Pickles, Decorators and Hidden Dwarf.

Your pal,

Leo Edwards



I remember being very thrilled at receiving this unexpected letter from the author himself, but I was also quite disappointed that it involved no additional book. I also recall being not the least bit interested in his autographed editions. I just wanted the books. And I knew where they were, at an unattainable 50¢ apiece.

Two years later, at 13, I was doing odd jobs and so had a little pocket money. I wrote again to Leo Edwards, inquiring about the offer. I received in reply a letter from Eugene Lee, informing me the books were gone and Leo Edwards was very ill.

During the rest of my early teens, I searched the used book stores of Newark and New York City until I had both sets, less those impossible one or two last titles.

--- s/Ron Fialcowitz-084

Dear Mr. Mulford: (Reprinted by permission)

Cambridge, Wisc.

Going back into the days that I used to "live" at Leo Edwards' is quite a job. About 25 years ago I spent almost as much time at Leo's as I did at home, not quite, but to my parents - they thought so. When one is 11-13 he is not very observing and the processes of thinking amounts to delving into turtles, frogs, fishing, games, swimming, etc. Leo always had boys around and spent more time with us than he did his own son. He and I have spent numerous hours fishing minnows out of small creeks and sometimes they were sold and other times they were just there to use or just because we liked to fish minnows. There were numerous times that Mrs. Lee would go away for weeks at a time.

His writing was most prolific then and having me or a few guys out was his fun. I'm sure I can say that we chalked up thousands of games of cards, namely hearts or 500, under his roof. Many of us owe basic card sense to Leo's patience. I also feel that he instilled in me and others the desire to win as a good competitor, no matter what was going on - fishing, cards, other games, or just anything. Thinking back about the many books of Leo's that I have read there is little remembering today. I have felt that the settings for his stories could have been in this general area or the area where he grew up. I also recall one book - THE HIDDEN DWARF - I feel had an imaginative setting of Devil's Lake for he took the Boy Scout Troop to an old hotel at the park on many camping trips.

I feel that he would take small talk and boys' thinking and desires and wrapped it around his characters. Some of his characters I have been able to think of as some of the guys who did grow up around here. Whether his thinking was that or not is hard to say. I left Cambridge almost immediately after graduating from high school.

His exuberance and attentions for boys ran generally to those ages of 11 to 15, for I feel they were still boys and thinking came second to fun, play and boyish desires. After 15 I always felt boys discovered girls and Leo

lost to the girls. I will never forget the last serious talk he and I had. I had enlisted in Naval Aviation and was home on my first leave. He seriously told me not to get serious about the girl who is now my wife as she wasn't good enough for me. Leo always hated to lose his boys. I presume it was a matter of growing older, or a memory of good times and his own getting older. He wanted "his boys" to remain young, for I recall that when I was in the eighth grade - I suppose I was then 14, but for my birthday he gave me a "Buck Rogers" gun and I recall the big disappointment, for I wasn't a "little" boy any longer, but a "man". I suppose it all showed through, too. Leo then gave me the serious birds and bees lecture which was one of the finest ever. It was my first serious discussion.

I also recall Leo throwing up a challenge to me. I recall in the fourth grade that he offered me a bag of marbles that was second to none - at the time - if I could get on the honor roll with straight A's except for Deportment. Phew! I must have worked for I got all A's for three consecutive 6 weeks period. He sure made a fuss about it and it was a challenge I never forgot. I never forgot the marbles, either.

When I stayed at Leo's we slept in a small room off the front porch. We had bunk beds and Leo always slept up and me down. He tucked us in as if we were his own. He always fixed our favorite food. Breakfast to me was super if it had fresh bananas and rice krispies - he had them almost every time.

Most of his boys were from average families, but at the time families who had little or nothing. He had little or no time for boys from families with money or a real good job. He and my father were good friends, for my dad loved the out of doors, flowers, trees, rocks, ferns, etc. for that was Leo's hobby, other than boys. He had a fine rock garden and one full of wild flowers he had dug. Ferns all over and a fine water fountain that we kept full of frogs eggs, and puppy eggs, turtles, fish and what have you.

Books were not part of my 11 to 14 year old life, so I really didn't seriously read Leo's books until I was older. When I look back it is odd that we didn't become the test readers, but that was never requested.

Girls, to Leo, I always thought, were a necessary commodity, for there was little attention given them. I presume this idea stemmed from my thinking that girls took "his boys" from him.

Movies were a great love to him, especially those involving children. Our Gang comedies, Shirley Temple, Mickey Rooney, Mark Twain and the like were a steady diet when I stayed with him in winter months. We always went to Fort Atkinson to the early show and I feel he enjoyed them for entertainment as well as for writing ideas.

Cordially,
s/Don Rumpf

(From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 2, No. 5)

(From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 1, No. 2)

An interesting happening took place while ye-editor-in-grief was visiting in Tucson one time. We were talking to a lady at a yard sale and discovered she was from Shelby, Ohio. We asked if she knew Dr. Shaw. She replied she not only knew him, but had gone to school with "Peg", "Scoop" and "Red". She remembered Peg was quite an athlete and was a football player. She remembered the others, but not as well. Peg is now an avid dog walker. Unfortunately, she was in a hurry, so we didn't get a chance to talk any more than that. -rlj.

A SAD NOTE:

Some of the Buglers and some of the people who knew Leo Edwards have passed away. One is Glenn "Poppy" Morse. He got his name, like Poppy Ott, from peddling pop corn. Glenn lived in Galva, Illinois and ran a pool hall.

Dear Chief Mummy Inspector: (From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 1, No. 1)

The following is about a copy of JERRY TODD & THE WHISPERING MUMMY, that I have in my collection.

The top of the book is stamped "Office File Copy". Written in pencil on the first page is: Pub. May 14, 1924 Carmody - Wolff 4F 64 - 164 vog 656 lbs.

On contents page VII written in pencil at top of the page is "Chatterbox VII, VIII, IX, X, XI", and on the bottom VII is crossed out and XII is written in. This gives the impression that Chatterboxes were added in these editions.

Page 99 has been torn out and another sheet pasted in. This page shows on the top half a Bert Salg picture of a truck with dogs in it and dogs chasing the truck as if the truck was driven by a dogcatcher. The following part of a sheet has been pasted in which is the heading for Chapter IX, The Mummy Itch. Paragraph begins "I CALC'LATE" and last line reads "Sime Morrison had the barber's itch last win-". This was pasted onto page 99 under the illustration. Page 100 blank, no printing. Page 101 begins "They spread like sixty".

The illustration in the beginning of the book is just ahead of the title page. Other illustrations between 70 and 71, 134 and 135, 216 and 217.

The advertising in the back of this book is the same as the Editor-In-Grief book as listed in "The Tutter Bugle", Page Four, June 1970 issue.

s/Don Shinner-021

Dear Don:

Your "Office File Copy" of WHISPERING MUMMY reached me today, and I have been examining it with much interest. Thank you for your cooperation in sending it. It is a very interesting copy to look over.

The pencil inscription on the front endpaper reads "Pub. May 14, 1924." This date in itself presents a problem. The official copyright date cited to me by Grosset & Dunlap, is May 27, 1924. What the explanation is for this difference I can't say. Perhaps there is some different explanation in technical terms between "published" and "copyrighted". (Editor's Note-I don't know the copyright laws from 1924, but in the late 1950's I published a book which came out on November 1, 1957, had to send a finished copy to the copyright office, and then sent the notice, which read, "Copyrighted, December 11, 1957").

The further pencil inscriptions on the front endpaper read, "#4444 Carmody-Wolff 4 f 64 164 Vog 656 lbs C I 19 6/100".

I can't tell what these cryptic entries mean. Perhaps time will bring light to this, but at the moment I drew a blank. I would suppose that since all of the pencil entries on the endpaper appear to be in one handwriting, they all refer to the first printing.

The changes found on the "Contents" page, which is numbered VII in the original printing appear to be in another hand, and I believe them to have been added at a later date, at which time a Chatterbox was added to the later printings. The VII numbering at the bottom of the page is crossed out with pencil and XII is added next to it. At the top of this page is the pencil entry "Chatterbox VI, VII, VIII, IX, X XI". Examination of a later printing which has the Chatterbox added shows that it occupies the spaces indicated. This entry would therefore have been made at the time that G&D was planning the change in format which added the Chatterboxes. It is my opinion, based on quite a bit of digging that the Chatterboxes were added in the period between May of 1930 and May of 1931.

In the same period there were many changes made in format of all of G&D's output, involving in the Edwards' books such things as the Goldfish Emblem, illustrated endpapers, etc.

The action taken with page 99-100 is likewise from the same time as I see it.

The original page was removed from the book and was replaced with a page which was blank except for the illustration found on page 187 of TUFFY BEAN'S PUPPY DAYS. Then below this was pasted the Chapter heading and a portion of the text of the missing page 99. The page 100 side is blank. Page 101 resumes the WHISPERING MUMMY original format and story. PUPPY DAYS was published in May of 1931.

What I think happened is that they were considering adding illustrations to the chapter headings of the Todd books, similar to what had just been initiated in the new TUFFY BEAN series. This was not eventually carried out. I believe the best reason for it is that the story doesn't fit in the space left

after the picture is added. The entire book would have to be set into type again, which would be a costly proposition and not a simple change such as inserting a few Chatterbox pages or illustrating the endpapers, etc. In 1931 such a cost factor might well kill the idea which had apparently been tried out in this copy to see how it would shape up. There would be no sense at all to consider using a Tuffy Bean illustration here - it had nothing to do with the story - but it could well serve the purpose of seeing how much an attempt would affect the make up. The result obviously was to require a lot more than merely resetting the type for the chapter heading pages, and so I think this is the explanation of what you have here.

The ads in the back of the book follow the same set up that the copy the EDITOR-IN-GRIEF has, as described in the "Bugle", and your copy's "Office File Copy" stamp and flyleaf notations leads to the belief that it is one of the first printings.

It is a very interesting copy to examine, and these are my conclusions from looking it over. I think that more light may be shed on the cryptic notes on the endpaper by some one who is more familiar with the printing business, for example, Carmody - Wolf might be the name of a printing firm, and the figure might represent something crystal clear where to me at this moment they are clear as mud.

s/Bob Chenu-001

Dear Editor-In-Grief: (Reprinted by permission from Bugle-Vol. 1, No. 3)

I guess I'm the guy who got the return interest in Leo Edwards' books going, but it is Bob Johnson and Julius Chenu who originated the idea for this paper, and who have done all the work.

My boyhood which began in 1922 took place in Westchester County, N.Y., and I began reading the Edwards' books about 1930.

I continued for 10 years or so until I went into the army. I loved them and eagerly awaited the publication of each one throughout the depression years. I was lucky that my Dad always had a job, so I got them all. I began corresponding with Leo in the late 30's, but by that time OUR CHATTERBOX had been discontinued, so I never made it into one of them. If you look hard though you'll find a Sam Stratton of Rochester, N.Y., writing in one of them. Today he is a N.Y. representative in Washington.

I went to college and then into the army and forgot about the books and when I came out spent some years in minor league baseball and somehow the books were thrown out by my parents. Then in 1960 or so my wife and I were reading a newspaper and there was a story about a terrible murder of three matrons in Starved Rock Park, Illinois, just outside of Utica. The picture of where the atrocity happened showed a water fall and a bell rung in my head and it reminded me of Clark's Falls, the wonderful spot that is so important in POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL. That started it and since I'm lucky enough to be vice-president of my concern I can arrange trips pretty easily and my wife and I began exploring. First we visited "out-of-print" book stores around the country and wrote the "out-of-print" book dealers listed in the New York Times book review section and finally collected all of Leo's books. Then we located Peg Shaw who is an osteopath in Shelby, Ohio. Peg is no letter writer, but when we saw him he was in his early 60's and his character much like that of the boy Peg in the books.

Then we visited Red Meyers' wife in Mansfield, Ohio, although Red wasn't home - but apparently Red still loves to eat and he works for the phone company - he too does not answer letters. Scoop Ellery is retired (now deceased-rlj) in Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., and we have a nice letter from him.

We met some wonderfully hospitable people in Utica and they showed us the Fourth Quarry, Clark's Falls, Happy Hollow, Zulu town and many other spots which were described in the books. Although I'm 45, I still pitch softball and last summer I took my softball team to this area and we played in Marseilles, (Steam Corners) and found the people wonderfully friendly and hospitable.

The Edwards' books were so different than the others, their descriptions of canals, rivers, hills, bluffs, meadows and small town country life developed a love of nature in me and I'm sorry that the life as described in the books

no longer exists, but it's still fun to take one down and read now and again.

Oh, yes, we found Poppy Ott too, his real name is Poppy Morse and he runs a pool hall in Galva, Illinois. Poppy is no letter writer either but nice to talk to.

s/Ed Mulford-July, 1968

Dear Editor: (From Tutter Bugle-Vol. 1, No. 3)

I have two Edwards' books, one autographed in 1928, when Mr. Edwards visited the Utica School. It's title is JERRY TODD AND THE PURRING EGG. Mrs. May Isham, now deceased, (Herb Isham's mother) was a relative of my husband. Herb, along with Eugene (Beenie) Lee were initiated into the Freckled Goldfish club as described in the back of the EGG book at that time.

Also we have every reason to believe that the "Cap'n" in the PURRING EGG book was my husband's grandfather, Nicholas McCormach. He was the lock tender at lock 13 for several years at Blackball, about three miles west of Utica. He had a peg leg (lost it in the Civil War). However, his home in Utica was not in Zulutown, and he, of course, was not a bachelor. Edwards used actual people. Sometimes he used their real names, but also switched a person around for his characters. Dr. Leland actually delivered my oldest sister and brother! Oh, yes. We kids weren't allowed to go to Zulutown.

s/Mrs. Newell Culiver

Dear Sir: February 8, 1974 (Reprinted by Permission)

I am enclosing some information about some Utica, Illinois, names which were mentioned in Poppy Ott and Andy Blake Books.

On page 266 of POPPY OTT & THE FRECKLED GOLDFISH, a group of ladies were to meet some celebrity coming in on the train. The names were all familiar Utica names. Some had the spelling changed slightly in the book.

NAME IN BOOK	ACTUAL NAME
Mrs. Cinden	Mrs. Jim Sinden
Mrs. Isham	Mrs. Arthur Isham
Mrs. Nelson	Mrs. Ruth Nelson
Mrs. Smeeting	Mrs. George Schmeiding
Miss Prentice	Mrs. Elsie Prentice

Mrs. Sinden and Mrs. Isham were sisters. Later Mrs. Nelson was Mrs. Fred Anderson. They were all customers of ours when we were in business in Utica.

Of course, our store name was used in the Andy Blake stories (Landers' General Store).

s/Edward J. Landers

Dear Editor: (From Vol. 1, No. 3-June 1, 1968)

We own the farm where Clarks Falls is located. That, of course, is where most of the setting for POPPY OTT HITS THE TRAIL story takes place. It is a beautiful place, and can be seen by walking.....There are trails and brush as described in the book.

(Editor's note-This scenic spot is on private land and permission must be obtained from the owners.-rlj)

s/Alice Fredericks

Dear Editor: (From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 1, No. 4-Jan. 1974)

In answer to Ron Fialcowitz's question in the July Chatterbox. Oak Island was definitely Buffalo Rock as it was in Leo's day. The only thing is that Leo moved it down the canal between Steam Corners and Ashton instead of just west of Ashton where it really is. Also, it is much different today than in Leo's era. The eastern part was dug up for gravel pits and ruined as was about 3/4 of the area between Tutter and Ashton - ruining what was once a beautiful spot. Even Higby's Ravine (PURRING EGG) has now been destroyed. As for Clark's Falls, Mrs. Fredericks is right in her letter, it is just to the north of Tutter. You can pick it up in Happy Hollow and follow its trail (the creek I mean) to the falls. The farm where you pick it up is the same one used as the Bibber Farm in BOB TAILED ELEPHANT. Hiking up the creek in 1963 was much like the hike in HITS THE TRAIL, but of course, Leo lengthened it a bit.

s/Ed Mulford

Dear Editor Bob:

(From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 1, No. 4)

I'd like to relate to you a true story about Leo which may explain better his nature.

We used to have many children visit Hi-Lee to see the author. One day the phone rang and it was an adult who asked if Mr. Edwards was home as their two daughters wanted to row across the lake to see the author. I answered the phone as Leo was on the pier with grease up to his elbows installing a new water pump on our outboard. I told the mother to send the girls over. Here is what happened:

The girls rowed up to the pier all dressed up in their best dresses and saw the man with grease all over him and said they had come to visit the author. He told them he was Leo Edwards. They were quite taken back. He said to them, "I'll run up to the house and change my shirt."

He went up the hill, around the house waited a few moments and came back down to the lake with the same shirt on and said, "I couldn't change my shirt because Mrs. Lee was washing my other shirt."

What I'm trying to say is that with Leo, almost anything could happen and usually did.

s/Gene Lee

Dear Editor:

(From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 1, No. 4)

While in the state of Illinois we visited Marseilles (Steam Corners), Ottawa (Ashton), and then Utica (Tutter).

The little community of 1,000 apparently has neither grown a great deal nor changed much since Leo Edwards lived there with the exception of the Canal area. It was a Saturday afternoon, and the little town was having its very own celebration. The merchants were selling goods off tables on the sidewalks, balloons, kids with Kool Aid jugs and glasses and a church having a rummage sale and lunch on one of the corners.

Comparing its geography with the map in the Jerry Todd books, the roads north go pretty much to the places indicated. There is a Canal Street and the business district is exactly where indicated, but on Mill rather than "Hill" Street.

When we stopped to take a picture of the Rock Island Station, also pretty well in the right place, Mrs. James Gleason who lives outside of Utica was pleased about our presence and said she had heard about Leo Edwards from articles which appear periodically in the Ottawa newspaper. But there are no monuments nor tablets to indicate that this was indeed Tutter, Illinois.

It was a refreshing and nostalgic visit, and I could imagine Jerry, Red, Scoop, Peg, Rory and Poppy heading north out of town to one of those wonderful, happy and mysterious places or hear the crack that Jum got in the rear end that knocked him clean across the creek.

s/Walter White, Lima, Ohio

Dear Editor:

(From Rejuvenated Bugle, Vol. 1, No. 4)

Really enjoying the Bugle and all the featured articles. I enjoy the ones written by our Chief Mummy Inspector. Speaking of the Chief

A while ago, I encountered a documented episode which provides actual evidence that Bob Chenu has put to use his certified diploma from the National Academy of Mummy Inspection, Tutter Extension, where I hear Bob passed old man Arnoldsmith's class in flying wrappings. Anyway, I have proof!

Seems a report came across the radio a few months back relating the sad but true tale of Mr. Mothballs, the unwanted Mummy of Schenectady, N.Y. The story of Mr. Mothballs actually goes back several months. One day last year, an expedition was formed to excavate the cellar of the old Schenectady Museum. It was then that the museum turned up the authentic Egyptian mummy, which had been down in the cellar collecting dust for forty years. But when they tried to locate the person who had loaned it to them back in the 1930's, the original owner was nowhere to be found. Seemed the fella had dumped Old Mothballs and left town. Sounds suspiciously like the work of crafty old Anson Arnoldsmith, the counterfeit mummy forger! Immediately, I sent word to Bob Chenu, Ace Mummy Inspector. Bob hastily left a (book) safari and was soon unwrapping the Schenectady mystery, which is within the territory assigned to

him by NAMI (National Academy of Mummy Inspection). Within a week, I received a swift reply postmarked Albany from the Chief Mummy Inspector. Bob was quick to verify that it was indeed an "old moth-eaten thing and they don't want it!" Right on the job! But did it whisper???? He will not tell! But he did suggest a sequel to the episode Jerry Todd & the Moth-Eaten Mummy.

Actual proof that our Chief Mummy Inspector is on the job!!!

s/Charlie Jordon

Dear Editor: (From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 2, No. 3, August, 1974)

About 1946 Grosset & Dunlap cleaned out their Leo Edwards' books that they had on hand. These books were sold at 25¢ postpaid. Some of their earliest editions were sold at this reduced price. It was not a case of all the later editions that they had on hand.

The front panel of the Dust Jackets is stamped, "Remainder Stock at Reduced Price". The stamp is in red ink and is approximately 1½ inches square.

These are desirable items as I have not seen many dust jackets with this stamp.

s/Don Shiner-021

Dear Editor: (From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 2, No. 3, August, 1974)

I believe I mentioned this in passing in an earlier letter, but here is a bit of news for you. It's a terrible thing to say about anybody, but one Jerry Todd fan is now a member of Congress! It's true. Sam Stratton (of New York) wrote a letter to Leo Edwards which was printed in one of the Chatterboxes, probably around 1930. I'm not at home right now, or I'd go through my collection and tell you which one it is in. When I spotted the letter some years ago, I wrote Stratton and he confessed it was he and that he was a Jerry Todd nut as a boy.

It's hard to believe one of our people could become a politician, but alas, it has happened.

Story about Leo from the American Boy Magazine amazing. He gave up quite a career to write the books and sadly lost his wife, (divorce) and was pretty nearly broke when he passed away in 1944. He was really regaining the childhood he lost by going to work for a living at such an early age and his wife was not happy about all the kids around the house.

s/Ed Mulford

Dear Editor: (From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 2, No. 4, Oct. 1974)

One bit of clarification on information in Ed Mulford's letter: Sam Stratton is indeed a Congressman from up-state New York, but represents Albany rather than Rochester. He is a Democrat, and as upstate New York is strongly Republican, there have been several attempts to gerrymander Stratton out of Congress. None of these has worked as he is re-elected whatever is done to his district.

There is a good deal of feeling in some quarters that he should be Governor. And all Freckled Goldfish can take pride in the achievement of Freckled Goldfish Stratton - he is no common garden variety politician.

s/Bob Chenu-001, CMI, FGC

Dear Editor: (From Rejuvenated Bugle-Vol. 2, No. 6, Feb. 1975)

There seems to be concern about the WHISPERING MUMMY "Office File Copy" not being an actual first edition.

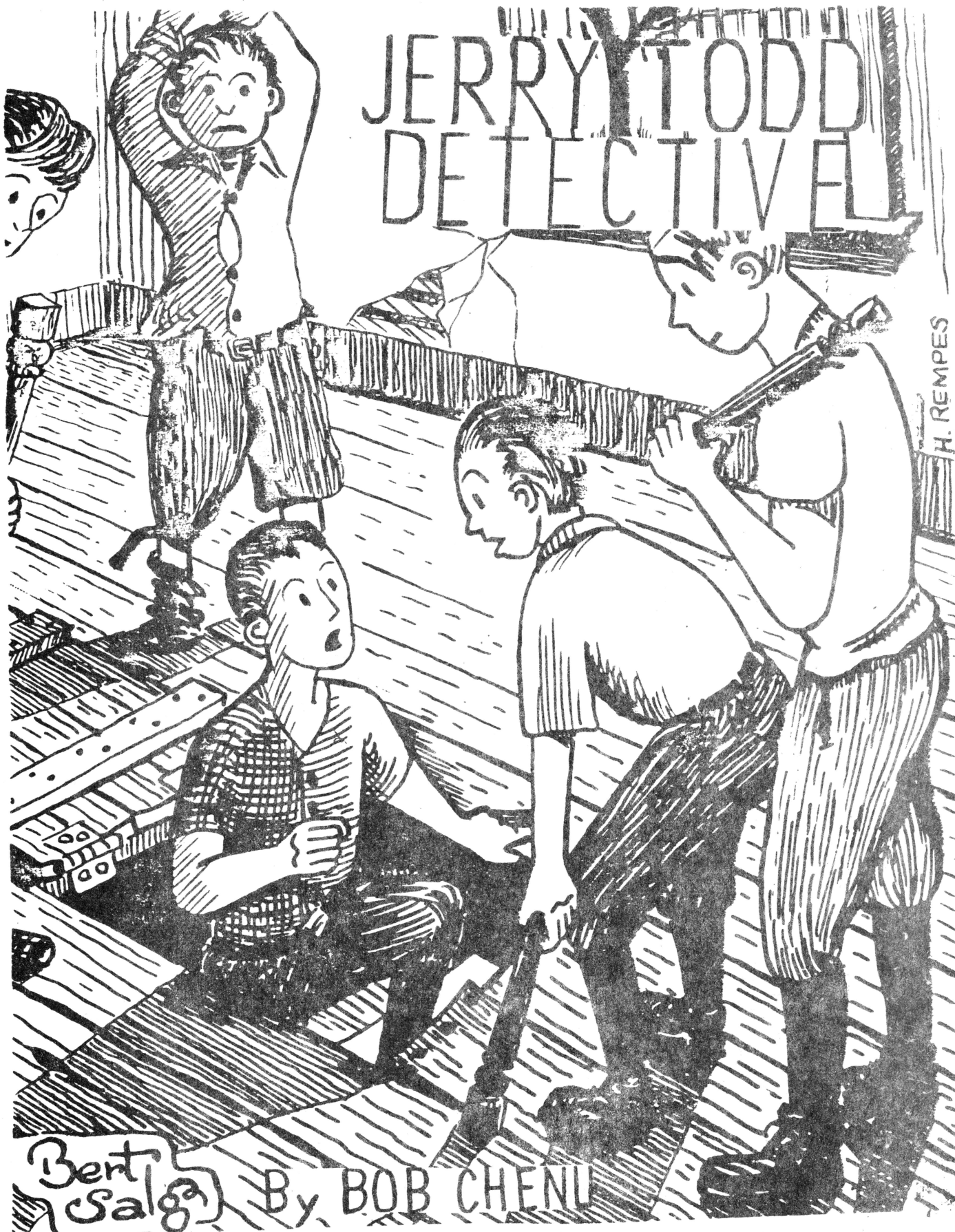
If you would examine other Office File Copies you would see that nothing but First Editions were used. I base this on the fact that all "Office File Copies" show publishers date and this date is always about the same as Copyright date. Also some of the "Office File Copies" have written inside of the book "First Issue, First Edition". If any other one would examine their copies, this would have to be true.

You may publish this in the Bugle for all doubting Mummy Itchers.

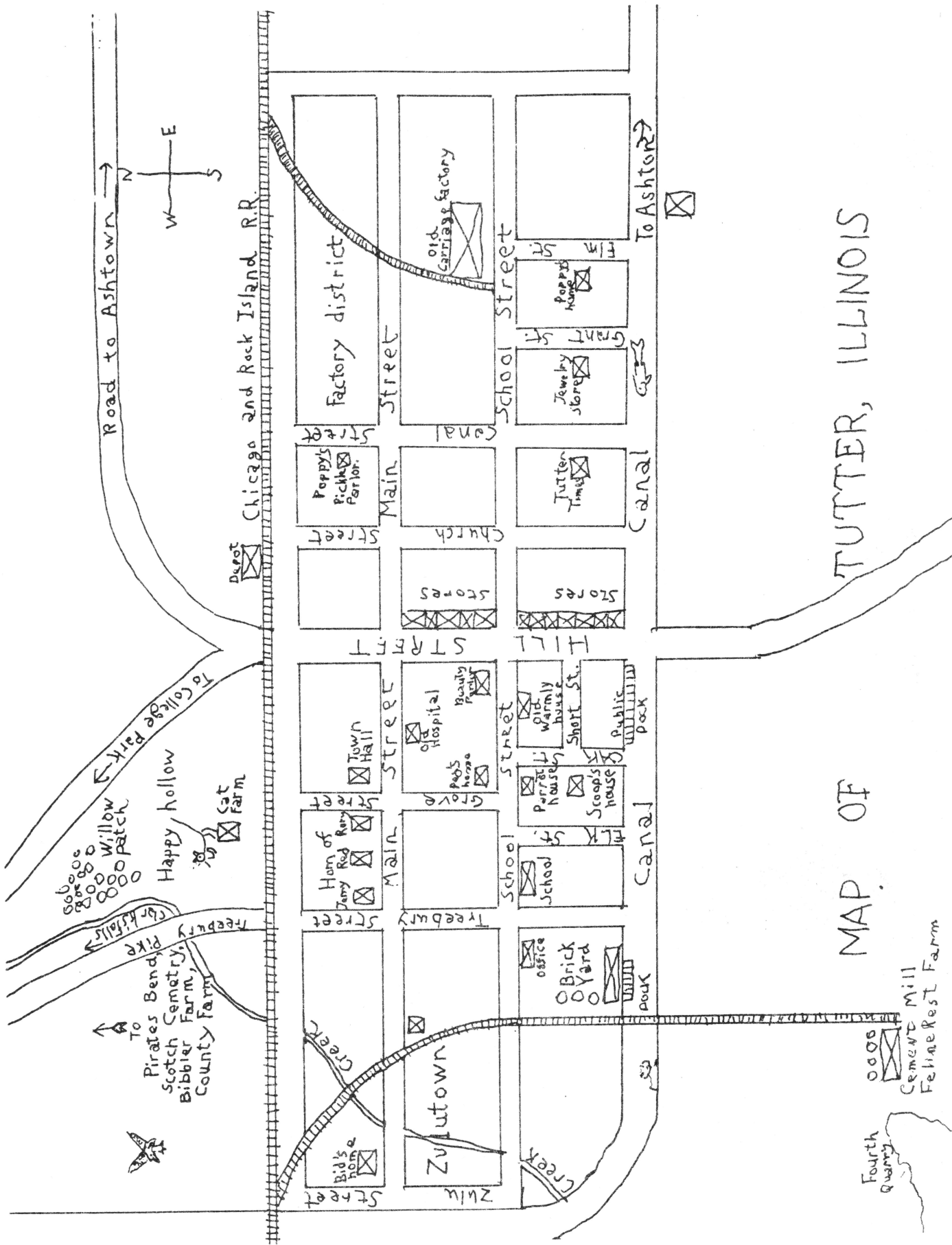
s/Don Shiner-021

JERRY TODD DETECTIVE

H. REMPE



Bert
(Salgo) By BOB CHEN



TUTTER, ILLINOIS

MAP OF

THE BOOK

BUGLE-STORY SECTION
JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE

By Julius R. Chenu-Chief Mummy Inspector
Illustrated By Howard Rempes-Royal Illustrator

PREFACE

JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE IS ONE OF THE PHANTOM TITLES WHICH have puzzled and intrigued Leo Edwards' fans. This title is promised as forthcoming in an advance notice blurb at the end of the JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP story.

This brief mention indicates that in the new book Jerry is faced with problems arising from a "double" appearing in Tutter.

Many Edwards' collectors have listed this title on their want lists but have sought it in vain. It was never published. The manuscript has long been lost or strayed. This story is not the JERRY TODD, DETECTIVE which Leo Edwards planned. What I have done, is to write the story as I believe Leo Edwards would have written it.

I have tried to copy his style as closely as I could. I have used his characters, already at hand from his other books, with a few additions of my own. I have used "Tutter" and buildings and places in it. And the theme is the appearance of the "double" as promised for the forthcoming book which never "forthcame".

The more that Edwards' fans feel that this is an Edwards' story, the more successful I will feel. Imitation, not originality, was my sin. If the reader finds it anywhere near the genuine article, and enjoys it, I will be quite pleased.

Julius R. Chenu-001
Chief Mummy Inspector
16 Farragut Road
Merrick, New York 11566

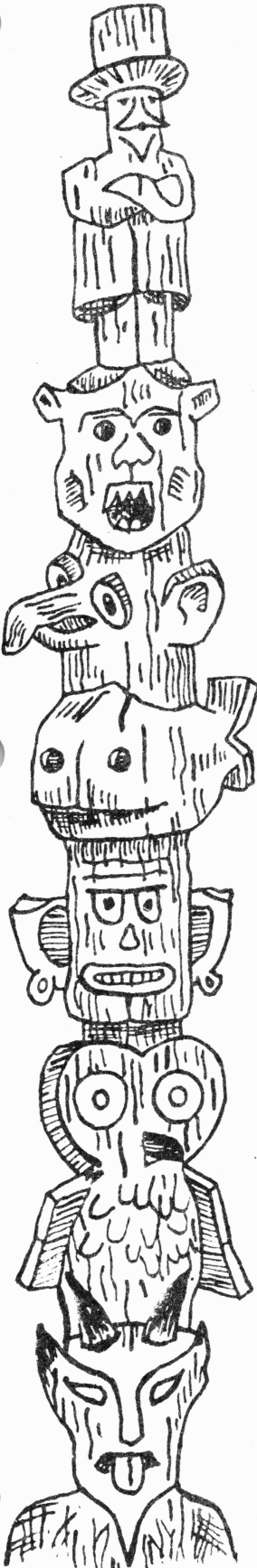
DEDICATION

This story is dedicated to Richard Chenu and all of the sons of the boys who were Leo Edwards' original fans, in pleasure at THEIR enjoyment of the stories WE loved.

CHAPTER 1-SOAKING WET

It was early one hot morning in July, and having finished my chore of massaging the grass with the family lawn mower, I headed for Red Meyers house.

We live near one another on Main Street. I've known Red all my life. When we were little kids we used to play together all the time. Now that we're bigger, we're still good pals. Generally whatever we do we do together. Red's dad runs the local movie theater, and lots of times when school doesn't get in the way we help him out with some of the sweeping and stuff there. We get to see all the new movies which come to town free in exchange.



My own dad runs the Tutter Vitrified Brick Company. My grandfather Todd started it. It is located on the edge of the Zulutown section of town, on the bank of the canal.

Along with Red and I, our gang's chief members are Scoop Ellery and Peg Shaw. Scoop is sort of the leader of our four-cornered group. His ready wits especially fit him to direct things and think up stuff for us to do. He lives on Oak Street, a few blocks away. His dad runs a grocery store here in town.

Peg Shaw is the fourth of us. He is last but not least, a big strong, gritty, and smart pal. His dad is in the painting and papering line. Peg lives over on Grove Street.

I also have a good chum by the name of Poppy Ott, around whom I have written a separate set of books. Good Old Poppy! He and I have had loads of fun together. We've solved several odd mysteries, too, involving "Galloping Snails", "Freckled Goldfish", and "Stuttering Parrots". But Poppy was out of town at the time that the events in this book took place and therefore doesn't figure in its events.

In the end papers of my books the publisher has arranged to print a map of our town. Tutter is the swellest small town in the whole USA. Anyway we think it is. Though I dare say that boys in Wisconsin and New York and California and all over the country think the same thing about their own home town.

I've written about some of our fun and adventures in my books. From them you can get pretty well acquainted with Tutter, and the canal, and Oak Island, and the rest of the surrounding countryside. Oak Island, in particular, is one of my favorite places. We have had a lot of fun there. It has figured in five of my books, including the one just preceeding this one, entitled JERRY TODD'S CUCKOO CAMP.

If you've read it, you'll recall what a nutty camping trip that was, Swiss Family Robinson style! Complete with a shipwreck. (Some Shipwreck!), and a mysterious giant footprint in the sand near the Oak Island spring.

Little did I dream, though, as I tripped over a croquet arch on the Meyers side lawn, that another mystery was about to surround us.

In Red's back yard I found old carrot-top busily engaged in washing his dad's flivver. Scoop and Peg were sitting in the shade of the barn, making fun of the sweating worker's efforts, as he soaped and squirted in the hot morning sun.

"Hi, gang!" I greeted as I joined them. "Say, Red, I never expected to find YOU working."

"Look at him Jerry," Peg hooted, "There's more water dripping off his fat carcass than there is off the Ford! Is it hot work in the sun, Reddykins?"

"I'll Reddykins you-you big stiff!" snapped Red. "It's a wonder you wouldn't do something once in a while besides lay around and yap at somebody that's got some ambition."

"Ambition! That's something you were never introduced to, Red," Scoop laughed. "You're more likely washing the car because your dad told you to."

"I swear, Jerry," the big one continued his kidding, "The freckles are melting right off his ugly hide. Maybe he's doing this for a beauty treatment, to lose tonnage and freckles at the same time."

"Red, you look so wet and drip so that it's hard to tell if it's perspiration or if you turned the hose on yourself by mistake," Scoop added his two cents worth.

This was too much for Red's fiery temper. Clamping his thumb over the end of the hose to make it squirt farther, he soused the leader from head to foot.

"Mistake?" he howled-"You bet I made a mistake! Just like this!"

Peg's guffaw next drew the squirter's attention. "And you wise guys too!" he yipped, turning hose and water onto us.

Yelling as the water struck us, we scrambled to our feet, and old hefty made a lunge for Red.

"I'll tie that red topknot to a tree branch, and," but here Red got him square in the mouth with the hose, and his threat ended in a splutter.

Though Scoop was drenched, his wits were still working full time. He scrambled over and grabbed the hose, doubling it up so the flow of water was stopped. As he and Red engaged in a yanking match over it, Peg bailed out his mouth and eyes. Leaping forward, he grabbed Red and stuffed the end of the hose down the seat of his pants.

"I'll fix you now," he panted, holding Red in a bear hug. "Let go, Scoop!"

Scoop let go. Red howled and kicked, while water poured out of his clothes in a regular flood. Getting a kick in the shins, Peg released Red and retreated. As he did, I shut off the tap.

Here Mr. Meyers percolated into view on the back porch. "Looks like the Illinois River is loose in my back yard," he kidded. "I only asked you to wash it, Donald, not drown it!"

"We were just taking a little swim because it's such a hot morning, Mr. Meyers," grinned Peg.

"Well, it looks like there's enough of a stream to fish in, say nothing of swim in," joked Mr. Meyers. "If Donald has finished with Old Betsy, I'll be getting down to the theater. And if a certain gang of boys I know, want to get in out of the hot sun, they can show up at the Lyric and we'll see if we can't sit them in the shade in front of the silver screen for a while."

"Aw gee, Dad-that's a silly love picture that you're running now," said Red. "We aren't that bad off for something to do."

"Suit yourselves, boys," said Mr. Meyers, draping himself behind the wheel. "Next week we'll have a shoot-em-up western, and you can come then if you prefer."

"Your dad's OK, Red," said Peg, as we watched Old Betsy back down the driveway. "Now that you've finished the car washing job, let's do something. How about a swim in the fourth quarry, or going fishing, or something?"

"We had swim enough, with Red and the hose," laughed Scoop, "How about us going over to the river, fishing? I saw Cap'n Tinkertop last night, and he said he was going fishing today. Maybe we could catch a bigger bullhead than he does."

"That would get his goat for sure. He prides himself on his fishing skill. But it's pretty hot for rowing, and even if we only drifted downstream a ways, we'd have to row back again," Red objected.

Red was right. It was pretty hot for rowing. But a thought struck me as how we could overcome this problem.

"Maybe I could get Deacon Pillpopper to lend us one of his motorboats," I suggested. "Last Tuesday when you were all over in Ashton, I was down there at his place. He was fixing up his dock, and I worked all afternoon helping him with it. He wanted to let me take one of his boats for a ride after we got through, but it was too late and I had to get home for supper. He said he'd let me borrow one anytime he didn't have them rented out."

"He knows all of us, and I think he wouldn't mind if we wanted to borrow a boat to go fishing in. What do you guys say we ask him?"

Deacon Pillpopper is the man who built the big community incubator that I told about in my WHISPERING MUMMY book. He lives at the end of the long bridge which spans the Illinois River, and keeps a boat livery there. He has a dozen rowboats and two motorboats that he rents out to fishermen.

"That sounds a lot better than rowing, Jerry," commented Scoop. "Let's all get some dry clothes on, and pick up some lunch and our fishing tackle, and spend the rest of the day on the river."

Agreeing on this plan, we each headed for home to make the needed arrangements after which we were to meet again at Red's house.

Clattering into the kitchen, I explained the proposed fishing trip to Mom.

"If you'll get your canteen, I'll fill it with some of the lemonade I

just made, and I'll put up a couple of nice ham sandwiches for you to eat," she said. "But if you bring home any fish, you are the one who has to clean them, and out in the back yard at that. I remember the last time you cleaned fish in my kitchen sink! And then for goodness sakes bury the fish cleanings in the garden and don't smell up my garbage can with them!" came the further instructions.

CHAPTER II-THE MYSTERY OPENS

Changing my clothes and getting my fishing tackle from my room, I returned to the kitchen where Mom was making the sandwiches for me. She surprised me when she said, "When I was downtown earlier this morning, Jerry, I met Mrs. Maloney, and I was surprised to hear her say that you had met her face to face in front of Ellery's store, and didn't acknowledge her greeting. She said you just hurried past. Whatever made you act that way, Jerry?"

Surprised, I stared at her, my mind in confusion. I couldn't recall such an incident. Had I met Mrs. Maloney and high-hatted her unknowingly? For I certainly never would do such a thing deliberately. Mrs. Maloney was a nice woman, and a good friend of ours. I recalled how she had helped us out with some of her skimmed milk, when we were desperate for something to feed the inmates of our Feline Rest Home.

"Gee, Mom, I don't recall meeting Mrs. Maloney like that. When was it that this is supposed to have happened?"

"Day before yesterday, in the afternoon, is when she said it happened."

"There's some mixup, Mom. I'd never high hat Mrs. Maloney like that. And if she says it was day before yesterday in the afternoon, she must be mixed up. For it was then that I rode over to Ashton in the afternoon with Dad, when he went over to see Mr. Fleming on business. I wasn't even in town that afternoon at all, because Dad and I left right after lunch and we didn't get back 'til almost supper time."

"That's right, Jerry. I should have thought of that myself. But I do wish you would make it your business to see Mrs. Maloney, and tell her. I don't want her to be thinking that you are getting snobbish."

Promising mother I would make it a point to see Mrs. Maloney and explain to her, I gathered up my stuff and headed for Red's house. Red was ready, and when Peg and Scoop joined us, we headed for the river bridge and the Deacon's boat livery.

As we were passing the Emergency Rooms, Doc Leland came waddling out to the curb where his car was parked. "Say there, Jerry," he puffed. "I'm sorry I came so near to running you down yesterday. I was in a big hurry to git out to the Fredericks' place. The hired man got knocked around by that ornery bull they have, an' when I swung 'round that corner an' seen you in the street, I just did manage to miss you. You sure jumped lively, and yelled though! I'm sorry I came so close, Jerry."

He climbed into his rattletrap and went off down the street with a squeal of tires. Doc may not drive good, but he drives fast! I stood and stared after him. What had he been talking about? He had never come close to running me down, ever, so what he had said didn't make sense.

"Have a close call with Doc's driving, Jerry?" Scoop asked.

I told him that there had never been a close call of the sort Doc had described. "The closest call that I ever had that Doc was involved in, was the time he bailed me out after Poppy Ott and I had been tasting pickles all over town, hunting for the maker of our swell Pedigreed Pickles which Poppy discovered. I sure thought I was gonna die that time," I joked.

We went on through town without further incident, talking of our proposed fishing trip. As we neared the boat livery, we spotted Deacon Pillpopper out back near the barn. The somewhat eccentric old gentleman was busy in his tomato patch. Looking up, he waved to us when we called to him.

"Waal, waal," he cackled as we joined him. "If it hain't Jerry an his pals! Ye made a quicker trip then ye planned on, Jerry. De ye change your mind when ye met the other boys?"

I stared at him, puzzled-like. What was he talking about? Were the old

gent's cogwheels slipping? I wondered, uneasily.

"Jerry hasn't got much mind to change," joshed Scoop. "He does change his socks, though, once a month whether they need it or not."

"Waal, now," the old man waggled, "I'd say that's a plumb good idea for any boy. Did ye tie the boat up good, Jerry?"

We all stared at him. "We didn't un-tie it yet," I said. "We were just going to ask you if we could borrow one of your motorboats for a little fishing trip. We wouldn't take it without first asking you."

"Waal, I swan," the old boatman blinked at us. "Jerry Todd-You mean to stand there an' tell me you didn't borrry my red motorboat this very mornin' at 'bout nine o'clock? An' tell me you was goin' to bring her back this evenin'?"

I goggled at him, completely dumbfounded. What on earth was he talking about? "I never borrowed your boat this morning," I protested. I haven't seen you since last Tuesday when I helped you with fixing up your dock. We just decided it would be fun to go fishing, and I thought I would ask you to lend us a boat now."

We stared at one another. Nobody seemed to know what to say. Looking at me in a funny way, the old man said, "Waal, it makes no difference, mornin' or afternoon, ye can borrry the boat whenever ye want, Jerry."

Going out to the dock, however, the boatman found that his red motorboat wasn't there. He turned to me. "Why, tain't here! My red boat! Whar'd ye leave her, Jerry?"

"I never had it," I protested, feeling pretty hot under the collar at his continued assertion that I had taken his boat. Was the old man losing his memory? Still, I reflected, the red boat wasn't there. But why did he keep thinking it was me who had taken it?

"You did too borrry my red boat this morning, Jerry Todd!" he thundered. "You took my boat an' run her off down the river an' you never brung her back! An' you better quit this dum foolishness an' bring my boat back, or I'll have the law on ye!"

A moment's silence followed. Then we all jumped, startled-like, as another angry roar blasted out right under our feet, so to speak. Unnoticed by any of us in the tension caused by the boatman's accusation, a rowboat had come up alongside the dock behind us, and its peg-legged occupant had let out a toot at us.

Cap'n Tinkertop had a fishpole in his hand and looked mighty angry. "You heered me, Jerry Todd?" he roared at me. "Ding-bust yer measley hide, ye passed me right by. What's the big idee, wavin' at me like an' idjit an' scootin' by me in a motorboat, leavin' me to row me arms off, an' me a hol-lerin' t' ye t' give me a tow?"

I just gapped at him. Had the Cap'n gone looney? Coming on top of Deacon Pillpopper's accusation this left me speechless. Mother's mention of Mrs. Maloney, and Doc Leland's strange comment leaped into my mind. To what end was I being falsely charged-with these things? Was some joke being played on me?

A terrifying thought struck me as I noted my chums staring at me. I was going crazy! I had really done these things, and didn't remember doing them! My mind was going back on me!!!!

"But - But - But -," I gurgled, helplessly.

"Cap'n, it wasn't Jerry who passed you, it MUST have been somebody else," the leader came to my rescue. "Jerry and the rest of us were all over at Red's house the entire morning, from about nine o'clock on. He couldn't be there and passing you on the river too! There's some mixup here."

"That's right, Cap'n," said Peg. "We were all hanging around there while Red washed his father's car."

"Yeah," chimed in Red. "And my father was there too, so if you don't believe us you can ask him about it."

Good old Scoop! His ready wits had pointed the way to clear me. And even better, I knew I was OK in my upper story. - The whole thing seemed pretty

strange, though. The Cap'n, and Deacon Pillpopper, Mrs. Maloney, Doc Le-land all knew me mighty well. Too well for them to mistake somebody else for me. That just didn't seem possible.

Deacon Pillpopper had cooled off. He spoke up. "Jerry an' the rest of these boys is all good truthful boys, Cap'n. I donno what's goin' on, for it all seems purty strange. It minds me of a story I heard from a feller I knowed a while back, 'bout the Doppleganger."

"Doppleganger-Hoppleganger!" snorted the Cap'n. "I'm hot an' I'm tired, I be, an' I'm goin' home an' set daown an' stay set." And he went stumping off up the road towards town, peg leg kicking up the dust.

CHAPTER III-A DOPPLEGANGER

We stood looking at the Deacon. He had been pretty upset about his boat being missing, but he had cooled down again, and his words to the Captain in defense of us showed that he was being fair to us.

"What's a Doppleganger, Deacon?" asked Scoop. "Sounds sort of like a foreign word. I never heard it before."

"Ye hit it right, that time. 'Tis a furrin' word," the old man said. "I heerd of it from a German feller that was a perfessor up at the college a while back. He taught the college boys gology. It's some kind of science stuff, 'bout rocks an' such. I got to know him purty well, as he used to rent a boat from me real often, t' travel the river, huntin' specymens."

"He was a great talker, he was. An' he used to tell me all 'bout how this here valley was all the bed of a great big river, millions of years back. An' how the Illinois River is just a little crick, sort of, that's all that's left of it. He knowed what he was talkin' 'bout, I reckon, though some of it seems purty hard to swaller."

"Anyways, you boys know the big mirror I got in the front room? Waal, one day it come up a big black thunder cloud when he was out with a boat, an' he just got back to the dock as the storm was comin' onto us. He tied the boat up, whilst I stowed th' oars away, an' we hustled for the front door. We got there jest as the downpour started, an' the lightnin' started flashin'."

"Twas purty dark in the house, with the storm an' all. I led the way inter the front room, to git us a lamp to light."

"Waal, sir, all sudden-like he give a gasp an' a funny yell, 'Das Doppleganger!'"

"I got the lamp lit, an' turned 'round to him, an' he was as pale as iffn he'd seed a ghost. I asked him what the matter was, an' he pulled hisself together, an' said he'd seed hisself in the big mirror, an' it had looked like he was a-walkin' right at hisself."

"He seemed unusual shook up by it. So I asked him what in tarnation he meant by hollerin' Doppleganger, and what it meant 'cause I'd never heerd of sech a word."

"Then he told me 'bout the Doppleganger, an' how it was a German word, an' how it meant a second self, sort of. Sort of a ghost of somebody that was alive. Like a double; like a twin that's an exact duplicate. 'Twas supposed to be some kind of an omen to see it."

"An' so with all the mixup, with me an' the Cap'n claimin' we'd seed Jerry, and Jerry tellin' us he wasn't there fer us to see because he was with you boys, why that's why I said what I did 'bout a Doppleganger."

None of us had ever heard of a Doppleganger before, and we didn't know what to make of the Deacon's story. We questioned him further, but he didn't know much more about it. The only added bit of information that we got was that he finally recalled the professor's name. Lauterbach, he said it was, but he wasn't sure how it was spelled. He did know, though, that the man had left the local college staff and had moved someplace else to teach.

With all the excitement over the missing red motorboat, the angry accusation made by the Cap'n, and the Deacon's "Doppleganger" story, we abandoned our plans to go fishing that day. We parked our fishing tackle in the Deacon's barn, with his permission, and told him we would do our fishing another day instead.

Hearing the noon whistle blow at the canning plant, we sat down on the

river bank, and ate our lunch while we talked the mystery over.

"What do you think of this whole business, Jerry?" Scoop asked.

"I sure can't figure it out at all," I answered. "I wasn't anywhere near the old man's boats this morning, yet both he and Cap'n Tinkertop thought that they saw me. And Mom said that Mrs. Maloney said she saw me near your dad's store day before yesterday, but I wasn't there either. I was over in Ashton with Dad. And then Doc Leland thought that he had come near hitting me with his car, and it never happened to me at all."

Questioned by the others, I repeated in detail what Mom had told me Mrs. Maloney had said.

"Mrs. Maloney knows me just as well as Cap'n Tinkertop and the Deacon," I pointed out. "And Doc has known me since I was born. So how could they mistake somebody else for me? There's nobody in town that looks THAT much like me."

"And a good thing it is for Tutter that there's only one mug like yours in it," wisecracked Peg.

"Gee, Jerry, maybe your ghost - your Doppelganger - is loose and walking around town. Maybe you'll meet yourself face to face and drop dead, or something!" Red put in his cheerful two cents.

Scoop looked puzzled. "It's a mystery for sure. I can't figure it out. All those people should know you when they see you, Jerry, but it seems like they're all wet." He laughed, "Jerry, how about it? Are you in two places at the same time? Tell us how you do it."

"I'll bet it's his Doppelganger!" old cheerful blatted again.

Scoop chuckled. "Doppelganger or not, it's a mystery. Any mysteries are the big specialty of the Juvenile Jupiter Detective Agency's Tutter Branch. What we had better do is get busy and solve it, before Jerry gets in more hot water on account of it."

In my WHISPERING MUMMY book it tells how the old faker who called himself the Chief Mummy Inspector had sold us membership in the Juvenile Jupiter Detective Agency. Like four saps, we had shelled out a dollar and a quarter each for badges. Bill Hadley, who is our Town Marshal, still kids us about it. We have solved some strange mysteries, let me tell you.

CHAPTER IV-IN ZULUTOWN

Finishing our lunch, we decided that our next move would be to pay Mrs. Maloney a visit. I could thus square myself with her, as I had promised mother I would, and we could also get further details from her about her meeting with my double. I was glad to have my chums with me on this expedition, because Mrs. Maloney lives in Zulutown and is a neighbor of Bid Stricker. It would be just too bad for me if I made the visit by myself, and the Stricker gang spotted me. They would jump at the chance to mess me up if they got me.

We hiked up the road into town, turning to our right into Zulutown to where Mrs. Maloney lived. Knocking on the back screen door, we got the owner's attention.

"Sure and its Jerry and his friends! And is it milk for a million cats that brings ye this time? Or is it a sackful of stone eggs that yer after?" she greeted us.

I was glad to see that she didn't act angry, and telling her that it was neither milk nor eggs that brought me, I explained that Mother had told me about her thinking that she had met me in front of Ellery's store, and how it wasn't me at all. I went on and told her about Doc, the Deacon, and Cap'n Tinkertop also mistaking someone else for me.

"For goodness sakes, Jerry. I never did hear the likes of it. And who do ye think it is that looks so much like you? Sure, and I thought for certain it was you I met, but if you were over to Ashton with your pa, of course it couldn't be you."

Always hospitable, she pressed a handful of cookies on each of us, and treated us to lemonade, while we further discussed her meeting with "me".

We questioned her as to the details of it, but there wasn't much she could add to what we already knew. She had met "me" on the sidewalk in front of Ellery's store, and "I" had looked at her in passing as though "I" didn't know her. She had turned and called after "me", but a couple of shoppers had come between, and "I" apparently hadn't heard her. She had been sure that it was me, until she had heard of the other incidents from us now.

Thanking her, we left. We spotted Bid Stricker and his cousin Jimmy, sitting on Bid's front steps next door. They both looked like they had lost a race with a railroad train. Bid had a shiner that was a beauty, and Jimmy too, looked pretty bruised along the cheekbone.

"Lookit, gang! There's Bid and Jimmy," hissed Red.

"And look at Bid's eye," noted Peg. "Some shiner. Bid! Run into a door?"

"You'll think you ran into a tornado if you don't shut up," Bid angrily tooted his horn.

"Haw Haw Haw!" boomed old hefty. "Jimmy too - Look at the scratches and bruises on him! Meet a gorilla in a dark alley, Jimmy boy?"

"We'll git you for this, Jerry Todd!" screeched Jimmy.

"You couldn't 'git' wet if you fell in the canal," was my brilliant rejoinder.

"Come on, gang. No use wasting time on this pair. We've got better things to do," Scoop showed his good sense as he started down the street.

"I wonder why Jimmy picked me out to yell at, when it was Peg that was prodding him?" I puzzled aloud as we wended our way down the street.

"Because he KNOWS he can't lick ME," said Peg, with a grin.

Here Barney Kelly, Dad's foreman in the brickyard, caught up with us as we walked along. Barney has worked for Dad for years and years. He lives in Zulutown, and was evidently on his way to the brickyard after having been home for lunch.

"Shure, an' Oy hurrd some av thot caterwalling from thim Strickers," he said. "'Tis a mysthery to me how useliss thim byes be. An' 'tis a bigger mysthery to me how they git the nerve to sass at ye, Jerry, afther the way ye wiped the shtreet up wid the pair av thim jest yestiddy."

"What do you mean, Barney?" I asked him.

"Shure, an' the trimmin' ye gave thim both whould do thim a whoile, Jerry. But the loikes av thim never seems to larn."

"Tell us about it, Barney," chimed in our leader.

"An' is Jerry so modist he didn't tell yez hissself? Well, yestiddy mornin' I wuz pokin' round out back av th' kiln, lookin' for somethin'. I seen Jerry comin' along all by hissself. An' Bid an' Jimmy comin' along the opposite way. Whin they met, Oy could see that Bid made some crack to Jerry, an' bedad, Jerry let him have wan reight in the eye. Shure, an' it did me heart good to see it. Ye must be afther havin' a wee bit av Oirish in yer veins, lad. Ye couldn't have hit him enny harder with a pavin' shtone."

"Well, Bid gits up, an' the pair av thim sails into Jerry, an' Oy thinks it's toime for me to be breakin' it up. But afore Oy gits halfway to the shtreet, the pair av thim was a hittin' only the hoigh shpots, an' Jerry dusts hissself off an' goes on."

"Shure, Jerry, yer a right-tailed whizzer. They'll have to be havin' their whole gang, an' be catchin' ye alone, afore ye have anythin' to worry about. Well, Oy had better be gittin' back to work-that's what yer dad is a payin' me fer," and Barney left us at the corner, heading to the brickyard.

Scoop stared at me with dancing eyes. "Jerry, you don't have to tell us. It was your Doppleganger!"

"Maybe we should swap Jerry for the Doppleganger," was Red's remark.

"If my Doppleganger can fight like that, I'd better not get him mad at me," I joked.

"Well, judging from the looks of Bid's eye, it was a pretty solid fist that hit him," observed Scoop. "So whoever or whatever your Doppleganger is, there's a hefty wallop to him. And we've got to admit that he shows good sense who he uses it on."

"Say," said Peg, "If we do manage to locate this double of yours, Jerry,

what do we do then? Put salt on his tail? Or call out the Marines? Maybe we had better take out some disaster insurance before we tackle him."

CHAPTER V-DETECTIVES ON THE JOB

It was sure a mystery, I told myself. Barney Kelly was the seventh person that we knew about, who thought they had seen me where I hadn't been. So far, there had been no real harm done, except that Deacon Pillpopper's red motorboat was missing. And I had an alibi for my whereabouts at the time it had disappeared, thanks to my chums and Red's dad.

Suppose though, that I hadn't such an alibi? Suppose I had been off by myself someplace, and couldn't prove where I was? I would have been blamed for the boat's mysterious loss, I thought uneasily, recalling the boatman's angry threat to have the law on me.

What if some similar loss took place when I didn't have anyone to be a witness that I was elsewhere? Boy, would I be in hot water then! And for all I knew, something else might already have happened. If seven people thought they had seen me, that we knew about, maybe there were seven more that we didn't know of! Maybe Bill Hadley was already looking for me, to throw me in the pokey for some action that I hadn't committed!

When I told the gang my thoughts, they stared at me. "Gee, Jerry, that sure would put you in an awful fix," Scoop said seriously. "We had better make some kind of plans to prevent anything like that from happening."

"One thing that we could do is for some of us to stay with Jerry all the time. Then he could always have a witness that he didn't do whatever it was he got accused of," suggested Red, loyal pal that he is.

"That's a good idea, Red. And another thing we can do is to try to catch the Doppleganger," contributed Peg.

"Red's right, and so is Peg," said Scoop. "From now on until the mystery is solved, at least one of us has got to stay with Jerry all the time, except when he is with his folks. And we have to try to stop this thing somehow, and if we can capture this 'Doppleganger', that will be the best way."

"How do you catch a Doppleganger, though?" I joked. "Use a moose call, or sprinkle catnip around?"

"Well," laughed Scoop, "if either one will work we'll use it. Maybe the first thing we ought to do is try to find out more about what it is that we're trying to catch."

"Maybe we could locate this German college Professor who told the Deacon about the Doppleganger in the first place, and find out from him," says I.

The leader pondered. "That's not a bad idea, Jerry. But if he has left the local college as the old man said he has, that may take some time. And it might be a good idea to stop by the Town Hall and see Bill Hadley. If we can find him, we can tell him about this. Then if anything happens, all this stuff about a mysterious second Jerry Todd won't come as a complete surprise to him."

Agreeing this would be a good start towards keeping me out of trouble, we headed for the Town Hall. As we turned into Main Street, we ran into Scoop's kid brother and his pal, young Tommy Hogan.

"Hey, Scoop, are you guys camping out at the Old Morgan House?" Jim asked. "Can me and Tommy camp there with you?"

"No - Whatever gave you that idea, Runt?" answered Scoop.

"Tommy and me was down there, and we saw smoke coming out of the chimney, so we went over to see who was there. But before we got to the house we saw Jerry leave and cut across towards the Treebury Pike. We yelled to you, Jerry, but you didn't hear us. And when we looked inside we saw camping stuff there. So we thought we'd like to camp there too if you'd let us. We wouldn't bother you, honest we wouldn't."

We looked at each other. Here was our first real clue. So the old Morgan House was the Doppleganger's hideout! This was a real piece of luck to have this bit of information dropped into our laps, so to speak.

Scoop fished in his pocket. "Here's some change, Runt," he said. "You and Tommy get yourselves some ice cream or something. We aren't going camping now, but before the summer is over I promise I'll take you and Tommy on a real camping trip, to Oak Island. You're OK, Kiddo!"

Jim was surprised, but not too surprised to take the money. "Gee thanks, Scoop! Come on, Tommy!" And yipping their thanks again over their shoulders they took off down Main Street.

Scoop turned to us. "We had better do some exploring at the old Morgan House ourselves," he planned. "As soon as we finish talking to the Marshal."

The old Morgan House, I might explain for the benefit of anyone who doesn't recall it, is an old deserted stone house located between the Treebury Pike and the canal. It was at one time a tavern. That was years ago, before the railroad was put through. Then, men hauling grain and driving cattle to market at Chicago used to put up over night there.

Today the place is deserted, and gradually falling to pieces. It stands in what is now a bushy cow pasture owned by Charley Wilson. The doors and windows are all gone. Mr. Wilson has nailed a couple of boards across the doors so that the cows can't wander into the building, ever since one of them got hurt in there one time. The local kids sometimes go there, pretending it's a haunted house, but it stands far enough out of town so that is isn't visited very often by anyone.

I might also add that it was in the dark cellar that we were trapped by the Chief Mummy Inspector, and where we had our "Mummy Itcher" scare. Boy - I'll never forget that!

Getting started again after agreeing that we would visit the Morgan House after seeing the Marshal, we went down Main Street to the Town Hall.

Bill Hadley is our Town Marshal. He has his office in the two story building. It is a yellow painted building on the corner of Main Street and Grove Street. Bill's office is on the ground floor, with its door opening right on to the street. Behind his office is the jail part.

Reaching our destination, we peered through the screen door. Bill was sitting at his desk, going through some papers. Scoop knocked.

The Marshal looked up, and called to us, "Come in, boys. What's on your mind besides your scalp?"

Pulling open the screen door, we dragged ourselves into the cooler interior. Scoop laughed at the Marshal's greeting, and said, "You may not think we have any minds to have anything on, when we tell you why we came, but we thought that we ought to tell you about the mixup that Jerry is in."

He then went ahead to tell Bill the strange story of my double's appearances around town. He omitted only the part about Jim seeing the double at the old Morgan House. Why, I wondered, was he leaving this out? Still he must have a good reason, I figured, so I kept shut about it, too.

"Well, I swan!" said Bill, when the leader had finished. "If it ain't disappearin' mummies it's rose colored cats or somethin' else purty peculiar I take it that you ain't pullin' my leg. I can easy check up with old Pillpopper about his boat. Seems purty odd that there should be somebody around town that looks that much like Jerry."

Bill asked me several questions, and then said, "Well, Jerry, if I get any complaints about you doin' somethin', I promise I'll take it easy and not lock you up 'til I'm sure what's happened, and who done it. Knowin' Jerry so well, you boys had oughta have confidence in me that I'd not swaller anything somebody told me about him without lookin' into it."

"I'll keep an eye out around town for anybody that looks like you, Jerry, and if I can I'll nab him and find out who he is. But ifn he looks so much like Jerry as what you tell me, I may find I've nabbed the wrong one! Haw Haw! Still if I frisk him, an' find he's got a Juvenile Jupiter Detective badge on him, I can take it I got the real Jerry Todd. I reckon there's only four of them badges in the hull state of Illinois! And if I nab the other one, I'll hang onto him 'til I find out what's what."

"Doggone Bill," Scoop growled, when we were once more out on Main Street. "He keeps it up about us being Juvenile Jupiter Detectives all the time. He thinks he's smart! But the last laugh will be on him if we can nab the guy who looks like you ourselves. That's why I didn't tell him about our clue, that the double was seen at the old Morgan House. Let's get busy, and get out there and see what we can find."

CHAPTER VI-AT THE OLD MORGAN HOUSE

Leaving town behind us, we headed out the Treebury Pike. When we got near to where the old house stands off the road in the pasture, we left the road and took to the trees and bushes growing along the fence at it's side. When we reached the fence at the near side of the pasture, we were able to see the house as we cautiously peered through the bushes.

There was no smoke coming from the chimney, and no sign of life around the place. The old house stood there, grim and silent and lonely in the afternoon sunshine. We waited and watched, but there was nothing to show that anybody was there.

Slipping through the barbedwire fence that keeps Mr. Wilson's cows from straying, we advanced as quietly as possible, taking advantage of every tree and bush as cover. Reaching a clump of bushes about forty feet from the house, we paused and listened carefully. The only thing we heard was two crows cawing at each other in the woods on the other side of the canal.

"Lay still and keep an eye out and your ears open, while I sneak up to that side window," whispered Scoop.

We watched him as he slipped cautiously up to the side of the house, where he squatted under one of the gaping window openings. He paused, and listened for a moment. Presently he slowly raised up and peeped into the house. Gradually he straightened up, listening hard for any sounds from within. Then he turned and beckoned to us, holding his finger to his lips.

As silently as possible, we advanced to his side. As I peered into the room I could see there was nobody there. Scoop leading the way, we tiptoed around the house, peering into windows as we went, and listening alertly for any noises from inside. But we saw and heard nothing at all.

Scoop straightened up and mopped his sweaty brow. It seemed odd to hear him speak in his normal tone of voice.

"There's nobody here now, but it looked to me like there has been somebody using the big room where the fireplace is," he said. "I saw some blankets and other truck there. Let's take a look."

The sagging porch floor squeaked and swayed as we crossed it. Ducking under the board nailed across it to keep the cows out, we looked around us.

"There's the blankets I mentioned," pointed Scoop.

"And look! There's some fresh looking canned stuff. Beans, soup, and some other things," said Peg. "Someone's living here for sure."

"Here's a jacket hanging on a nail," I noted. I picked it down from where it hung, and further sleuthed it over. "Look, here's a letter in the pocket, and it's - " but I stopped, too amazed to go on.

"What is it, Jerry?" the leader picked the envelope from my fingers as I stared at him. "Holy Smoke! It's addressed to YOU, Jerry!"

Snatching it back from the leader as the others crowded around, I more closely examined our find. It wasn't really a letter; just an empty envelope from which a letter had been removed. Sure enough it was addressed to "Jerry Todd, c/o General Delivery, Ashton, Illinois." The postmark was from some place named Bisbee, Arizona and was only a few days old. The only return address was a printed hotel name, "Silver Queen Hotel, Bisbee, Arizona." The handwriting on it was unfamiliar to me.

"Who do you know in Bisbee, Arizona, Jerry?" Scoop asked.

"I don't know anyone there," I said. "I never even heard of the place. Why would anyone there write to me?"

"Maybe it was someone just passing through there. It's evidently hotel stationery," Scoop speculated.

"But why was the letter sent to General Delivery at Ashton?" Peg asked.

"Gee, Jerry, your other self is getting your mail," Red snickered. "Maybe it was a love letter, and now your secret romance is discovered."

We couldn't figure it out. Our discovery had only made the mystery deeper. There seemed to be absolutely no sense to it at all. Though we discussed the find from every angle we could think of, we were no further ahead than before.

"Let's put the jacket back on the nail, and go out and hide, and watch

the place. Maybe we can spot whoever is using the old house, when he comes back," Scoop suggested.

After some further unproductive snooping around, that was just what we did. Picking a shady spot under a tree, in a clump of bushes, from which we could get a good view of the house, we settled down to watch.

CHAPTER VII-THE DOPPLEGANGER ESCAPES

An hour, and then a second hour passed. I found it was getting hard to stay awake. It was pretty hot in our hiding place, despite the shade. Scoop was sound asleep, breathing deeply. Red's eyes were closed, and Peg was nodding.

Suddenly out of the corner of my eye I saw a movement up at the old house. Someone was just passing out of sight onto the porch!

Quickly I poked the others awake. "Wake up! I just saw somebody go into the house!" I whispered.

Scoop came to life. "What do you mean, wake up?" he growled. "I've been awake all along."

"You have like fun," I told him. "You and Red have been pounding your ears almost an hour."

"Not me! I was wide awake!" the freckled one protested.

"You guys have both been asleep, and I was falling asleep myself. But what's the difference? Shut up, or whoever it is up there will hear you!" Peg showed his good sense. "It's a good thing that at least Jerry stayed awake. Did you get a good look at him, Jerry?"

"I guess I was pretty doopey with the heat too, but I just caught a glimpse of him as he went out of sight onto the front porch," I told them. "Let's sneak up again like we did before, and capture him. It's four to one, and it's only a boy, if people mistake him for me."

The leader had gathered his wits about him now. "Good thinking, Jerry. But let's spread out and rush him from two directions at once. You and Red take the window of that room he camps out in, and Peg and I will take the door. When I yell 'Thirteen', we'll all rush him."

Sneaking up to the old house, we parted at the corner, Red and I crouched under the window opening, waiting Scoop's signal. We could hear somebody moving around in the big room inside.

Suddenly from the front porch came a splintering crash! Then Scoop yelled "Thirteen" and Peg started yelling, too. Inside the room I heard a rapid sound of movement. Quickly I scrambled through the window, Red after me, as Scoop came charging in the doorway. I stared about the room. The place was empty! Following more crashing noises, Peg appeared in the doorway.

"Where did he go?" Scoop snapped.

"I don't know. I didn't see him. What was all the noise on the porch?" I gasped.

"Never mind that now! Quick! Search the house!" Scoop ordered.

Hastily we ran through the various rooms, but we found no one. Meeting in the big room with the fireplace again, we compared notes.

"Whoever it was sure vanished in a hurry when the Civil War broke out on the front porch," I observed. "What happened out there, anyway? It sounded like a train wreck."

"Peg busted through the rotten old porch floor boards," said Scoop. "For crying out loud, Peg; trying to sneak up on somebody with you is like dragging along a brass band."

"Haw Haw Haw!" Red hooted. "Old clumsy has done it again!"

"I'll Haw Haw you, you freckled faced runt," Peg growled, picking splinters out of one leg. "Anybody would fall through that rotten old deck out there. It's not my fault."

"How could anybody vanish that fast? Even with all the noise, we were only seconds later getting into the room here. If he turned to smoke and went up the chimney, he couldn't have disappeared any quicker and quieter," Scoop returned to the thing which was puzzling all of us.

"Maybe a Doppleganger can just vanish whenever he wants to. Turn invisible, like. Maybe he's right here watching us," Red shivered.

Though we further searched the whole house more thoroughly, we found no clue to the strange disappearance of whoever it had been in the house.

"Well, Doppleganger or Applestrudeler or what ever we call him, there's no use of us hanging around here any longer now," I pointed out. "He won't come back while he knows we're here. And I'd like to stop and see the Deacon, before supper, on our way back to town. I'd like to see if he's had any trace of his missing boat. And maybe he might be able to tell us something more about the Doppleganger, now that he has had the rest of the day to think about it."

"I hate to admit getting beat like this, but Jerry's right. It's getting on towards supper time now, and there's no use hanging around here any longer. We'd better get moving if we're going to stop at the Deacon's place on the way home," Scoop agreed.

As we gingerly crossed the wobbly porch, I could see where Peg had come to grief. The whole thing was rickety. And where the boards were broken, where he went through, you could see how rotten it was.

Heading across the pasture, we climbed through the fence, and started off down the road. As we walked, we hashed and rehashed the days' events, but made no progress in figuring out their import.

The elderly boatman was standing out on his dock, slapping mosquitos, as we approached. Spotting us, he called out cheerfully, "The red boat's back, boys."

Hearing this, we shifted into high gear, joining him by the dock. Sure enough, the red motorboat was back in its place.

"Where did you find it?"

"Who had it?"

"When did you get it back?"

We flooded him with questions. Maybe he could solve a good part of the mysterious events that had taken place.

"Easy, thar - one at a time! I cain't answer all of ye at once. I went up to the depot to git a package as had come for me by express, an' I was gone 'bout three quarters of a hour or thereabouts. When I got back the boat was here, all tied up proper-like. She's all safe an' sound too, for I looked her over mighty close, considerin' how mysterious the hull thing was.

"I cain't say whar she's been, nor who brung her back, nuther, for I didn't see nobody. So I cain't answer all them questions, boys. But with all the mixup over who tuck her this mornin', I kin tell ye I'm plumb glad to see her back again."

Disappointing as this was, it was all the old man could tell us, despite further close questioning on every point we could think of. Nor could he add anything further to the Doppleganger information he had given us.

Thanking him, and glad that the red boat was safely back, we headed wearily for town. Tomorrow morning, we agreed, we would try visiting the college to see if we could find out where we could reach Professor Lauterbach. Then we would be able to contact him to get further information about what a Doppleganger was.

In our talk, we zig-zagged back and forth from one extreme to another. On the one hand, a ghost, whether a German Doppleganger type or not, was something we found impossible to believe. But on the other hand, it seemed equally impossible to believe that there was another boy in Tutter so exactly like me that lifelong friends and acquaintances would mistake him for me. And there didn't seem to be any possible explanation for the mysterious envelope that we had found, addressed to me at Ashton. If somebody way out in Arizona knew me, how come he had written to me at Ashton instead of Tutter? But I didn't know anyone in Arizona, and I had never even heard of a place called Bisbee.

Reaching town, we separated, Red accompanying me to our back door in furtherance of our plan that I should not be left alone at any time.

"I'll come over and tuck you in to beddy - bye after supper, Jerrykins," Red cooed. "And I'll call for you after breakfast tomorrow morning."

"You come over in the morning, but try any beddy-bye stuff with me, kid, and you'll find yourself pushing up the daisies," I told him.

"Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! You sure SOUND like a tough one, Jerry. Tough enough to lick that Doppleganger of yours," Red joshed. "You forget, kiddo, that I've known you since you specialized in bright talk like 'Ma-Ma' and 'Da-Da'. Anyway, keep out of trouble, and I'll call for you right after breakfast tomorrow morning."

CHAPTER VIII-MY PARENTS FOOLED TOO!

Entering the house, I found Mom in the kitchen. "Hi Mom! Boy, something smells good! Supper most ready?"

"Supper will be ready in about five minutes, Jerry, so get yourself washed up and ready. My goodness, how can a boy get so dirty? And for pity sakes, wash the dirt off; don't just wet yourself and wipe it off on the towel! Don't doddle around, because your father is in a hurry to eat. He has to go back down to the brickyard after supper. And what happened that you didn't go fishing as you planned? When your father and I saw you downtown and called to you, why did you wave and duck down that alley next to the hotel? That was a strange performance, and one that I didn't think very much of."

Holy Smokes! Had my own parents seen the "Doppleganger" and been fooled? If even THEY could mistake the other for me, there must indeed be some exact likeness. I started to question mother, but she was in such a rush getting supper off the stove and onto the table that I had to postpone it. And heading for the bathroom I soaped and washed as directed, and hustled back downstairs to the supper table as Mom called Dad and me to eat supper.

I gathered from what Dad was telling Mom that there was some trouble with one of the kilns at the brickyard to which the clay products are fired. This was the reason that he was going back there after supper. And as I finished up my dessert, sleuthing the plate for the last traces of the whipped cream that the strawberry shortcake had been topped with, Dad observed to me, "If you get that plate any cleaner, Jerry, we won't have to wash it! The next thing to come off it will be the glazing. How did your day go, after you drowned the Meyers boy this morning?"

Figuring this was a good opening to tell Dad about the days strange events, and find out more about my parents thinking they had seen me down by the hotel, I started off with the hose squirting horseplay at the Meyers house, and was going on to the proposed fishing trip, but here the telephone rang.

When Dad answered it, it was Barney Kelly at the brickyard seeking information as to where he could find something which was needed. Dad gave the needed information, and wound up with, "I'll be down in a few minutes anyway, Barney. We're about finished with supper now. So if you still can't find it, sit tight and I'll be along right away."

Returning to the dining room to finish his coffee Dad asked, "Why, Jerry, would you like to come down to the yard with me? I have to go back for awhile tonight. We were having trouble with one of the kilns today, and Barney Kelly and John Sullivan stayed late to fix it. Barney says he thinks they have the trouble spotted, but I want to be sure that everything is ready for tomorrow's operations. And maybe my Junior Partner could run some errands or move the clay sheds around for us."

Dad was joking, of course, about moving the clay sheds, which are solidly built buildings. I like it when he calls me his "Junior Partner", as he often does in fooling with me. Some day I'll truly be his Junior Partner though when I get older and finish with my schooling.

I look forward to helping Dad with the business. For the Tutter Vitri-fied Brick Company was started by my Grandfather Todd back in 1884, and just as my Dad started in the business with his father, so I intend to join Dad when I'm old enough and through school. It makes me feel proud when I look at most any of the brick buildings in this part of the County, and think that OUR brickyard made the bricks that it is built of. Bricks are sort of lasting, and necessary, and do a lot of good if you think about it like I do.

So I was pleased that Dad asked me to come along with him. "Sure I'll come. I'm the best clay shed mover around and errand runner in Tutter," I bragged. "I'm ready whenever you are."

We shortly found ourselves in Dad's car, heading downtown. Though it was past seven o'clock it was still light out, and people were sitting on their front porches and relaxing after their evening meal. As we passed the Meyers house Red waved to me. He had the hose out again, watering the front lawn and flower beds.

We pulled into the brickyard through the big front gate used by the trucks, and Dad parked the car back of the building which contains the plant office. Piling out, we headed for the sheds, from which we could hear voices and the clink of tools. We found Barney and John Sullivan there, working on the kiln that was out of order.

"Shure, Misther Todd, an yez didn't have to be a draggin' yersilf back down here," Barney greeted us. "Sully an' me kin git th' danged thing fixed. Th' reason that Oy called yez was jist to be shure the parts we naded was in th' tool shed. Oy kin fix th' ould thing in bout a hour or so, wid Sully's hilp."

"I'm sure you can, Barney," smiled Dad. "But I figured if you and Sully can spend your evening here to get things all set for tomorrow, I and my Junior Partner can stand by and run errands for you, and grunt for you while YOU push. And just in case there's anything we need we haven't got on hand, I've got the car to go after it with. Since you say you don't need me here, there are some things in the office I'd like to take care of, and if you need me have Jerry come and get me." And Dad headed for the office, whistling.

Barney grinned at Mr. Sullivan and me. "Shure, an' yer Dad's all roight, Jerry. Tis twinty foive years now an Oyve worked fer yer Dad an' yer Granddad afore yer Dad come into th' bizniss. He wuz jist about th' age of you now, whin Oy furst knowed him. Him an' Jeremiah used t' come down ivery Sattiddy mornin' an' hilp out on straitenin' up th' yard here. An' a foine cheerful bye he wuz, an' a foine cheerful mon he is."

It made me feel good to hear Barney speak of Dad this way, his mention of Jeremiah interested me too. He had been Dad's brother - my Uncle - who died as a boy not much older than I am, way before I was born. He is buried in the family plot in the cemetery, along with Grandfather and Grandmother Todd.

"What was my uncle like, Barney?" I asked.

"He wuz a noice lad too; an' a hard worker. Koind o hot headed he wuz, though, where yer Dad is so even timpered an' aisy goin'. Oy remimber wan toime him an' yer Dad wuz a pilin' up some lumber, an' they had shtarted th' poile in th' wrong place. Whin yer Grampa an' me come out av th' shed, an' he saw it, he saz to thim, an' noice as pie too it wuz he said it, 'Boys, don't pile it there. It'll block the place up. Pile it over against the side of the shed.'"

"Well, yer Dad jest laffed, an' started fer th' new place wid th' plank he wuz carryin', but Jeremiah lost his timper an' hauled off an' give the poile a hefty kick. O' course it didn't hurrt the poile av wood none, but he wuz hoppin' round on one foot, an' yellin', an' whin we all laffed at him, he wuz really set off. A hot ol' timper he had, indade, indade."

"Ah, Jerry, shure an' yer kapin' us shtandin' here a chinnin' whin we should be busy gittin' this ould thing in shape fer tomorra. Come on, Sully. Let's git her fixed." And Barney turned to the kiln again.

"What can I do to help, Barney?" I wanted to know.

"There's nothin' here that ye can do Jerry, but iff its eager that ye are to wurk, ye could take that old sack there yonder, an' pick up some av the paper an' sich tha's layin' round. Whin it blows up in a corner in this dry whither we bin havin', tis mesilf thot kapes wurryin' fer fear a shpark moight set her to blazin' an burrn the place down."

Taking the sack that he pointed out, I started picking up all the trash that was laying around the yard. As I gradually worked around the end of the shed, my eye caught a movement in the gathering darkness at the other end of the yard. My first thought was that it was old Ed Mulford, the night watchman, coming to work. But as I stood a moment watching, I realized that it wasn't Mulford. Whomever it was, he was acting too stealthy - like to be up to any good!

CHAPTER IX VANISHED AGAIN!!

Standing as I was, in the gathering gloom at the side of the shed, it was evident that the prowler hadn't spotted me. He moved cautiously, advancing a few steps, and then paused again and looked around. There was something about him which seemed familiar to me.

Starting forward again, the intruder's movements brought him closer. Now I could make out enough detail to tell that it was a boy and not a man. It wasn't any boy I knew, I thought as I watched, yet somehow it seemed as though I should know him. I wondered what he was sneaking into the brickyard for.

Suddenly it struck me what the familiar something about him was, and I gasped with amazement.

The reason the prowler looked familiar to me was because he looked like me! It was the Doppleganger! Startled-like, I stepped forward when this dawned on me. And as I moved, the intruder saw me. Quick as a flash he whirled and vanished!

Here was my chance to solve the mystery! I rushed to the back gate of the yard. Reaching it, I peered into the dusk, up and down the alley. There was nobody in sight!

Gathering my wits, I dashed for the street end of the alley, and looked up and down the street. Again there was nobody in sight, except old Ed Mulford, Dad's night watchman, who was coming towards me.

"Hi, Jerry," he greeted me. "Be you a lookin' fer me?"

Hastily explaining what had happened I asked if he had seen anyone come out of the alley.

"Just you, Jerry," he told me. "Nobody come out 'til you did. If they did, I could a seen em an' heered em. Mebbe they went tother way, out by the canal."

The alley runs along the back of the brickyard from the street to the canal, which in turn forms the one side of the yard. I could see now that the Doppleganger, instead of heading right towards the street, must have gone left towards the canal. But when I reached the canal end of the alley, I could see and hear nothing. The invader had gotten clean away. There was no use in searching further in the gathering darkness, so I turned back to the yard.

Mulford was standing by the back gate, waiting to see what my excitement had been all about. I told him about seeing the prowling figure come into the yard, and how it had fled when it had spotted me.

"Twas probably a tramp, lookin' fer a place to bunk in fer the night, Jerry. Sometimes they comes along, followin' the canal bank, or comes into town on a freight train. I'll keep a sharp lookout to see that he don't come back again. But t'aint likely he will, seein' that you run him off that way," he assured me.

Proceeding through the yard together, we reached the sheds, where we found that Barney and his helper had just about finished up their repair job, and were gathering up the tools and stuff in preparation for departure. And shortly thereafter they did leave, after some further talk with Dad about the next day's schedule.

Returning to the office with Dad, who had some papers to put away before we left, I took the opportunity to tell him about the prowler, and how he had resembled me. I further told him about Mrs. Maloney, Barney, and the

others, having thought they had seen me. And I asked him about the meeting he and Mother had thought they had with me in town that afternoon.

He questioned me pretty thoroughly about the things that I told him, and I answered the best that I could. He told me that it was around noon that he and Mom had thought they saw me at the hotel, as he had been home for dinner and was driving her down to do some shopping on his way back to the office.

"That would have been about the time that we were at Mrs. Maloney's house, or else maybe talking to Barney Kelly, Dad," I told him. "If you have any doubts, you could ask them and find out. You and mother must have seen this double of mine that is around town."

"Well, Jerry, I have never had any reason to think that you were in the habit of telling falsehoods to me in the past, and I don't think that you are now. So I don't think it will be necessary to question people as to where you were. I believe you. The whole thing sounds pretty strange, though."

"It sure is strange," I told him. "And it's one mystery that I have a mighty big interest in solving, for personal reasons. Who can this guy be, and what is he doing around town, and were did he come from? I sure hope that the gang and I can find out, and fast, too."

Dad having finished putting his papers away, we said goodnight to Mr. Mulford, and piled into the car. It was after ten o'clock when we got to the house, and after another piece of strawberry shortcake and a glass of milk at the kitchen table with Dad, I headed for bed.

Some day, I thought to myself as I lay there, yawning. Some Mystery! It was a good thing that I'd had some detecting experience, and had three loyal Juvenile Jupiter Detective pals to help me discover what was going on. On the one hand, it didn't seem possible anyone could look so much like me that people who knew me well, and even my parents, would be mistaking him for me. And the ghost theory was even more impossible to believe. Everybody knows that there is no such thing as a ghost. Even a German ghost of the Doppleganger Kind.

But the last thing I remember thinking about before I fell asleep, was the way the prowler at the brickyard had suddenly vanished. Just as if he was a real ghost!

CHAPTER X ON THE JOB AGAIN

True to his promise, Red called for me right after breakfast next morning. Parking ourselves on the front steps, in the shade of the big elm tree, we made ourselves comfortable to wait for Scoop and Peg.

Getting my story of last night's events at the brickyard, his eyes bugged when I told him how the Doppleganger had disappeared.

"Holy Cow! He melted right into thin air right in front of you," he gurgled. "Its got to be a ghost to do that, Jerry! Nothing human could act that way."

"And that's only part of what I have to tell you guys about, Red," I told him. "Yesterday, about noon, my own father and mother thought sure they saw me in front of the hotel, and then saw me duck down the alley alongside of it."

"Your own pa and ma? Quit pulling my leg,

Jerry. I should of known it was all baloney you were giving me. You had me going with that stuff about the brickyard, because I saw you and your dad heading that way last night when I was watering the lawn. So I believed that part. But you spread it on too thick now."

Here Peg and Scoop came down the street, and cutting across the lawn, joined us on the steps.

"Hi, Jerry. Hi, Red. How's everything this hot morning?" the big one greeted us.

"Aw, I just called for Jerry, and he's been stuffing me with lies," Red answered grumpily.

Peg laughed. "What do you care, Red, as long as you're stuffed with something? With your appetite, anything goes."

"You should talk, you big stiff. I bet you eat more than I do," the badgered one protested.

"Yeah, Peg. Let him alone. You know he has an appetite like a bird," Scoop kidded.

"A bird? Only kind of a bird that eats the way he does is a vulture!" was Peg's snappy comeback.

We do a lot of kidding like this. And sometimes if anyone who didn't know us was listening, they would get the idea that war was about to break out. But it's all in fun.

"What was the tall tale that Jerry was feeding you?" Scoop changed the subject back to its original track.

"He's telling me his own Pa and Ma don't know him," Red growled.

They all listened interestedly as I again told of the events of the previous night at the brickyard, and of my folks being misled into thinking they had seen me down by the Commercial House.

We discussed these events from every angle we could think of, but we found we were just going in circles and getting nowhere.

"It's too bad he spotted you, Jerry," Scoop wagged. "If he had got closer you could have got a good look at him. He must have ducked down the alley to the canal, and then hot-footed it away along the tow path."

Peg chuckled. "If whoever it is can fight the way Barney Kelly says he tore into the Strickers, it's a good thing for Jerry that he didn't catch up with him."

"Yeah," Red giggled. "If Jerry had caught him, the mystery would be over all right. There would be only one Jerry Todd left, and it would be the other one."

"Some bunch of wise guys," I told them. "I shave with a blow torch and clean my teeth with a file, I'm so hard. But what's on the program for today; are we going up to the College to see if we can trace Professor Lauterbach?"

"We don't have to, Jerry," Scoop told me. "Last night I was helping Pop out at the store, and Professor Dizer came in with his wife. They shop with us all the time, so I know him. You probably know him too, even if you don't know him by name. He's the one that drives that crazy old Stanley Steamer. Anyway, while Pop waited on Mrs. Dizer, I asked him about Professor Lauterbach."

"He knew Lauterbach all right, and he told me that Lauterbach had left the Tutter College to go to another college in Indiana to teach. I told him why we wanted to locate Lauterbach, and asked him what he thought about the Doppleganger business. He said that Lauterbach must have been pulling old Pillpopper's leg, and that that stuff is just a lot of superstition."

"These college professors are a queer

bunch," Peg observed. "If we believe Dizer, Lauterbach was pulling the Deacon's leg, which is pretty unusual for a dignified college professor to do. And on the other hand, this Dizer guy goes dashing around the landscape in a runaway teakettle, which is plenty peculiar too, in this day and age."

"What I think we ought to do," I suggested, "is to try watching again at the old Morgan House. If the raid we made on him yesterday didn't scare him off, we may get another crack at the Doppelganger. Maybe we could capture him if we could put a muffler on Peg."

"That's as good an idea as any," agreed the leader. "He probably was headed out that way last night, when he pulled the disappearing stunt at the brickyard. We can go out there and take a look, anyway. If it looks like the Doppelganger has been back there since Peg busted up the porch, we can try hiding out and watching the place again."

Since nobody had any better ideas to offer, we once more headed for the deserted old house. This time we followed the tow path along the canal, and then cut up through the fields towards the house. After leaving the tow path, the bushes and trees were pretty thick for a stretch, and we had no trouble keeping hidden. When the undergrowth thinned out as we got more into the pasture, there were still clumps of bushes though, and we sneaked along keeping as much under cover as we could.

Our first sight of the old house elated us! There was a thin column of white smoke rising from the chimney!

Chapter XI

THE DOPPELGANGER TRAPPED!

"There's somebody there, for sure!" hissed Scoop. "Let's see to it he doesn't get away on us THIS time."

"Be careful of that porch this time," I warned.

"We can surround him this time, if we're careful," Scoop planned. "Let's sneak up from all four sides at once. Then whoever is in there can't get away on us without one of us seeing him. Peg—you take the back of the house. When you hear me yell THIRTEEN, come in the back door on the double. Red—you circle around to the far side of the house, and when I yell, climb in the window on that side. The one where the old kitchen was. I'll take the front of the house, and Jerry'll take this side. You can come in the window that you went in yesterday, Jerry."

I stayed where I was for a few minutes so the others could have time to sneak around to their assigned positions. My mind was in a whirl of impatience to get started. At last we would find out who the mysterious double was! I again ran over in my thoughts all of our guesses as to what the mysterious stranger was doing in Tutter, and who or what he might be. Surely, I thought, it couldn't be a ghost. There is no such thing. Still, the sudden vanishing act that was put on at the brickyard and during our raid at the old house yesterday were hard to explain.

And how could anyone look so much like me that Mrs. Maloney and the Deacon, and even my own parents had mistaken him for me? In another minute or two maybe we would find out the answers!

Having kept an eye on Peg, who was hiding behind a bush and in turn watching Red get into position, I waited for his signal to start my approach to the house.

Presently it came. I started for the house. I crawled carefully from bush to bush, towards my post at the window. I reached it without anyone spotting me, as far as I could tell, and crouched there underneath it.

I listened hard, and sure enough, I heard someone in the big room moving around! I could hear footsteps, and then I heard a squeaking noise like rusty hinges make.

Since there were no doors left in the old place, I wondered what was causing this. Suddenly an idea flashed into my mind! The trap door! The one leading to the deep dark cellar in which we had been trapped my Mr. Arnoldsmith. Taking a chance, I silently raised my head, and peeped into the room.

"THIRTEEN!" I screeched at the top of my lungs, as I flung all my weight onto the trap door to hold it down.

I heard a muffled shout from the cellar, and then the trap door jiggled, as it was pushed from below. "THIRTEEN! THIRTEEN!" I yelled again, as the others came galloping in.

"What's the matter, Jerry? Scoop hollered as he entered.

"I've got him! I've got him!" I yipped. "He's in the cellar, and there's no other way out! Help me hold it shut!"

Seeing what had happened, Scoop and Peg joined me on the trap door. Our combined weights held it firmly closed.

"Quick, Red," Scoop ordered. "Smash up that old kitchen chair there, and bring us the four legs for clubs. We'll keep him shut in till we arm ourselves, and then we'll see who we've captured."

Red was back in a minute with the old chair legs, and we each took one as a club. Scoop and Peg got back off the trap door, weapons ready.

Scoop looked around, and said, "OK. We're ready now. Open it, Jerry, and we'll see what you've caught!"

Nerving myself for fast action if our prisoner came boiling up the stairs at us, I raised the trap door.

"What—What—What?" I stammered, my jaw hanging open.

The others, too, gaped in amazement!

There I was on the stairs, looking up at myself!!!

For a moment nobody moved or said anything. My double on the stairs seemed as surprised as we were.

Then he spoke. Even his voice sounded just like mine. "What's the big idea? How would you wise guys like a sock in the kisser?"

"You just come up out of there slow and easy-like," said Peg. "Nobody is looking for trouble, but if you get any bright ideas about socking anyone in the kisser, you're gonna have bumps all over your bean. You've been training around town and everybody thinks you're Jerry, and you owe him an explanation."

Our captive evidently thought better of his sock in the kisser gab, for he slowly climbed the remaining steps, and stood there looking us over. He seemed especially fascinated by me, and I could see why he would be. It was no wonder people had been mistaking him for me. We were exact duplicates, just like we

were identical twins. I, too, stood staring at him.

Red put my thoughts into words. "Gee, Jerry, he looks enough like you to be your twin brother," he said, staring at the two of us.

"Who are you, anyway?" I asked him.

"My name's Jerry Todd," he said. "What's yours?"

"MY name is Jerry Todd! How can you look like me and even have the same name? What kind of a stunt are you pulling off, anyway?" I bristled. "You go around Tutter, and everybody thinks it's me. I get blamed for taking the Deacon's red motorboat, and Bid and Jimmy Stricker are laying for me because you whipped them!" I want some kind of an explanation, and it had better be a good one."

"Hold your horses, Jerry. It would never do for you two guys to start swinging at each other. This is sure strange, and a lot of explaining is needed, but fighting won't clear up the mystery." Scoop stepped in and took charge in his usual sensible fashion.

"You say your name is Jerry Todd," he said turning to my double. "That envelope that we found here that was addressed to Jerry Todd, care of General Delivery, Ashton, Illinois was yours then. And HIS name," pointing to me, "is Jerry Todd. He lives in Tutter, and we've known him all our lives. As he said, a lot of people around town who know him have been seeing you, and thinking they were seeing him. Since it's you that is the one who don't belong around here, we think you owe him an explanation."

The stranger smiled, and when he did I couldn't help thinking that he looked like a good egg in spite of it all.

"It's no wonder those strangers I met about here seemed to think they knew me," he chuckled. "Now I see what it was all about. Complete strangers seemed to know me, and even called me by name. It had me baffled at first, but I had begun to suspect that I looked like somebody that lived here. I never dreamed that there could be anyone so exactly like me though."

"But where did you come from? Why did you come here to Tutter? Why are you hiding out here, in this old house?" I asked. "If you have any kind of an explanation, I'd sure like to hear it. If you're in trouble, and there's anything we can do to help you that's not illegal, maybe we can help you out."

"Illegal," said Red. "Why I bet Peg don't know what 'illegal' means."

"What do you mean, I don't?" Peg was properly suspicious of the red headed one. "Suppose YOU tell ME what it is?"

"Haw, Haw, Haw," Red boomed. "Gotcha that time. An ill eagle is a sick bird!"

The stranger seemed a little surprised at this foolishness, but grinned anyway. "That's not just a sick bird," he offered. "That's an even sicker joke."

Peg laughed. "Don't let Red bother you. We just have him out of his padded parlor for a little exercise and fresh air. He's not dangerous though."

CHAPTER XII MY DOUBLE'S TROUBLES



Howard Rempes

There I was on the stairs, looking up at myself!!!

"I guess I do owe you an explanation," he said, looking at me. "I don't see how it can do any harm. And it's easy to see that TWO Jerry Todds galloping over the landscape is something that really needs an explanation.

"Well, to start off with," he began his story, "my name really IS Jerry Todd. My full name is Jeremiah Clarence Todd, but I sure hate that Clarence in the middle of it. Anyway, everyone where I come from calls me Jerry. So you can see that I wasn't falsely using anyone else's name.

"I was born and raised in Bisbee, Arizona, which is a small town like Tutter is. It's way down near the Mexican border, and it's near Tombstone, which you may have read about or seen in Western movies or books. My dad is in the hotel business there."

"Bisbee is where the postmark was from on the letter we found," I noted. "I've never heard of Bisbee before, but I've read about Tombstone in something. It sounds familiar. But that's not important. Go on with your story."

"Well, to get along to what you fellows want to know, I came here to Illinois to try to solve a mystery. And to do so, I thought it was best

if I kept it a secret that I was here. I've been looking around, and trying to find things out, but I haven't had much success. From what little I have discovered, I don't think it's so important to keep my being here secret any more. I couldn't anyway, now that you've found me here like this.

"Actually, this Jerry Todd here is one of the people that I didn't want to find out about me till I was ready. But you've caught me now, and I was about ready to pay a visit to my Uncle Gerald anyway, and you would have met me then in any event.

"You see, when I found out about my father's secret, part of it was that he had a brother Gerald, who he thought probably still lived in Tutter. As I tell you the whole story, you'll see why I thought it was the best thing to try to find out what kind of a man this uncle of mine was, before I let him know that I was around."

"My dad's name is Gerald, the same as mine is," I told him. "So I suppose that you mean that you think my father is your uncle. He couldn't be your uncle, though. The only brother he had was killed in an accident when he was a boy. And dad had no sisters, so he

couldn't be your uncle. My Uncle Jeremiah is buried in the family plot, in the cemetery in town."

It was his turn to be surprised. He stared at me, and then he said, "But my father isn't dead! He's alive, and is home is Bisbee right now. He was pretty sick last spring, when he told me all about the family, but he got well, though.

"It was because of the story he told me when he was sick that I decided to come here, and see what I could find out about the family, and about the cloud he was under when he left here."

The others had been listening eagerly, looking from one of us to the other. Now Scoop spoke up. "It sure seems like there's some big mixup here," he said. "But why don't you tell the whole story, and then maybe 'our' Jerry can explain some of it, and we can tell what we ought to do?"

"You go ahead and tell your story, and I won't interrupt you," I told the other Jerry Todd. "When you get done, maybe I can clear some of this mystery up, and maybe I can't. But anyway, go ahead and tell your story in your own way."

"Well," he said. "One thing I'm sure of is that my father is not buried in your town cemetery here, no matter what you say. He told me about how he lived here in Tutter when he was a boy, with his parents and his brother Gerald. There weren't any other children in the family—what you just said about that matches with what he told me. My grandfather owned the brickyard here. He had founded it. And the way we look so much alike, I think proves we are related to each other."

I nodded slowly. What he said seemed to make sense. For two boys to look so much alike, it seemed that we had to be related to one another. "We must be related, but I can't understand it," I told him. "I just don't see how you can be my cousin, but you sure resemble me."

Scoop's eyes were shining. "Well, we solved one mystery when we caught you," he said, "but now here's another. You two guys look more like twins than cousins, so you must be related. There just can't be any other explanation for that."

"Let him finish up his story," I told the gang. "What's your father's explanation to you of all this?," I asked.

"When Dad was sick," he took up the story again, "he told me about living here, and about his family. He also told me that he ran away from home when he was a boy about fifteen years old. He did this because his father accused him of taking some payroll money from the office of the brickyard. He had nothing to do with it, so it got him awfully mad to be accused of it. So he had hot words with his father, and ran away from home. He ran out of the office, and went down by the canal. A canal boat was passing by, and he hitched a ride on it. He traveled on it down the canal as far as Peru, Illinois.

"There he went over to the Illinois River, and he stole a rowboat that he found tied up at a place there. He went down the Illinois River to where it joins the Mississippi in the rowboat. By this time he wished he hadn't run away, but he was afraid to go back because he had taken the boat. He abandoned it there, leaving it tied to a dock.

"From there he bummed rides, and he got to St. Louis. From there he went on down the river on a steamer he had stowed away on. And he kept on going, stopping here and there and working for meals and doing odd jobs and stuff. He finally wound up in Texas. He got a job there in a town called Rocksprings, in a livery stable. The man who ran it was good to him, and sort of raised him. Later on, this man died, and the livery stable was sold. Dad was twenty three then, and after this he drifted on further west, and eventually got to Arizona.

"He tried one thing and another, and finally tried some prospecting in Cochise County. He made one lucky find, and located a small pocket of gold near Tombstone. This gave him a stake, and he went into the livery stable and hotel business in Bisbee. And that's where we live now, and where he runs the hotel. He met my mother there, and they were married. Later on I was born, and a couple of years later my sister was born. Dad never said anything about his family, and I always sort of just thought he was an orphan.

"Last spring, though, Dad had a close call with a bad appendix. And when he was in the hospital, getting over it, he told me all this stuff. And he swore that he had never touched the payroll money that his father accused him of taking. And he told me how he felt that he could never go home again because of that, and because he had really taken the boat."

He paused, and looked from one to another of us. We had been hanging on every word he spoke.

"Gee," said Red. "It sounds just like a novel."

"It's all true, just like I'm telling you," the other said. "I made up my mind that this summer I would come up here, and find out what had become of Dad's family. And I wanted to see if I could find out what had become of the missing payroll money that my Grandfather had accused Dad of taking. I figured that it would be better if I could find out as much as possible, without letting my relatives know I was around.

"Anyway," he said, looking at me, "all I've found out so far is that my relatives are pretty well thought of in this town. Except for those two guys that I had the fight with. Those weisenheimers seemed to be your enemies, Jerry. And as I said, I was just about decided that I ought to introduce myself to my Uncle Gerald, and then I went down in the cellar here—WHAM—the trap door went closed, and there I was shut down there in the dark and wondering what was going on."

Red spoke up. "You didn't have to worry about what Jerry's father is like. He's a good

egg. It would have saved a mess of trouble if you just came to Tutter on the train and took a walk up to Jerry's front door."

"It would have been some shock to me, if I opened the door when he arrived," I laughed.

"Is there anything you could tell us about this, Jerry?" asked Peg. I lived here all my life, and I never recall even knowing that you had an uncle, dead or otherwise."

"There's no mystery about my father's brother, the way I always understood it. Nobody ever says much about him, but that's because he died so long ago," I told them. "The way I understood it, my father had one brother, named Jeremiah. He ran away from home when he was a boy about fifteen years old. So that far, there isn't any disagreement. I don't recall hearing why he ran off, except that he had some kind of big misunderstanding with his father. Grandpa searched for him, and had the authorities all over this part of the country looking for him.

"Anyway, only a short while later, he got a call from the police up in Chicago. There'd been an accident in the railroad yards there. My uncle was in it and he was killed. Pretty badly smashed up, I understood.

"Grandpa went up to Chicago, and identified the body, and it was brought home for the funeral. And then they buried him in the family plot in the cemetery. Of course, all this was way before I was born, so all I know is what I've heard Dad or Mom say at one time or another. But there never was any mystery about it all."

CHAPTER XIII SOAKING THE STRICKERS

"Why didn't your father ever write to anyone?" I asked. "Or why didn't he ever come home? Grandpa and Grandma would have been overjoyed to know he was alive. They both finally died, still thinking he was killed in that Chicago accident."

"I asked him that," the other replied. "He said at first he was too mad, because he had been accused of what he didn't do, and also he was afraid because he had taken the boat. And later on, it was part stubbornness, and part because he thought maybe it was his brother that took the money he was accused of taking."

"Why, that's ridiculous! Dad never did anything like that in his whole life! Anybody that knows him will say that." I was pretty mad. To think this long lost uncle would think anything like that. Some nerve! He could blamed well stay lost, I told myself.

"Well, from what Dad told me, he had some reason to think that, because there was just the two of them and his father there," the other replied. "But since I've been here, and have done some snooping around, I'm pretty well convinced that he was mistaken. That's why I told you I had about decided to visit my Uncle Gerald and tell him my story.

"After all, you have to remember that I had never met any of my father's folks, and had no way of knowing what you were like. And remember, too, that when he ran away my father was only about fifteen, and was awful mad at being accused of something he didn't do. Dad sure has a temper, as everyone who knows him will tell you.

"When I first got here, I thought that one way to check up on what had happened would be to look over the back newspaper files to see what I could find about the missing money. I stopped first over in Ashton, because that's your County Seat. I made arrangements to pick up my mail there, at General Delivery. Then I went to the newspaper office and got the back issues for the week that Dad ran away and for the following week, and went through them. I didn't find anything about the missing money at all though. This seemed mighty strange if the payroll money had been stolen. But I figured that it was maybe not reported because there was the family involvement, and so the theft had been hushed up and kept in the family.

"Since my Grandfather believed that Dad had taken the money, I could see how this might happen. But it didn't help me in what I wanted to find out. So next I came over to Tutter. I happened to see this old house when I was scouting around, and decided it was a good place to camp out while I did some looking around in Tutter. So I used this as a base to operate from. And, as I said, I was amazed when, in snooping around town, everybody seemed to know me and even to know my name.

"About all that I managed to find out, though, was that my Uncle Gerald and his family seemed to be very well thought of by everyone. I made up my mind to go and introduce myself to them. And then before I could, you fellows nabbed me."

His story seemed to make pretty good sense to me, if I put myself in his shoes to look at it. The missing payroll part was something I'd never heard of before. As a matter of fact, I had never heard any special reason for why my Uncle Jeremiah had run away, except that he had a fight with Grandpa about something.

I explained this to the gang, concluding, "The easiest way to find out what happened is to go ask Dad about it. It just never came up, but I'm sure he'll tell me if I ask him. And I could bring you home then, and you could 'camp out' with me. There's no need of you staying out here in this old dump of a place when you have us to stay with. I'm sure that if his brother is alive, Dad will welcome the news. And I think it will be best if he sees you, and hears your story from your own lips, right from the start, instead of me trying to tell it to him. I'm still a bit mixed up, myself, with it all."

"Well, I guess that's the best thing to do,

now that we've gotten this far," the other agreed. "Lead the way. We'll go and see what Uncle Gerald has to say, when he sees me and you together!"

Since Dad would be at the brickyard, the most direct route for us to take was to follow the tow path along the canal right into town to the brickyard. So we cut across the pasture from the old house to the canal, after first bunking my cousin's camping truck in the cellar. As we neared the edge of the canal, we suddenly heard voices.

"Shhh! Scoop hissed. "That sounds like the Stricker bunch!"

We listened. Sure enough, it sounded like the whole crummy gang of them were parked on the canal bank, on the same side we were on. We could hear them plainer, by sneaking up a little closer in the bushes along the side of the canal. As we listened, hiding in the shrubbery, I heard my name mentioned.

"We owe that Jerry Todd plenty," Biddy was saying, "and if you guys will stick together for once instead of acting like a bunch of dummies, we can get even with him real good."

"But how are you so sure we can catch Jerry here all by himself? He's usually with the rest of his gang. And if you think I want to tackle that gorilla of a Peg Shaw without a baseball bat, you got another think comin' for yourself," Hib Milden's voice spoke up.

Peg flexed his arm muscles and grinned at us!

"Jimmy and me have been watchin' him," Bid told him. "I don't know why, but he's sort of camping out in the old Morgan house all by himself. The rest of their crummy gang ain't with him."

"What are we gonna do to him?" That was Jum Prater talking. I could tell his big mouth anyplace. He usually needed two clothespins to keep it from turning inside out when he yawned.

"I figure we can lay a trap for him and nab him. Then when we've got him, we can give him the works," Bid told him.

"Aw, gee, Bid," protested Chet Milden's voice. "That's five of us to one. I hope you don't wanna murder him."

"The more the better," spoke up Jimmy Striker's voice. "Then when we grab him, he won't be able to fight. We've got it all figured out. We'll take all his clothes, and haul him down here and throw him in the canal. He won't be hurt any, but he'll be wet and mad, and stuck out here in the country with no duds on."

"Grrrrr!" I growled. "Let me at 'em!"

"Shhh!" Scoop warned. "Let's fix them good. There's five of us, and five of them. When we jump 'em, each will take one of them, and Zowie! Into the canal with them! They won't be expecting anything, and it ought to be easy."

"Good idea," whispered Peg. "Jum's biggest—I'll take him. Scoop takes Hib, Red takes Chet, Jerry can take Bid, and your cousin'll take Jimmy. If any of us has any trouble with his man, the ones that sink their victim on the first shot will help out."

Well, let me tell you, it worked like a charm! When we leaped out of the bushes at them, they were paralyzed. The only one that put up a fight was Bid. As I grabbed him I heard four splashes, telling me the others had dunked their men right away. Then another pair of hands grabbed Bid, and he gave a squawk and quit struggling.

It was my cousin who had joined me. Bid's eyes bugged out something fierce when he saw us together. He gave a shriek and tore loose from us. There was no holding him. He turned and leaped, screeching, into the canal!

We stood there on the bank, and laughed fit to bust. They were a sorry looking sight—soaking wet, and up to their armpits in muddy water, and just covered with the green scum that collects along the edge of the canal. And how their jaws hung out as they looked at us. The sight of my cousin and myself just stunned them!

We taunted them, and Red even went back into the pasture and got some ancient eggs he had earlier seen there, where some hen had hidden a nest. We added the eggs to their discomfort, and made them swim to the other side of the canal to climb out.

And then, laughing and cheering, we set off for town, leaving them like a bunch of drowned rats on the other side of the canal, staring after us. It was one of the most complete victories we ever scored over them, and we were as hepped up about it as they were miserable.

CHAPTER XIV DAD'S AMAZEMENT

We laughed and joked as we hiked towards town, and when we arrived at the brickyard the others parked themselves at the dock while I headed for the office. Dad looked up as I entered, and greeted me.

"Hi there, Junior Partner!" he said. "What's new with the Juvenile Jupiter Detectives? Any progress on that case we were discussing last night?"

"That's what I've come to see you about, Dad," I told him. "We went out to the old Morgan House again today, and we finally rounded up my double! And the story he tells is just so amazing it'll knock you right off your chair!"

Then I went on, and told him the story that had been told to me. Dad stared at me, listening intently. He only broke in once, to ask me to repeat the part about his brother Jeremiah going down the canal and the rivers.

"And so," I wound up the story, "we brought him to town with us, and he's down by the dock now, with Peg, Scoop and Red."

Dad rose from his chair. "I don't understand it; it's hard to believe all this. But let's get down to the dock. I must see this

boy."

As we neared the dock, my double stood up, and turned around facing us. Dad gasped. They just stared at each other for a moment.

Then Dad spoke. "I don't know how this can be, but you are certainly an exact double for my son. Jerry tells me that you say you are my brother Jeremiah's boy, and that Jeremiah is alive! Now, please tell me all this yourself, so that I can try to understand it. It comes as a great shock to me, since to the best of my knowledge Jeremiah met with a fatal accident many years ago."

The other spoke up seriously, looking Dad in the eye as he spoke.

"My name is Jeremiah Todd, and I'm named for my father. He was born here in Tutter, and his parents names were Jeremiah Gerald Todd, and Elizabeth Ann Todd. He had one brother, whose name was Gerald. There were no other brothers or sisters in the family. When he was about fifteen years old he ran away from home, and traveled by canal and river down the Mississippi, and kept on till he eventually reached Texas. He grew up there. Later on he moved to Arizona, and now he lives in a town called Bisbee, there he owns a hotel."

"Jeremiah is alive!! It must be so! I'm sure I don't understand it at all, but it has to be so. You must come up to the office with me. There is so much that I want to ask you that I hardly know where to begin." Dad placed his hand on Jeremiah's shoulder. "I am SO glad to hear all this. Tell me more. But why didn't you come to see us when you reached town? Why didn't your father ever contact us?"

Jeremiah looked up at Dad and said, "Uncle Gerald, I didn't know what sort of people you were. My father left here under a cloud, accused of taking money by my grandfather. He swears he didn't take it, but he knows that his act of running away must have made everyone believe that he did it."

Dad came to a dead halt on our way to the office. "Put that out of your mind, Jeremiah," he said. "Your Grandfather died a broken hearted man, knowing he had wrongfully accused your father, and believing him dead and all righting of the wrong he had done beyond correction. Your father was a hot-headed boy, but he came by it naturally from our father. People often commented that your father had his dad's temper, and that I had my mother's. How that temper has harmed us all!"

"The missing money was never missing! Your Grandfather had left it on his desk, while he went to the clay sheds for something. The office girl had left to go home, but returned for something she had forgotten. She saw the money on the top of the desk, and didn't want to leave it there unprotected. So she put it in Grandfather's desk drawer! Jeremiah and I were back at the sheds, and father sent Jeremiah to the office on some errand. Then when father went back to the office he didn't see the money on the desk where he had left it. He blew up and accused your father of taking it. Your father in turn

UP WITH THE
TOTEM POLE!

blew up and swore at him, and ran out, and disappeared. It was terrible! Father found the money in a moment or two, but he couldn't find his missing son!

"He searched and searched, and tried in every way he could to locate Jeremiah. Finally he was contacted by the Chicago police, where the body of a boy killed in an accident had been tentatively identified as Jeremiah. Father had felt sure that Jeremiah had headed for Chicago, and had a missing persons notice sent there, as he had talked of going there on several occasions.

"Father went to Chicago, and identified the body as Jeremiah's! It was returned to Tutter, and after the funeral it was buried in our family plot.

"He was deeply grieved about his son's loss, and his treatment of him that had occasioned the tragedy. And from that day on to the time of his own death, he never again displayed that terrible temper he had been known to have. And so you see, my boy, that your father was truly wrongfully accused, but that from the day he disappeared nobody ever believed him guilty."

Entering the office, Dad seated himself at his desk, and picked up the telephone. He spoke to the operator. "Carrie?" He paused. "Get me long distance, Carrie. I want to speak to Jeremiah Todd, in Bisbee, Arizona. Yes, please. Arizona." The line sputtered, and he sat holding the phone and staring at Jeremiah.

A minute passed that seemed like an hour. Then the telephone spluttered some more. "Hello? Hello? Is this Jeremiah Todd?" Dad's face was pale. And as the phone made more noises in his ear, I saw a tear shining in his eyes.

"Miah—Miah! This is Gerry!! Oh, oh," he stammered. "Oh, Miah, why didn't you ever let us know? We thought you were dead! Your boy just told me; he's here with me."

CHAPTER XV

BROTHERS REUNITED

My story really ends here, although a few more words of explanation are needed. The telephone conversation resulted in arrangements for my Uncle Jeremiah to come to Tutter for a joyful reunion. And in the ensuing visit many things which puzzled us were resolved.

It was a happy day when Uncle Jeremiah and Aunt Belle and Cousin Nancy got off the train. The long separated brothers fell over each other in their joy at being together again. Mom and Aunt Belle took to each other right from the start, also. Cousin Nancy was some looker! Blonde, with blue eyes, and pretty as a picture. During her stay in Tutter I never saw Peg and Scoop dressed so neat and with their hair all slicked down all the time. And as for Red Meyers, his Ma claimed she had never before seen him wash behind his ears without being driven to it!

While they visited us, the gang and I took Cousin Jerry on a camping trip to Oak Island, taking Jim Ellery and Tommy Hegan too, as we had promised them. We all had a swell time on the island. Cousin Jerry especially liked it, since, as he said, "Down in Arizona there aren't any islands to camp on—why some places you can't find water enough to drink!"

Uncle Jerry, for that is what I learned to call him, also helped to clear up the mystery of why the Chicago accident victim had been identified as him. The Chicago police had been led to the mistaken idea that the body might be Jeremiah Todd because of a book called FRANK ON A GUNBOAT found on the body had his name and address written in it. Uncle Jerry told us that he had the book in his jacket pocket when he ran away, and that he had given it to a boy about his own age that he met on the canal boat when he first left town. Once thus led to the idea that the body might be his son's, Grandpa had mistakenly identified the mangled remains as

Jeremiah's.

When they finally left to return to Arizona, you may be sure that the two brothers thereafter kept in close touch with each other. And it was arranged that next summer Dad is to take a vacation, and we are to pay them a visit in Bisbee. Boy! I'm really looking forward to seeing what Arizona is like, and exploring the ghost mining towns near Bisbee that Cousin Jerry has been telling me about. Gee, just think of it! A whole town completely abandoned after the mines located there were worked out.

But meanwhile, don't think that our live wire bunch just sat down and got moss covered. Not on your tintipe! Just wait till you hear what happened to us on Oak Island that winter! Some mystery! We had none of us ever heard of the Ottawa Obsidian. And I dare say you never heard of it either.

But we learned a lot about it, and you will too. And we had some snow fight with the Strikers!

Jerry Todd's Icebound Igloo is the name of this coming story. So, fellow Buglers, watch for it. You'll enjoy it! It's coming.

The End

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Seated are Leo Edwards, Lucille Isham, Mr. Isham & Herb Isham. Standing behind the bench is Gene Lee. Photo was provided by Lucille Isham.

ONLY A DOG

By Edward E. Lee, 337 Roscoe Ave.

Third Prize Christmas Story in the Daily News Competition
The Beloit Daily News, Tuesday, December 15, 1908, Page 27
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SKIP stood near the curb, at the corner of Grand avenue and State street and watched with longing eyes the happy Christmas shoppers. They were all so happy and joyful! Skip wondered what it all meant. He could not understand how people could be happy when the air was so biting cold and things to eat were so hard to find. What could it mean? He tried to reason it out in dog fashion - but failed.

The gay laughter of the passers-by reminded him of one other cold night a year ago. He had been attracted by the chiming of the church bells and had wandered hither to watch the many happy faces that entered through the door into what was, to Skip, an unknown region.

They were all so merry and care free. How miserable, poor, lank Skip felt. He was only a dog, but somehow he realized that there was something due, even him, at this time of the year.

When the last of the merry throng had entered, Skip sneaked from the curb, to the door of the church. What a scene of beauty greeted his eye. The church

was decorated with garlands of green; it seemed to Skip almost like a real woods.

From the chandelier, to the far corners of the room, were stretched streamers of many colors. Many colored lights gleamed all about, but the most beautiful thing of all, to Skip, was a huge tree all aglow with tinsel and candles. For a moment he forgot himself and entered the church. Never before had he seen so much warmth and beauty. For a moment he forgot that he was not one of the merry throng; forgot that he was a dog; he tried to press forward when - he received a kick from a masculine foot and the door was shut in his face.

With a snarl he turned and trotted away. He was only a dog; yes, only a dog and not to be considered at this great time of merry making. He felt the line that was drawn between himself and the two-footed creatures that called themselves men. They had cast him from their joy because he was only a dog.

All this had happened a year ago, but it was fresh in his memory and he realized that it was all to occur again. He could see the signs of its coming upon the faces of the people passing by. It was all a puzzle to him. He could not understand it. Poor Skip, he was only a dog and could never know of Bethlehem, with its shining star and new born king.

"O! Papa! See the poor doggie." The sound of a childish voice caused Skip to turn. A large automobile had stopped at the curbing and a little girl was descending to the walk, holding the hand of an elderly man. Her pretty little face was almost concealed amid soft, white furs.

The man glanced at Skip, with a kindly face. "Poor dog," he said more to himself than to the child, "what a shame that animals are left to suffer."

"Can I take the doggie home with me, papa?"

"We can hardly do that, pet," the man answered smilingly. "But I will see that something is done for him." He motioned to a policeman standing near.

"Take this," he said, thrusting a silver dollar in the hand of the guardian of the law, "and buy the animal something to eat. He is so thin he looks almost famished. It is a shame and a disgrace to the city that such a spectacle of starvation be permitted to roam the streets. Whom does he belong to?"

"A stray, sir," the policeman answered as he grasped the fragment of collar about the neck of Skip. "There are many such, sir. They belong to no one and they have no home. This one has been about for years."

"And how does he live; does no one feed him?"

The policeman shook his head. "He picks up a few scraps, sir."

While the two men had been speaking, the child approached Skip and began to stroke his bony back. At first he had almost been tempted to snap at her; he did not understand this kindness; he had always been used to kicks and blows.

"Poor doggie," the child said over and over again, and she gave him a farewell pat as the policeman led him away.

"What is the man going to do with him, papa?"

"He is going to feed him and give him a place to sleep, tonight at least; tomorrow I will start an investigation and some one will be brought to account for this display of cruelty." The child scarcely understood what the man was saying; he was speaking as to an elder.

The policeman led Skip away from the busy thoroughfare, and into an alley. He glanced about him and finding he was unobserved, he put the dollar into his pocket, gave Skip a kick in the ribs, and turned back to his beat. "Easy money," he chuckled to himself.

Poor Skip! He sneaked out of sight as quickly as possible. He did not understand what had occurred. How could he? He was only a dog.

He lay beneath the friendly shelter of a pile of old boxes, long after the policeman had gone. His side hurt where he had received the kick, and he treated it freely with his tongue. How hungry he was. It almost made him feel weak and useless. He longed for it to get dark, so he could roam about unmolested. He closed his eyes, and no doubt took a nap, for when he opened them, the lights of the city were burning all about him. He crawled from his nest, across the alley out into the street and into another alley. How well

he knew it! There was a savory smell in the air that seemed to Skip about the nearest thing to a dog heaven that could possibly be. It was the back door of a restaurant.

He started to make an investigation of the piles about him, but a growl in the dark caused him to flee in alarm. Bruno, the large, black dog he so much feared, was ahead of him and he knew it was either fight or flight. Skip was no fighter, so he quickly decamped. He searched in other places but found little to eat. How hungry and miserable he felt. He sneaked out upon the street and once again heard the merry chiming of the bells as they pealed forth their Christmas greeting. How he hated them! He turned and ran as fast as he could in the other direction. Away from the busy streets he ran and when he paused he found himself surrounded by towering houses, aglow with many lights.

He had never been here before and he vaguely wondered if there could be anything lying about loose that would help to fill the stomach of a hungry dog. He cautiously approached the rear of one of the houses. He paused before a high board fence. The back yard was enclosed. He found the gate but it was latched.

While he was skulking in the shadows he heard voices upon the other side of the fence and the gate was opened by two women. They were servants and were going out for a good time after their day's work. They were laughing and talking and thus enabled Skip to slip through the gate unobserved. Skip gave a satisfied growl when he at last found himself inside the fence. He glanced about him. Lights gleamed from the windows above and he felt a curiosity to know what was going on.

He climbed upon the porch and by bracing himself he could see into the room. To him it was the same old story; the merry laughter, the happy faces, the tree, the candles. But one thing was different and that was the little child who was dancing about the room. It was the little girl he had seen that afternoon, the only human being who had ever given him a kindly pat. He dropped from the window and sank out of sight in the shadows. He crawled to the fence but the gate was locked. Back he went to the window and once more beheld the happy scene. With a whine he turned away his head and lay down upon the steps. How weak and hungry he felt. His eyes closed and he curled himself into a ball. The clock in the distance chimed the hours, but he noted them not. He was asleep.

The next morning the butler opened the side door and saw lying before him a mass of tangled and dampened fur. He gave it a kick, but it did not move.

"Dead," he said in disgust, as he kicked it from the porch. "Nothing but a dog."

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THANKSGIVING AT LOON LAKE

By Leo Edwards

Illustration by W.W.Clarke

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BINNEY PHELPS tumbled into the room where I was ransacking a dresser drawer for some woolen shirts. He was out of breath. And with his fat red cheeks and shiny nose he looked funny - as usual!

There was snow on his shoes. For a moment or two I wondered how he had managed to get by Mom at the front door without brushing the snow from off his shoes. Mother, just as all mothers are, is mighty particular about her rugs and floors.

"I c-c-come in the b-b-back door," Binney explained.

Poor Binney! He'll never get over stuttering, I guess. The kids razz him about it. But he doesn't care. He just grins at them. It is that peachy grin of his and his big heart that make him go over big in the four-cornered gang we boys share in.

The other members of our gang are Rube Petrie, the leader, and "Short Change" Carlson. Rube and I live in the same block. I've often said he's the luckiest kid in Milwaukee. His rich uncle buys him everything. Yet, I don't think I'd trade places with him, even if he does have a flivver of his own and a million other things that any peppy boy would enjoy owning. Mom and Pop

are good to me. Pop is the best truck driver in Milwaukee, even if I do say it myself. But truck drivers, as a rule, don't earn big wages. Sometimes I wish Pop would buy himself a new suit instead of buying so many new clothes for me. But when I try to argue with him about it he just laughs and slaps me on the back, telling me that I'm the only boy he has and he wants me to look as nice as the President's son.

Short Change lives on the north side. His pa and Rube's pa own a hardware store. They're cousins, I think. Anyway, Rube's mother and Short Change's mother are awful friendly. And Binney's father is a street-car conductor.

Rube and Short Change could run around with a bunch of rich kids if they wanted to. But they like Binney and me the best. So when the leader got permission to use his uncle's closed-up fishing cabin at Loon Lake, two hundred miles north of Milwaukee, where we planned to spend Thanksgiving, Binney and I were invited to go on the party. It would be fun, we agreed, to spend a week-end in the north woods, where already, according to report, the snow was two feet deep. Ordinarily we haven't much snow in Milwaukee till after Christmas. But the ground was white now. Pop had complained about the big drifts that he had to buck in some of the outlying streets. When told about our proposed trip he predicted that we'd have trouble getting through. But he didn't try to hold me back. I guess he realized that trouble such as we might experience on the road would be fun for four fifteen-year-old boys, only Short Change wasn't quite fifteen yet. And small! That's how he got his nickname. Sometimes we'd call him "Half Pint" too, but even so, he didn't care.

BINNEY had come over to tell me that his father was going to buy him a new leather coat with a fur collar. He hadn't any wool shirts; I loaned him one of mine. We had fun trying the shirt on. Then Mom, who was kind of excited over our trip, stuck her head in the door. Rube wanted to talk with me on the phone, she said. So I chased downstairs. Rube said we were to start the following morning at seven bells, the day before Thanksgiving.

"Hot d-d-dog!" says Binney, when I told him. Then we ran down to the corner drug store to buy some malted milks.

Rube's uncle, who owns a big chair factory, was on hand the following morning to see us off.

"Here's some money," says he, handing Rube an envelope. "I want you to give it to a boy by the name of Jimmy. He's about your size and his face is a mass of freckles. I don't know his last name. But I think he lives in a farmhouse near the lake. Maybe it's that big green farmhouse just north of the county poorhouse. A swell lad, I think. He did me a good turn last spring when I got mired on that trout fishing trip. I had intended doing something in return for him, but let it slip my mind. You fellows will find plenty of canned food in the cabin. And any of the farmers in the neighborhood will sell you milk and eggs. But be careful to watch your fires."

We had a great lot of fun that morning. We sang songs and cracked jokes, telling Rube what a terrible driver he was when the car skidded. The farther north we got the more snow we encountered. But the roads had been cleared, so we had no trouble.

Eaton was our final town. We struck it shortly after four o'clock. Heeding the advice of a garage man we bought a shovel. We'd find big snow banks on the road to the lake, he said. And, bu-lieve me, they were big! Having turned our lights on, we passed the county poorhouse at five o'clock. Somehow as I looked at the big brick building with its surrounding pine trees, so sort of somber-like and forsaken, I felt a queer feeling inside of me. It was a premonition, I guess. But boys aren't concerned with premonitions. Our big thought just then was to reach the lake as soon as possible and cook supper. Were we hungry! Oh, man! Binney, who never gets filled up, had invested two bits in cheese and crackers while we were in Eaton. But that was hardly a mouthful.

Pretty soon we came within sight of a big green farmhouse. We could see a dim light in the kitchen. But no one answered our knock. That was queer, we thought. And peeping through a window we spied an old whitehaired woman sort of crouching in the cellarway.

"Laws-a-me!" she cried, with frightened eyes, when we finally got her to unlock the kitchen door. "I thought it was Old Gorilla hisself. He got out, you know....



Bent them steel bars of his'n," she gestured, with bony hands, "as though they was bits of wire. An' the guards has bin searchin' fur him all day.

Old Gorilla, we learned, was a crazy man, who had been given that name because of his shaggy, hairy appearance. A bad man, with a bad record, he was kept under special guard at the poorhouse, from which, it seems, he had lately escaped.



We stopped dead still. And I don't mind telling you we were scared

When asked about a freckled boy named Jimmy, the woman shook her head. She knew no such boy, she said. Then a kind of cunning look came into her eyes, giving her the appearance of an old witch, when we told her that we had some money for the boy.

We had still a mile to go, Rube said. In places the wind had bared the road; in other spots we encountered deep drifts. Once we completely lost Short Change, Binney having shoved him out of the car and into one of the biggest drifts. It was close to seven o'clock when we finally came within sight of the big lake over which lay a coating of ice. There was a bright moon. And the lake looked for all the world like a huge moonlit desert, only, of course, what appeared to be white sand was snow-covered ice. I never had been in such a lonely place in all my life. But I liked it.

HERE old Betsy, as we called the flivver, nose-dived into a mountainous snowbank, and unwilling to do more work with the shovel we piled out and started on foot for the cabin. I had a quart of milk that we had bought at the green farmhouse and Short Change had a bag of eggs. All Binney carried was his appetite. He was so hungry, he said, wallowing behind me in the snow, that he could chew a cow's horn. And then did his stuttering apparatus ever take on a sudden chill when we came within sight of the cabin, set close beside the lake, with native trees all around it. For what do you know if we didn't smell wood smoke. It came from the big fireplace chimney. We could see a light, too.

"Old Gu-gu-gorilla!" says Binney, clutching me. And when I looked at his eyes in the moonlight they seemed as big as teacups.

WE STOPPED dead still. And I don't mind telling you that we were kind of scared. For remember what a lonely place it was! Binney forgot all about his empty stomach. But when he started stuttering in my ear I nervously told him to shut up. If it was the killer, I said, we could easily go back to town and sound the alarm.

"You fellows stop here," says Rube, who then went on alone. He was gone several minutes. Once we completely lost sight of him among the trees. Then we saw him at a window. My heart stood still. I half expected to hear a shot

of a scream. But nothing happened to him.

"It's Old Gorilla, all right," he told us, in a queer voice, upon his return.

"Let's b-b-beat it," stuttered Binney, pulling on my arm.

"I'd hate to go back to town on an empty stomach," says Rube, in that thoughtful way of his, looking first in the direction of the stalled car and then at the cabin.

"I'd rather go b-b-back that way," says Binney, "than in a c-c-coffin."

"I've seen harder looking guys," says Rube, still thoughtful. "And if he isn't seventy years old I'll eat my shirt. He even hobbles when he walks. So let's butt in on him and see what he says. We can easily protect ourselves. And it will be something to tell about afterwards."

...We talked it over. Separately we crept to the window to see for ourselves just how dangerous the escaped man might be. I was scared. But I lost much of that scare when I got a close look at the escaped inmate. He didn't look like a crazy man. He had a kind look in his face. But with his thick whiskers and tousled topknot he was the hairiest man I ever had seen. So we knew, all right, that he was the Gorilla man. Having eluded the guards he was living here on Rube's uncle's stock of canned food.

"Don't tell him who we are," says Rube, when we started for the cabin.

"Let on that we're just looking for a place to stay all night. And in the morning we can easily tie him up and haul him back to his cell."

"If -" says Binney pointedly.

"If what?" says Rube.

"If he doesn't m-m-murder us."

"I have a hunch," grinned Rube, "that we'll all get our names in the county newspaper."

"Sure thing," says Binney. "In the d-d-death c-c-column."

"We'll be the heroes of the hour," Rube further grinned.

"The k-k-kind," says Binney, "that gets flowers on M-m-memorial day."

Short Change stirred uneasily.

"It's kind of risky," says he.

"Of course," says Rube, giving his shoulders a hunch. "If it wasn't risky it wouldn't be an adventure. But here we are. He's on the inside, where it's warm and comfortable, with plenty of food all around him, and we're on the outside in the cold, our only food a jar of milk and some raw eggs. Nor do I care to separate old Betsy from that snowbank and go back to town. It's too much of a job. So come on, gang," he concluded daringly.

And he banged on the cabin door!

I EXPECTED the light to go out. For Old Gorilla, of course, having cleverly made his escape, would be on the alert. And hearing some one outside he'd naturally suspect that the poorhouse guards had spotted him. But to my surprise, he hobbled promptly to the door. Opening it, stiff-backed, he looked out at us with beaming eyes.

"I've bin expectin' you fur the past two hours," he told us, greatly to our surprise. And then, getting a better look at us as we stepped into the room, kicking the snow from our high-tops, he stared. "Um . . ." he grunted, drawing down his shaggy eyebrows. "Who be you anyway?"

"Our car got stuck in a snowbank," says Rube, "and we'd like to stay here all night."

The green eyes were full of suspicion.

"They hain't no main roads near here," we were reminded.

"So we found out," was Rube's easy reply.

"Lost?" the old man then quizzed, still piercing us with his cat-like eyes.

"Sort of," says Rube.

"Wa-al, I s'pose I kin put you up for the night . . . Had supper?"

"No sir."

"Whar did you say your car was?"

"Just around the bend."

There was a short pause.

"Did you pass the poor-farm?"

"Yes, sir," nodded Rube.

"See anybody in the road?"

"No sir "

Having closed the door the bent old man hobbled to the fireplace where something that had a good smell was cooking in an iron pot. We watched him stoop and replenish the flames from a supply of wood near the fireplace. Then he straightened.

"I thought you was somebody else," he told us. After which he started muttering to himself. "B'ys, too," he shook his shaggy head. "Now that is queer. An' you're sure," he again searched our faces with his sharp green eyes, "that you didn't see two b'ys in the road between here an' the poor-farm?"

So it was two boys that he had expected to admit, instead of the supposed guards! I didn't understand that.

Binney couldn't keep away from the iron pot.

"Irish s-s-stew," says he, taking a peep. And then he rubbed his fat stomach.

"How do you know there isn't Paris green in it?" says Short Change cautiously.

"You w-w-would say that," says Binney.

"Are you going to eat it?" added Short Change.

"A-a-and how," says Binney hungrily.

"Better wait till you get an invitation," says Rube.

Moving restlessly about the room, with its rough floor and log walls, the old man paused at a window.

"What's he peeping at?" says Short Change. "The moon?"

"He's still looking for those boys," says I.

"And you really believe him?" says Short Change.

"Why not?"

"I think it's just a crazy notion of his."

"Anyhow," says Binney, dipping his finger into the stew, "h-h-he knows how to c-c-cook."

THERE was a hard look in the old man's eyes when he turned away from the window.

"It's useless for us to wait any longer," says he, motioning for us to gather around him for our separate portions of the stew. "For she's got 'em locked up ag'in. That explains why they haven't showed up. The ol' cat! I'd like to wring her neck."

Binney put his mouth to my ear.

"Let's h-h-hide the b-b-butcher knives," says he, rolling his eyes.

"One time I read about an ogre," whispered Short Change, "who fed his prisoners Irish stew before he finished them off. It improved the flavor."

"S-s-shut up," says Binney.

"Let's draw lots," says Rube.

"What f-f-for?" says Binney.

"To see who sleeps with him."

"N-n-not me," says Binney hastily. "I'd sooner sleep with a r-r-rattle-snake."

The old man had his eyes on us. So we quit whispering. Later, having pointed out beds to us, he got up and went into his own room, telling us to put plenty of hickory chunks on the fire before turning in.

We breathed easier when the door closed behind him.

"And now what?" says Short Change.

"Let's have some p-p-popcorn," says Binney, who earlier had spied a supply of corn on the pantry shelf.

So we sat beside the fire and popped corn.

"I bet he's watching us through the keyhole," whispered Short Change, looking at the door.

"How can he," says Rube, "with a key in the lock?"

"Where's the key?" Short Change rubbered.

"On the inside. I heard him turn it."

"How l-l-lovely," says Binney, jiggling the popcorn popper. "Now we won't have t-t-to capture him."

"I probably know more about that room than he does."

"M-m-meaning which?" says Binney quickly.

"I'll tell you later on."

At ten o'clock Rube and I went outside to get some wood.

"How about old Betsy?" says I, as the cold wind whistled around my ears.

"Have you got plenty of dope in the radiator?"

"Sure thing."

"Where's the m-m-moon?" says Binney, meeting us at the door.

"It's gone to bed behind a bank of dark clouds," says Rube.

The fat one stretched his neck.

"B-b-boy, this is a lonely place."

"Listen," says Rube, motioning for silence.

"W-w-what did you hear?" says Binney uneasily.

"Timber wolves," says Rube.

"Timber wolves your granny," I laughed. "It's the wind in the trees."

If you've never heard a mountain wind whistling through northern pines you have no idea of the mournful chorus that we listened to that night. It made me think of groaning giants. Then, at twelve o'clock, Rube got a rope and told us to follow him.

"W-w-what are you going to do?" says Binney, with a white face.

"Capture Old Gorilla, of course."

Binney staggered.

"C-c-call a doctor quick," says he. "I feel faint."

"We'll tie him up," says Rube, "and take turns standing guard over him till daybreak."

"B-b-boy, you have w-w-wonderful ideas."

"Sh-h-h!" says Rube, opening a closet door.

"P-p-pink is my favorite coffin color," says Binney. "And p-p-plenty of silver handles on it."

"Keep still," says Rube.

Following him through the closet we found ourselves in the old man's room. And there he lay in the bed sound asleep.

"You fellows jump on him and hold him down," says Rube, "and I'll tie him up."

MY HEART was pounding like sixty. And anxious to have it over with I motioned for Binney and Short Change to follow me, after which I made a lunge for the bed. But what I pounced on wasn't Old Gorilla, at all, but a couple of feather pillows arranged cleverly under the covers.

"Um . . ." a familiar grim voice spoke behind us. "I knowed you whisperin' scallawags was up to somethin'. Thought you could catch me in my bed an' rob me, heh? As though I would swallow that story about you bein' lost! No, you don't," snarled the speaker, as Rube started for the connecting closet. "You stay right whar you be while that fat friend of yours ties you up."

"S-s-sufferin' rats!" squealed Binney.

I had turned, of course, as soon as the old man spoke. And there he stood in the shadow of the room with a gun in his hand. And hard! Boy, the look in those green eyes of his was awful.

Figuring that I was done for I began to beg. We never had intended robbing him, I said. And if he'd let us go we'd let him go. Nor was I the only one who begged. For we were in a fix. Everybody realized that. Pleading was our only chance. But you can't do much with a crazy man.

Then, when we were tied hand and foot, expecting, of course, that every minute would be our last, who should percolate through the front door but two boys. They were wrapped to their ears in sweaters. And did they ever stare when they saw us!

"They're burglars," Old Gorilla explained to the newcomers, glaring at us. "They tried to rob me in my bed, they did. But I turned the tables on 'em."

"We aren't b-b-burglars," says Binney struggling to free himself. "We're Milwaukee boys. We had p-p-permission to use this cabin. We know the m-m-man who owns it. And if you go sticking b-b-butcher knives into us, or something, y-y-you'll be sorry."

Startled at first, as I say, the two kids were grinning now.

"There'd be an awful mess," one of them told Binney, "if anybody stuck a butcher knife into you."

"Say," says Rube, as the biggest kid took off his ragged cap, "is your name

Jimmy?"

"Tell him you're Christopher Columbus," prompted the smaller one.

"You are Jimmy!" cried Rube. Then he rolled on his back. "Feel in my shirt pocket," he told the freckled kid. "I've got something for you."

"Money!" cried the kid, opening the envelope. And I saw two twenty-dollar bills fall to the floor.

"My uncle sent it to you," says Rube, speaking hastily. "He's the trout fisherman you helped last spring, And now help us. For if you don't that crazy old goof is liable to fix us."

"What crazy old goof?" the kid stared.

"Why, him, of course," Rube pointed to Old Gorilla, who was hovering in the background.

The kid laughed.

"Did you hear that, granddad? This boys says you're crazy."

More mystery, so to speak!

"Aren't you Old Gorilla?" Rube addressed the old man, whose "revolver," I then noticed, was a hairbrush.

"Of course, he isn't," says the kid. "He's my granddad."

Rube looked dizzy.

"But what's he doing here?"

"AS A matter of fact," the old man spoke up, after cutting our bonds, "I haven't any right to be here. Nor my grandsons either. But havin' been a caretaker here, a few years ago, I figured it wouldn't do no harm just to borrow the cabin for a day or two. All that truck you bin eatin' was brought here. I got it at the poor-farm. Me an' the cook is good friends, we be. An' when I told him about my grandsons, an' how I wanted to come here an' spend Thanks-givin' with them, he give me everything I needed."

Binney and Short Change were hugging each other.

"We aren't going to d-d-die, after all," says Binney. "How l-l-lovely."

The old man's story was that his farm had been unfairly taken away from him. And we gathered, from what he told us, that the woman in the green farmhouse and her husband were a bad pair.

"That's where we live," the oldest kid spoke up. "And old Krimp, who took us to raise, is plenty mean to us. When you stopped there last night we were helping him in the barn. But we heard all about you when we went into the house. Bob and I had planned to skin out at dusk, having told granddad, who had been taken to the poor-farm, that we'd meet him here. But old Krimp watched us like a hawk. If there was any money due me, he said, he'd collect it himself. And after supper he told his wife to lock us in our room. But we got out at midnight. And I should worry if he does lick us when he catches us. For we're going to have one happy day with granddad anyway. He hates the poor-farm. And we hate our home. That is why we planned to meet here, where we could enjoy Thanksgiving in our own way, just as grandma taught us."

Rube put his big friendly hand on Jimmy's shoulder.

"Where's your pa and ma?" says he.

"They died many years ago."

"And your grandma, too?"

"She died last year. That's what broke up our home."

"Then you have no relatives near here?"

"None except granddad."

Rube is a quick worker.

"Listen!" says he, "I've got a peachy uncle. And if you go home with me he'll be tickled pink to help you. You can be an office boy in his big chair factory. And your grandpa can keep house for you. As for that geezer in the green farmhouse - just let my uncle handle him . . . Will you do it?"

You can readily imagine what the kid said. And I wish you'd seen his shining eyes! Then we all turned toward the fireplace as Binney let out a squawk.

"G-g-gee-miny crickets! We only ate half the Irish s-s-stew. Let's get b-b-busy."

As for Old Gorilla, we heard later, when our new friends were well settled in Milwaukee, their farm having been returned to them through Rube's uncle's kindly efforts, that the real killer was later found hiding in the poorhouse cellar.

THE HIDDEN CHEST

By Edward Edson Lee

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"WHY is it," says I to my chum, pretending that I had a lame back, "that you always want to play pirate? Is that the only game you know?"

Skeets wiped his sweaty face.

"Don't you think it's fun," he beamed at me, "to dig for buried treasure?"

"We'd get rich faster," I swabbed in turn, "if we hired out to dig post holes."

He dropped his spade.

"Let's measure again," says he, whipping out a tapeline.

"Measure what?" says I, keeping my enthusiasm down.

"The distance to that big apple tree."

I sighed.

"Skeets," I waggled, "I don't want to flatter you. But if imagination was green pop you sure could drown yourself without any effort."

"Look, Henny!" he bubbled up again, like Old Faithful.

"What have you found now? - another painted cat's skull?"

"We're too far to the north. Let's dig here."

"Good night!" I gave up. "I'm going home and rest up."

"Wait, Henny. I have the feeling that we're getting closer."

"Closer to what? - Christmas?"

"Henny!" he broadcasted triumphantly. "See what I've found."

I turned up my nose.

"An old stove poker!"

Well, I wish you could have seen that kid's eyes. As big as saucers. Good old Skeets! I never had a finer pal. And as I stood there looking at him, sort of loving him with my eyes, as it were, I told myself that if playing pirate meant so much to him as that I'd cheerfully dig holes all the rest of my life. Anyway, I grinned to myself, ready to go on with the game, we had a cat's skull and a stove poker to show for our week's work.

"I've been wondering what we'd find," the chief treasure hunter further intelligently discussed the promising situation, turning the poker over and over for close inspection. "I knew we'd find something. But I didn't know what."

"Let's dig deeper," says I cheerfully, "and maybe we'll find a hunk of the stove."

BUT this was too silly for him to notice.

"A cat's skull and a stove poker," he mused. "They mean something, all right."

"Sure thing," says I in further nonsense. "The poker chased the cat up the apple tree where the cat lost its head. See? The head came tumbling down. Bing! It struck the poker, shoving the latter into the ground. But what I can't figure out," I went on, keeping an earnest face, "is how the head got buried, too."

"Henny," says old sober-sides, "I think the time has come for me to tell you the truth. The cat's skull and the stove poker are clues. There's a real treasure. My Grandpa Drumley hid it. And if we can find it we'll be rich."

"You're rich already," says I, thinking of the big house just beyond the orchard, and the mill in the valley, all property of the Drumley family.

The other shook his head.

"Uncle Alfred is rich," says he, naming the dead mill owner's oldest son. "But pa and I are as poor as dirt."

I had heard a lot about Alfred Drumley. The mill hands didn't favor him. He was tight-fisted, they said - grasping and avaricious. Some even called him a miser. Harold Drumley, the younger brother, Skeets' father, never went to the mill. He didn't care about the mill, with its roaring wood planers and screeching saws. All he cared about was Skeets and butterflies. His wife had been dead for some time.

"PA HASN'T any head for business," Skeets then told me. "Never did have. Butterflies is his hobby. Sometimes I think he's silly - the fuss he makes over his cases of moths and butterflies. But I guess it's all right. Anyway,

I'd rather have him for a father than Uncle Alfred. For my uncle's a cheat. Yes, he is, Henny. After Grandpa Drumley's death he got pa to sign a paper. 'Let me run the mill,' he told pa in his slick way. So pa signed the paper. He wanted to be free to do as he pleased. Well, he's free, all right!" came bitterly. "He can chase butterflies clean to the equator if he wants to. He's free of everything, including the mill that my grandpa started. Uncle Alfred owns it all. The mill hands don't know it. But the village banker does. I went to him the other day to find out why we have so little money. And Mr. Meers told me the truth. He said there were thousands of dollars stored in the bank in Uncle Alfred's name. And the mill is worth many more thousands. But pa can't touch any part of it without Uncle Alfred's consent. That's what the banker said. We have a few dollars doled out to us each week. And pa, with his butterflies, is just as happy and contented as though we had millions. But I can't help thinking of what would happen to us if Uncle Alfred took a mean notion to throw us out of house and home. He could do it if he wanted to."

"But where does the buried treasure come in?" I quickly reminded.

"Sh-h-h, Henny. Not so loud. It's a secret. You see, Grandpa Drumley and I had a lot of fun playing games together. And the game we liked best, both of us, was pirate. He'd hide a baseball and let me find it, giving me a code to work on. One time he hid a bicycle. I sure had to work hard that time. 'Some day,' he told me - and I knew what he meant by 'some day' - 'I'm going to hide a real treasure for you.' You remember when he died? Uncle Alfred said a lot of money was missing. I knew then that Grandpa Drumley had hidden the money. But he hadn't given me any code. I had to find it. It must be in his room, I figured. So I started searching. And I finally found the code on the headboard of his bed. Pin scratching. But it has taken me a long time, as you know, to find the painted cat's skull and the stove poker that he buried. And now that I have them I have still to figure out what them mean."

"And you let me think it was all a made-up game," I rubbed it in.

"I wasn't sure that I could trust you, Henny. I had to get thoroughly acquainted with you."

Meeting Alfred Drumley that same day, as he strode importantly down the hill from his big stone house to the mill, I scowled at him. I could feel his power - a sort of dangerous, treacherous power. But he was too busy with his thoughts to notice a small boy.

The big stone house that I have mentioned was built in his later years by the old manufacturer. You see few such big homes. Skeets and his pa lived in one side, and the older brother, who never had married, lived in the other side. One time I asked Skeets why they didn't make one family of it and all live together, as they had done when the grandpa was living. He laughed. "We did live together," he said, "until one of pa's Japanese caterpillars got into Uncle Alfred's soup. Then old groucho put us in the south 'L' to live. But that suits me better."

FOR two months Skeets and I searched further for the hidden treasure, trying in every way we could to solve the mystery of the painted cat's skull and the stove poker, but with no success. Then it came December, with early snow and early ice in the river, which practically put an end to our treasure hunting for the time being. The store-keepers in the valley began to dress up their shop windows with toys and fancy gifts, as is the custom at Christmas time. It was fun to look in the windows. I saw dozens of things that I wanted. When I hinted to dad he let on that he didn't hear me. Later mother told me to quit hinting. Things, she said, looking troubled, were going bad at the mill. The new owner was cutting the men's wages. There was talk of a strike.

"Old Peter Drumley was a hard boss in some ways," I heard dad tell mother one night after work. "He never paid big wages. But on the other hand he was fair and square. He used his men white. Those who worked for him knew that he was looking out for them. If a man had a streak of hard luck, like family sickness, old Peter always came across. He liked to do it, too. And on Christmas morning there never was an empty stocking in this valley. Remember how Tom Hogan was fired for stealing tools? Everybody said it would be a slim Christmas for the Hogan children, with no pay check coming in. But what happened? The kids got their presents just the same. And Tom was so ashamed of himself

that he begged old Peter to take him back and give him another trial. He's been a real man since - Tom has. I wish we had old Peter back. Alfred - well, if he keeps on beating the men down I fear for the consequences."

"He could do so much good if he only would," sighed mother, thinking of the hundreds of families in the valley who depended on the mill for a living. Dad laughed harshly.

"Doesn't look for any too good at his hands."

"If only the younger brother would take an interest in the business."

"Butterflies!" says dad. And he laughed again in ridicule. Like the other people in the valley, he thought that Skeets' father was kind of loony.

I knew, of course, that the younger brother had no right in the mill. The paper that he had signed for his older brother had taken all such right away from him. But I didn't speak up. For what Skeets had told me was a secret, sort of.

Personally, I liked Mr. Harold Drumley a lot. He was kind of vague to talk to - didn't seem to hear much of what was said to him. But he had kind ways. His butterflies, Skeets told me, were worth a lot of money. And he had been asked to write a book on the subject. A butterfly book. So, as you can see, the valley people didn't know everything.

A FEW days before Christmas, Mrs. Kelly came to our house taking orders for turkeys, of which she usually sold forty or fifty in the locality each year. But this year most of the mill men's families were denying themselves the usual holiday turkey dinner.

"Sure, 'twas an unlucky day for all of us," the troubled old lady told mother, "when Peter Drumley died and left that rascally son of his in charge of the business. Look at me! Flour barrel an' coal bin empty, an' no one to buy me turkeys that I've spent the whole summer raisin'. 'Tis the poorhouse that will see me an' my kind before the winter is over."

Here a neighbor came running into the house.

"Have you heard?" she cried excitedly. "Alfred Drumley fainted in his office this morning. They've taken him to the hospital in Brighton."

I ran up the hill to Skeets' house.

"I've known for months," he told me, "that there was something the matter with Uncle Alfred. He'd be talking, and all of a sudden he'd stop and turn white, as though something pained him inside. They took him to the hospital for an examination."

"And who's running the mill?"

"No one. It's running itself."

"Why doesn't your pa run it?"

He laughed.

"Pa? Say, he couldn't blow the whistle without getting tangled up in the cord."

I didn't see Skeets that afternoon. I couldn't find him. But I heard a lot about him when dad came home that night.

"Can you imagine," he told mother, "we all got a raise to-day!"

"A raise in pay?" says mother, surprised.

Dad nodded.

"We've got a new boss. He came down to the mill this afternoon. Oh," came the laugh, "you know who I mean. The grandson. The kid our Henny chums around with."

Mother's face dropped.

"I knew it was too good to be true," says she, realizing, of course, that Alfred Drumley would put the men's wages back where they had been as soon as he got home from the hospital.

But I sure was proud of Skeets. Good old Skeets! So he was running the mill! He sure had the nerve, all right. Just like his grandpa.

"More good news," laughed dad. "A notice was posted on the bulletin board that Santa Clause is going to be at the big house to-morrow night. A party for the kids, as I understand it."

"When Alfred Drumley hears of this!" mother threw up her hands.

AFTER supper I ran up the hill to Skeets' house. "Is it true?" I asked him, when we were inside by the fire.

"What?" he grinned.

That you're going to have a Santa Claus party to-morrow night for the valley kids?"

"Why not?" says he. "Grandpa Drumley always looked out for the kids at Christmas time. And I know how things are in the valley this year."

"But your uncle! What will he say?"

"I haven't told you, Henny, but right after you left here this morning we got a telegram from Uncle Alfred, saying that he might not be home for weeks. 'Go to the mill,' he gave his orders to pa, 'and manage it as best you can. Edwin Meers will help you.' Well, you know pa! I told him to stay at home with his butterfly book, on which the publisher is waiting for the last chapter, and I'd do the other work for him. Mr. Meers readily agreed to help me. Years ago, you know, before he went into the bank to work himself up, he was grandpa's superintendent. So he knew just what to do and all I did was to carry out his instructions. Yes, I raised the men's wages. And this is a secret, Henny! Pa got a check to-day on his butterfly book -- advance royalties is what you call it, I guess. So if Uncle Alfred kicks on the raise that I gave the men we can pay the money out of our own pocket. And, of course, that's where we're getting the money for our party to-morrow night."

"I thought you were spending your uncle's money."

"No."

"If only you had the hidden treasure!"

"A cat's skull, painted black, and a stove poker," he mused. "I wonder, Henny, if we'll ever be able to solve the mystery."

"Did you ever own a black cat?" I asked.

"Sure thing. It used to climb all over the roof. Just like a squirrel. One time it lost its footing and fell down the big fireplace chimney in Uncle Alfred's side of the house. By the way, Henny," his thoughts switched, "how would you like to go down the big chimney?"

"Meaning which?" said I, eyeing him suspiciously.

"Having such a fine big chimney - plenty big enough for anybody - I thought it would be a swell stunt at the party to let you be Santa Claus."

"And come down the chimney, huh?"

"Exactly. I'll lower you with a rope. You'll have a pack on your back. As I say, it's a big chimney, Henny."

"Big and sooty. Don't overlook that."

"It can't be very sooty. For Uncle Alfred hasn't used it in months. In fact, I don't think it has been used since Grandpa Drumley died."

Well, I wasn't afraid of a little soot. But to make sure that the chimney was big enough we went up to the roof, through a scuttle, and took some measurements. The chimney was plenty big enough for me, all right. So it was all decided that I was to be the star performer the following night.

THERE was new happiness in the valley when the news spread around about the coming Santa Claus party. That evening I went early to Skeets' house with my Santa Claus suit; then the kids came, dozens and dozens of them.

When it came time to put on the big act, Skeets and I went up to the roof, now covered with new snow that glistened in the moonlight like diamonds. Dropping a rope down the chimney, we jingled the bells that we had brought along, then with Skeets calling, "Who-o-a, Donner; who-o-a, Blitzen," I made sure of my pack and climbed into the chimney. I could hear the kids yelling below me. Down I went, slow and steady. Halfway down I got hung up. And Skeets, thinking that I was clear down, let go of the rope and ran below to see the fun.

I wiggled and twisted, but with no success. Feeling around in the dark I finally made out that two iron bars were wedged in the chimney. And balanced on these bars, under me, was a - a - I felt of it to make sure. Yes sir, it was a chest!

"Skeets!" I yelled up the chimney. "Skeets!" But as I say, he was gone. Then I heard him down below. "What's the matter up there, Santa Claus? Are you stuck?"

"I've found it," I screeched down to him.

"Found what?" he screeched back.

"The hidden treasure. It's here in the chimney. I'm sitting on it."

Suddenly the iron bars loosened under my weight and I fell the rest of the way down the chimney. "Santa Claus! Santa Claus!" the youngsters yipped. For a moment or two I couldn't see anything. I was choking, too. It was the soot. There was bushels of it in my eyes and nose and ears.

"What's the meaning of this?" a man's deep voice came from the doorway. "What are you children doing in my house?" It was Alfred Drumley. He had come home unexpected.

"Quick!" I told Skeets. "Grab the chest and run. Don't let him get it."

The man came further into the room, pushing the frightened children out of his way. He saw now what we had.

"It's ours" I stood between him and the chest. "It isn't yours. You can't have it."

DISCOVERING that the chest was unclocked, Skeets raised the lid. I expected to see a lot of money - gold, silver and greenbacks. But the chest was completely empty!

That, I think, was the biggest and most sickening disappointment of my life.

We went back to the other side of the house. But there was no fun or laughter now. The kids quickly got into their coats and caps. Then Skeets' uncle sent for us.

We found him sitting beside a table, his face showing gray in the lamp-light. His big eyes seemed more black and piercing than ever.

"How old are you?" he inquired.

"Fourteen," says Skeets.

"I understand that you have been giving orders at the mill."

"Yes, sir, with Mr. Meers' help, as your telegram instructed. I took pa's place. For he had to hurry and finish his butterfly book."

"You promised the men a raise."

"Yes, sir."

There was a moment's silence.

"Would you like to help me further in the mill?" then came the astonishing inquiry.

"Why . . . sure thing," Skeets' face lit up. "Of course, I can't be there all the time, for I've got to go to school. But I'll help all I can. I'll be glad to."

"In the spring I expect to go back to the hospital for an operation. I want to leave the business in good shape. For the chances are I'll never come back alive. As for the treasure chest, I found it ahead of you and put the money - ten thousand dollars - in the bank. I didn't know that it was your money until I overheard some of your talk with the boy a few weeks ago. I should have told you then that I had the money. But I - I hated to give it up. I'm sorry. I'll see that you get it."

I had let myself imagine, because of what I had heard about him, that I hated this man. But I didn't hate him now. Somehow I felt sorry for him. He was a miser, of course. Probably he hadn't tried very hard to be anything else. But he knew now that money wasn't everything in life. What the doctors had told him had changed him.

Skeets, with his old head, knew just how his uncle felt. And he knew just what he wanted to do.

"Now, that it's agreed between us that I'm to be your helper and learn the business," says he, sort of businesslike, "suppose I begin helping you right away. Suppose I go down to the stores and buy more toys for the kids who were here to-night. Suppose further that I buy all of Mrs. Kelly's turkeys and give them to the mill men with the largest families. And suppose I tell the men that they're going to get a bonus - maybe a hundred dollars apiece."

THE uncle's face twitched as though he were in sharp pain. Maybe the mean side of him was saying: "No, no, don't give up your money." But the good side - the new side - triumphed. With a trembling hand he brought out a checkbook.

"Yes," he began writing. "I think you are right. We will start working together to-night, as you say."

Later Skeets and I talked things over.

"Henny, I sure was dumb not to have remembered about the black cat that fell down the chimney. A cat's skull painted black! And to think that I never

associated the stove poker with the big fireplace! Grandpa used to keep the poker there."

"Ten thousand dollars," says I, looking at him curiously.

"Just enough to put us through school," says he.

"Us?" says I.

"Of course," says he. "You helped me, didn't you? And we're pals, aren't we?"

That's the kind of a friend Skeets is. Good old Skeets!

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TOM FLANNIGAN'S PERIL
Another Flannigan Flock Story
By Edward Edson Lee

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ITS days constantly growing shorter, its nights longer and colder, September ran its calendar course and shrunk away into the background of memory. October hurtled in and with frosty fingers squeezed the summer green from the woodland foliage; then, as though saddened by its ruthlessness, softened the groans and lamentations of the dying leaves by dipping them into magic vats of yellow and gold and brown and purple. Thus the woodland foliage perished happily, royally gorgeous in a final burst of colorful splendor, and winter came.

Tom Flannigan had now been working in the factory of the Horton Machine Works for more than three months. Starting in as chaser in the lathe department, he had been promoted to a milling machine in the tool room. With no knowledge of machinery other than a great interest in mechanical things, he applied himself to his machine work very closely for the first two months. Here was a boy who never was content to do things by halves. In working at a thing, he put his whole heart into it. He wanted no halfway success.

SO IT WAS not until he let his interest turn to the work of the department as a whole that he came to appreciate fully his good fortune in getting an apprentice's position in the tool room. A toolmaker, he learned, was a skilled machinist plus. He was working with men who could operate lathes, shapers, drill presses, and other types of metal-working machines with equal skill and facility. These same men could station themselves at vises and file and fit metal parts with amazing skill and accuracy. The average run of the mechanics throughout the factory were required only to operate one or two types of machines. Tom could understand now why the toolmakers were paid a higher rate of wages than workmen who had not a toolmaker's all-round training.

But if the future looked promising for Tom, it must be admitted that he experienced troublesome moments. He didn't like his foreman. Herman Hilke had a rough, sharp way of giving orders that filled the new apprentice with resentment. He was willing to be told things, and when once given instructions he was willing and eager to carry out these instructions to the letter; but it angered him to be yelled at. Probably he wouldn't have been so troubled over the situation if Hilke, one day, hadn't flown into a passion and swore at him. Tom had made a blunder in setting up his machine. But he felt he was not deserving of the treatment that he received at the foreman's hands. That night he went home in a daze. Resentment flamed in his heart. Yet even stronger than the burning emotion of anger was the deadly chill of disappointment. Things within the factory weren't as he'd expected them to be. He was losing some of his great faith in men.

Herman Hilke was a huge man, with big hard hands, a puffy body, and a big head. Even his voice seemed huge in its gruffness. He wore a mustache that drooped at the corners of his mouth, giving his features a grim, forbidding expression.

THEN came a day in early December when the fire of enthusiasm and inspiration was killed in the young apprentice's heart. He let himself become a prey to moody, destructive thoughts. Hate, such as he never before had experienced, tortured him with its treacherous urging. And this hatred - all this venom that had taken root in his body and mind - was directed at the foreman.

It was a dark, gloomy day. Outside the sky was the color of lead. Within the factory the men were working by artificial light. In the afternoon something happened to the fuses in the power house. One of the circuits of elec-

tric lights burned out, leaving the tool room in gray gloom, though not in total darkness. Tom was setting up his milling machine for a rush job. It was a gear pinion. He had the gear cutter on its arbor and the gear blank in the machine. The foreman always helped Tom set up a job like this. When the lights went out he told Tom where he would find a kerosene torch. Tom got the torch and lit it. The red flame was unprotected, and the burning round cotton wick gave out foul vapors. In holding the torch so that the foreman would be able to set the cutter accurately, Tom inhaled some of the smoky fumes. He turned to cough, accidentally tipping the torch so that the open flame was brought against the foreman's mustache.

"You lump!" cried the angry man, knocking the torch from Tom's hand. He clutched at his singed lip. One drooping end of the mustache was entirely burned away. Tom stood in a daze, fearfully sorry for what he had done. Words of apology fell from his lips. Probably the matter would have ended there had not someone given a jeering laugh. In the department were rough men who thought so little of the foreman that an affair of this kind was wholly amusing. Conscious of the fact that he was being laughed at, the foreman lost all control of himself. On the crest of his unworthy passion he drew back his huge, hard hand and slapped Tom in the face.

FOR a brief instant Tom didn't comprehend; it was a thing so terrible; so unexpected; so uncalled-for. The brutal blow sent him reeling. He clutched at the machine to keep from falling. One of the heavy machine wrenches was retained in his grasp. His face burned as though a white-hot iron had touched the flesh, searing it with a life disfiguring. Involuntarily he raised his hand and touched the burning, stinging cheek. He could feel it swelling. Then, under a flood of understanding, in full control of his senses, the floodgates of hate were thrown open.

He braced himself, clutching the heavy wrench. It would appear that he was about to spring upon the foreman. In this instant the electric lights came on, momentarily blinding him. A horrible brutish whiteness disfigured his face. When his words came they were hoarse and guttural.

"You - you - bully! You - coward! You wouldn't dare to hit a man. Oh, how I hate you! I could kill you -"

"Shut up!" a voice hissed into his ears from behind. A pair of strong arms closed about him, preventing him from springing forward. Slowly he was drawn back. Even in his tremendous anger he recognized the voice as belonging to the young plainer man. Tom had made friends with Joe Bates the first day he was in the department. Now he offered no great resistance as Bates drew him away. Afterwards he was glad. With the wrench in his hand, and a killing passion in his heart, there is no telling what might have happened.

IN THE reaction he seemed to lose every vestige of control over his feelings. His lips quivered and scalding tears flooded his eyes. Unwilling to have the workmen see the extent of his emotion, he turned and ran from the department. Nor did he pause in his headlong flight until he found himself shielded from curious, prying eyes by the racks of steel bars in the raw-material stock room. Here he dropped into a heap on the cold greasy floor and let the tears stream down his burning face, blurring his vision until even the things that were not more than a few feet away were indistinct to him.

The hour was probably the most tragic period in Tom's whole life. He seemed like a friendless, beaten, hunted thing - driven into a corner - with no hope ahead of him.

It was five o'clock when he returned to the tool room. His feet lagged and his heart, now deprived of its warm trust in humanity, seemed a cold, dull spot, as void of life as one of these metal-working machines. His mind had been touched with the disease of distrust. What a fool he had been to think that there was anything fair about industry! If one were to get anything in this factory, he would have to fight for it, just as one dog has to fight to get his share of the bones when a hundred other snarling curs are there to steal the choicest morsels.

The workmen in the tool room, of course, knew what had happened. Curious, sympathetic eyes followed Tom as he came in through the door and crossed the room to his milling machine. He could feel these glances. But he preferred not

to notice. He had reached a point where he really didn't care what happened to him. Probably he would be fired. Well, let them fire him; there were other jobs to be had. He wasn't so keen about a factory job, after all.

But Tom didn't quit; nor was he fired. After a few days he was following the old routine. Glad was he now that things were no worse. He could see that his fatherless and motherless sister and brothers would be the ones to suffer the most if he gave up his factory work. If the little family were to be kept together he must stick to his job and earn money.

THE future? Somehow he didn't like to think about the future. It was now strangely void of enthusiasm and inspiration. In these days there were many moments when Tom was eager to drop onto a stool or box. He seemed tired. In his legs and arms and whole body he was tired. His head was tired. Never had he felt this way before. Always he had found in his surroundings a multitude of things to enthuse and inspire him. He didn't know that it was the hatred in his heart that was sapping at his character strength and physical endurance.

Tom's attitude toward the foreman was one of tolerant indifference. He did what he was told to do; never did he act on his own initiative.

One day Hilk asked him impatiently why he didn't do some of the things for himself instead of waiting to be told. There was a hard look about Tom's mouth when he replied:

"Because, being new to the work, I'm likely to make mistakes; and if I make a mistake I'll probably get slapped again."

A queer, hurt expression shot across the man's face.

"I don't suppose you ever do anything wrong," he blurted out. Then he followed up with a sneer: "Sure! Everything you do is perfect. And when anyone else skids, you want to tear up the whole earth and tip it over on top of them. I've seen other people like you - men who are so perfect that they like to tell the other fellow how he should live."

"As for slapping your face, you should know I'm sorry about that. Any man would be sorry. That was my mistake. It won't happen again. It wouldn't have happened the other time if I'd stopped a second to think. If you've got good sense you'll forget it and take an interest in your work. If you don't, I'll can you."

Tom was suddenly gripped with passion.

"Why don't you do it now?" he dared.

"Not now; I want to keep you and make a toolmaker out of you," was the unexpected reply.

JOE BATES had Tom's best interests at heart. On more than one occasion he counseled the angry boy to wipe from him memory the foreman's blow.

"It won't do you any good to keep thinking about it," said Joe one afternoon when Tom was standing by the planer, watching the table travel back and forth in its polished slides. "Shucks! When you set your mind on a thing like that it keeps getting bigger and bigger, just like a weed that gets lots of water and sunshine."

"I never saw him slap you face," stiffly returned Tom. "If he did, I guess you'd feel about it as I do."

"Sure I would - for a few hours. That's human nature. But if I got a square deal afterwards, and he didn't have it in for me, I'd try and forget about it. Forget and forgive is what my dad has told me lots of times. A man working with men has got to put up with a lot of things he doesn't like. That seems to be your trouble. You aren't ready to accept men for what they are, and make yourself fit in. Because certain men don't come up to your way of looking at things, you're ready to get sore at the whole bunch. I don't have a temper like Hilk's. I'm glad of that. I bet he's awfully ashamed of himself lots of times. And when he bawls me out I like to feel that he is a bit unfortunate in having such a temper. So I don't sass him back to make matters worse. I feel I ought to help him along; and I can do that by keeping my mouth shut."

But Tom's only answer was an indifferent toss of his head as he went back to his machine.

At home he declined to take his sister Jessie into his confidence. He knew that she would be distressed, and he had no desire to bring clouds into her life. By doing a woman's work in managing the little home, he figured that she

had plenty of troubles of her own.

Jessie and Tom were daily watching the progress of the cottage that their friend, Miss Tilly Andrews, was building on the Morrison lot, just next door. No one in Horton took a warmer interest in the Flannigan children than the wealthy Miss Andrews. She even had taken them into her home, sharing her rooms with them, against the day when the new cottage would be completed.

"We're going to be all settled by Christmas," Jessie told Tom one evening, as she stood over the kitchen stove stirring something in a kettle. The brother was washing the factory grime from his face and hands in the kitchen sink. Replacing the cover on the kettle, Jessie added: "Tom, we never can repay Miss Andrews for all she's doing for us. Every time I go over to the new cottage with her she discovers a new corner or something for just the right kind of a chair or table; and because she knows we can't afford such things she goes right ahead and buys them, herself. She's bought a lovely oak table, a big mirror for the hall, and a kitchen cabinet which is the dearest thing. I can't remember all the things she has bought.

"And I've been thinking, Tom: Wouldn't it be nice for us to have her over to supper some night after we get settled? And we might have Colonel Hickey, too. That would please Royal. All he can talk about is Colonel Hickey and the Boy Scout camp at Pegleg Ford. There is a whole gang of carpenters at work there. They're building log houses and remodeling the old tavern. Fixing everything up swell, so Royal says. Colonel Hickey has bought a new automobile. He's letting Royal run it. They drive down to the camp almost every night after school. Don't you think it would be nice, Tom, to have Miss Andrews and the colonel to supper, like I say?"

TOM SLOWLY dried his face and hands on the kitchen towel.

"I think that will be great," he said, trying to put some of the old enthusiasm into his words. A few weeks ago a thing like this would have thrilled him. Now there seemed to be no thrill in anything.

"When I get rich I'm going to be just like Miss Andrews," Jessie chattered. "You should see how much fun she gets out of fixing up the new cottage. I never knew before a person could get so much fun out of doing things for other people. It's wonderful to be rich. When I get rich I'm not going to think about myself at all."

"When you get rich!" laughed Tom.

"Why not?" was Jessie's quick reply. "I've always had the feeling that some day you're going to be a big business man. And all big business men are rich, aren't they? Look at Mr. Greenor and Mr. Weston. Of course, we're going to be rich! How are you getting along at the factory, Tom? You haven't said much about it lately."

"Oh, all right," evaded Tom uneasily.

"In two more weeks you'll get a raise in pay," announced Jessie, glancing at the calendar on the kitchen wall. "You were promised a twenty-five-cent raise every four months; and you've been there more than three months."

"Yes," said Tom; and because he could think of nothing more to say he purposely turned and left the room.

After that he heard a great deal about the "party," as Jessie laughingly spoke of it. She had scheduled it for the twentieth of December.

"They're finishing the furnace in the new cottage," she told him one evening. "After that's done we can move right in. I think we can be all settled by the eighteenth."

"And shall I stay home from work and help move?" inquired Tom.

"It isn't necessary," said Jessie. "The boys can move all the light stuff on Miss Andrews' wheelbarrow. I can get a drayman to help with the stove and beds."

ON THE evening of the eighteenth when Tom came home from work he passed into the kitchen of his new home. For the first time in days some of the old emotions gripped him. He was proud to have a nice cottage like this as a home for his sister and brothers. He could see in the orderliness about him that Jessie and the twins had been working like beavers. And when the happy girl took him through the settled rooms on a trip of inspection, he followed eagerly at her heels.

The cottage was of the bungalow type, with three small bedrooms, a living room, hall, and kitchen on the ground floor. There was a bathroom, too, so dazzling white under the bright electric light that Tom blinked.

"With such a big kitchen we really don't need a dining room," Jessie pointed out. "When we have company, like the night when Miss Andrews and the colonel will be here, I can set the table in the living room. Did you notice this cunning window seat, Tom? See! It raises up, just like a box cover. I'll keep my bedding here. Miss Andrews is going to help me make some fancy pillows.

"I hope it doesn't snow the day of our party. The paper says snow this week. I don't want these nice shiny floors tracked up the first thing. That makes me think: You should put some coal in the furnace. And I'll go down with you and show you my cunning little fruit closet -"

"Oh, for the love o' Pete quit your gabbing and let's eat," cut in Royal impatiently.

"Sure thing," followed up Ralph. "We're 'most starved."

THE following morning Tom went to work with his mind more or less given over to thoughts of the coming party. He had no premonition that the day was to mark a climax in his life.

Just without the door of the tool room was a heavy, slow-moving freight elevator, its shaft extending from the first floor, through the second and third floors, to the roof. The shaft was not enclosed, as is the case with the fast elevators that one finds in hotels and office buildings.

During the afternoon Tom was sent on an errand to the second floor. Ordinarily boys and men were not supposed to use the freight elevator unless they had a truck or happened to be carrying something heavy.

Familiar with the factory noises, Tom knew, from the slapping of the elevator belts, that the elevator was just starting upward from the first floor. Running from the tool room he made a spring over the low gate, feeling it would be an easy matter to scramble onto the slowly moving elevator. But his feet caught on the top of the gate and he fell forward, his face and chest striking hard on the rough floor of the ascending elevator; it was several seconds before he realized that half his body was dangling over the front edge.

Frantically he tried to squirm upward. He seemed unable to raise his body. And all the time the elevator was slowly ascending. The operator was in a panic. He grasped Tom's peril, but had not the presence of mind to grab the nearby cable and reverse the elevator.

Tom at first did not realize his danger. When he did, a cold helpless feeling ran through him. In a few seconds his body would be crushed between the elevator edge and the timbers of the second floor. Less than an inch now separated the elevator top from the second floor. The elevator was held in powerful vertical guides. It could not - it would not - swing back. The powerful belts would not slip. There was no hope unless he could scramble onto the elevator out of harm's way. But he could not do that. He shivered. In this moment he thought of his sister and brothers - more particularly of Jessie. Then he shut his eyes.

But just as Tom thought he felt the pressure of the second-floor timbers on his back, the elevator was reversed and slowly returned to the first floor. From below, the tool-room foreman had observed the near tragedy. By quick action Hilk had saved Tom's life - it was he who had reversed the elevator.

DAZED, yet joyously conscious of his deliverance, Tom dropped onto the stool used by the elevator boy. A sickness came into his stomach and a trembling weakness into his legs. Several workmen came running, as workmen always do in a case of this kind. But Hilk held them back from the elevator with his big hard hand. He stood over the quivering boy, grim and accusing.

"Why did you do it?" he demanded in a cold, hard voice.

"I - I was going to the second floor. I thought I could make - it - and get a - ride. I didn't think of the danger -" Tom's voice was hollow and unnatural.

"You realize, of course, what might have happened?"

Tom shivered under the terror of his thoughts.

"A chance - haven't we signs here telling you not to do that? You knew these signs were there, didn't you?"

"Yes; but I - I - thought I could - make it."

The foreman's grimness deepened.

"I should fire you for this; but I won't. Let this be a lesson to you. Don't ever take a chance that is likely to bring on an accident. The other day you as much as laughed at me when I said something about men making mistakes. Very wise and superior then, weren't you? Now I ask you: Could a man make a worse mistake than you have made? I don't think so.

"And seeing as how we both have made mistakes, and admit it, suppose, Tom, you come down off your high-horse and be a little more practical. How about it?"

"I - think I understand - now," faltered Tom. "You didn't want to slap me that day any more than I wanted to be crushed to death in the elevator. You did it because your temper got away from you. I did it because I didn't stop to think. I guess my mistake is the biggest, after all."

The man held out his hand and Tom took it. And in that instant the hate went tumbling from his heart.

How warm was this man's hand! But then, he reasoned, the hand of a friend is always warm.

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Buick Photo

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS, OR"----- "THEM DAZES IS GONE FUREVER!"

